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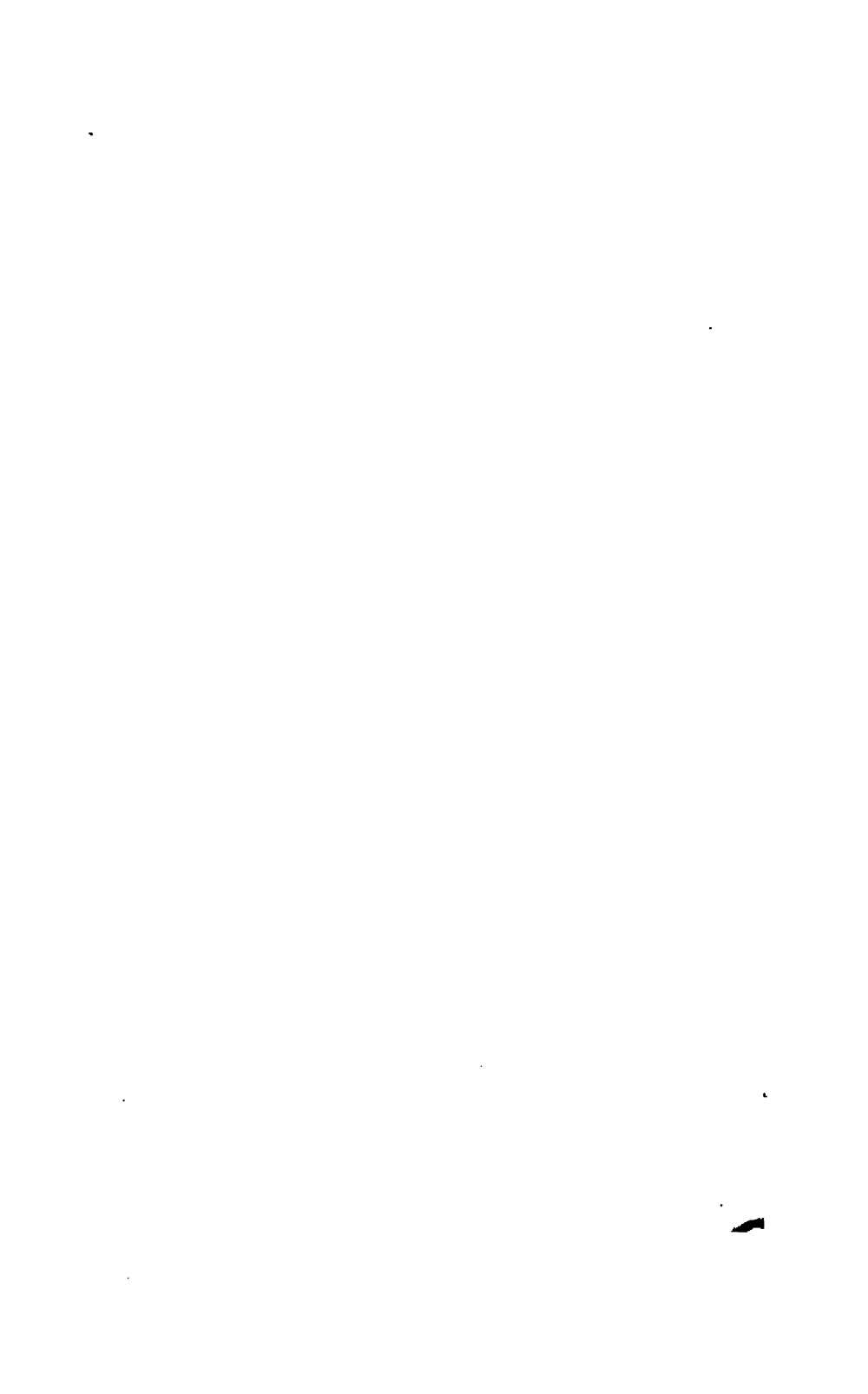
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REV. W. H. MAXWELL,

Author of "Stories of Waterloo" &c.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1859.

FRIN-GO-BRAGH;

OF LIFE PICTURES

THE FIRST PART OF THE
LIFE PICTURE, FRIN-GO-BRAGH,
IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE
PUBLISHERS, AND WILL BE
PUBLISHED IN THE
MONTH OF
JANUARY, 1880.

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1879.

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ERIN-GO-BRAGH;

OR,

IRISH LIFE PICTURES.

BY

W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," "WILD SPORTS OF THE
WEST," "THE BIVOUCAC," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1859.

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LONDON :
Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Stories and Sketches first appeared in a popular Periodical, and complete the Series of Tales, grave and gay, of this favourite writer, who in the peculiar and fascinating character of his genius, resembles the memorable Ballads of his own native land.

The 'Stories Waterloo' and other equally popular Tales of this rarely gifted writer, are acknowledged to rank among the most attractive modern works of fiction.

London,
September 22, 1859.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.
BY DR. MAGINN.

PREFIXED to this work, good reader, you will behold the comely countenance of the author of the *Stories of Waterloo*, and many other *polemical* works of the same school. If not exactly painted *con amore*, it is nevertheless drawn by Lover, which is a tolerable guarantee for its excellence in every respect; and yet we do not think due justice done to the facial appearance of William Hamilton Maxwell.

But Lover will exclaim, "How is it to be expected that my brush or Greatbach's burin should impress upon paper or canvas *that* face?" Tom Moore has somewhere said that Sheridan's genius resembled a peacock's tail, which compliment we imagine would have tickled the risible faculties of that red-beaked senator and

dramatist. But we suppose that Tom, of whom we speak in the highest honour, intended to say that in variety of brilliant colouring, and ever-changing diversity of beautiful tint, Sheridan's talent was deserving of being compared to one of the finest, gayest, grandest, and most graceful things in nature. Now, if Sheridan's mind was like a peacock's tail, and therefore hard to be depicted in a stationary drawing, how can it be expected that Maxwell's face, which is in no particular like a peacock's tail, but something far more splendid, is to be caught simpered and simmered down into one standing position? "Sir," continues Lover, for it is he who has been speaking all this time, though we have made a sort of jumble of ourselves with his oration,—“Sir, I tell you that Maxwell has fifty faces, all of them indicative of genius, frolic, wit, fun, knowledge of the world, good-nature, and good-humour; and as for his nose, why to quote Tom Moore once again,


‘Rich and rare are the gems it wears;’—

gems, no doubt, purchased at a price which would have bought up any brilliant in the world short of the Pitt diamond.”

He is of soldier-romance-mongers the first. Mind, we are not going to disparage Gleig of the ‘Subaltern,’ Hamilton of ‘Cyril Thornton,’ or any

of the other gentlemen who have turned the sword not into a ploughshare, but into as hard-working an instrument—a pen ; but among rollicking describers of fights, campaigns, sieges, carousings, riotings, love-makings, and all other matters connected with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, he decidedly bears off the bell. He does not venture at long set stories, decked out and arrayed into all the full three-volumed dignity of a novel :—no, he flings off his tales as if they were so many tumblers of punch, hot and strong, pleasant and heart-cheering, hastily mixed, and as hastily disposed of. It needs no particular power of critical discernment to discover that Maxwell's acquaintance with the scenes which he describes is anything but theoretical. In fact, though now a man of peace, he was once a man of war,—a jolly grenadier in the Eighty-eighth, standing some six feet two, and coming in for a slice at the close of the Peninsular campaigns, and taking his share at the battle of Waterloo. But when the melancholy days of disbanding came, and fun had departed out of the world,

When the army was gone, and the navy adrift,
And the sailor paid off, and the soldier bereft ;
When half-pay to the captain poor cheer did afford,
And the Duke was no more than a Government lord,



his 'Victories of the British Armies,' he discovered a mind replete with stores of ample information on almost all subjects, long trains of well considered reflections, high and honourable feelings, generosity to conquered enemies, and proud patriotism in recounting the gallant deeds of conquering friends. And his 'Life of the Duke of Wellington' is a book worthy of its hero.

Remains it only to mention, that Maxwell was a fine, dashing-looking, long, well-knit fellow, whose age was, at the time Lover sketched his portrait, about that of his national game, i. e. five-and-forty.

Besides the works already alluded to, Mr. Maxwell was the author of the following popular productions, 'My Life,' 'The Bivouac,' 'Hector O'Halloran,' 'Brian O'Linn,' 'Hill Side and Border Sketches,' and the 'Irish Life Pictures,' now presented in a collected form to the public.

This diverting and able writer died at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh, December 29, 1850, in his sixty-second year.

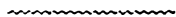
ERIN - G O - B R A G H.



FRANK HAMILTON;

OR,

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ONLY SON.



CHAPTER I.


"MAL. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

I AM by birth an Irishman, and descended from an ancient family. I lay no claim to any connexion with Brian Boru, or Malichi of the crown of gold, a gentleman who, notwithstanding the poetical authority of Tom Moore, we have some reason to believe during his long and illustrious reign was never master of a crown sterling. My ancestor was Colonel Hamilton, as stout a Cromwellian as ever led a

squadron of Noll's Ironsides to a charge. If my education was not of the first order, it was for no lack of instructors. My father, a half-pay dragoon, had me on the pig-skin before my legs were long enough to reach the saddle-skirt ; the keeper, in proper time, taught me to shoot : a retired gentleman, *olim*, of the Welsh fusileers, with a single leg and sixty pounds per annum, paid quarterly by Greenwood and Cox, indoctrinated me in the mystery of tying a fly, and casting the same correctly. The curate—the least successful of the lot, poor man, did his best to communicate Greek and Latin, and my cousin Constance gave me my first lessons in the art of love. All were able 'professors in their way, but cousin Constance was infinitely the most agreeable.

I am by accident an only son. My mother, in two years after she had sworn obedience at the altar, presented her liege lord with a couple of pledges of connubial love, and the gender of both was masculine. Twelve years elapsed and no addition was made to the Hamiltons ; when lo ! upon a fine spring morning a little Benjamin was ushered into existence, and I was the God-send. My father never could be persuaded that there was a gentlemanly profession in the world



but one, and that was the trade of arms. My brothers, as they grew up, entirely coincided with him in opinion, and both would be soldiers. William died sword in hand, crowning the great breach at Rodrigo; and Henry, after demolishing three or four cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, found his last resting-place on "red Waterloo." When they were named, my father's eye would kindle, and my mother's be suffused with tears. He played a fictitious part, enacted the Roman, and would persuade you that he exulted in their deaths; but my mother played the true one, the woman's.

It was an autumnal evening, just when you smell the first indication of winter in a rarified atmosphere, and see it in the clear curling of the smoke, as its woolly flakes rise from the cottage chimney, and gradually are lost in the clear blue sky. Although not a cold evening, a log-wood fire was extremely welcome. My father, Heaven rest him! had a slight touch in the toe of what finished him afterwards in the stomach, namely, gout.

"James," said my lady mother, "it is time we came to some decision regarding what we have been talking of for the last twelve

months. Frank will be eighteen next Wednesday."

"Faith! it is time, my dear Mary; the premises are true, but the difficulty is to come at the conclusion."

"You know, my love, that only for your pension and half-pay, from the tremendous depreciation in agricultural property since the peace, we should be obliged to lay down the old carriage, as you had to part with the harriers the year after Waterloo."

That to my father was a heavy hit. "It was a devil of a sacrifice, Mary,"—and he sighed, "to give up the sweetest pack that ever man rode to; one, that for a mile's run you could have covered with a blanket—heigh-ho! God's will be done;" and after that pious adjuration, my father turned down his tumbler No. 3, to the bottom. The memory of the lost harriers was always a painful recollection, and brought its silent evidence that the fortunes of the Hamiltons were not what they were a hundred years ago.

"With all my care," continued my mother, "and, as you know, I economise to the best of my judgment, and after all is done that can be

done, our income barely will defray the outlay of our household."

"Or, as we used to say when I was dragoon-ing thirty years ago, 'the tongue will scarcely meet the buckle,'" responded the colonel.

"I have been thinking," said my mother, timidly, "that Frank might go to the bar."

"I would rather that he went direct to the devil," roared the commander, who hated lawyers, and whose great toe had at the moment undergone a disagreeable visitation.

"Do not lose temper, dear James," and she laid down her knitting to replace the hassock that he had kicked away under the painful irritation of a disease that a stoic could not stand with patience, and, as they would say in Ireland, would fully justify a Quaker if "he kicked his mother."

"Curse the bar!" but he acknowledged his lady wife's kind offices by tapping her affectionately on the cheek. "When I was a boy, Mary, a lawyer and a gentleman were identified. Like the army—and, thank God! that is still intact, none but a man of decent pretensions claimed a gown, no more than a linendraper's apprentice now would aspire to an epaulet. Is there a low fellow who has saved a few hundreds by retailing

whiskey by the naggin, who will not have his son 'Mister Counsellor O'Whack,' or 'Mister Barrister O'Finnigan?' No, no, if you must have Frank bred to a local profession, make him an apothecary; a twenty pound note will find drawers, drugs, and bottles. Occasionally he may be useful; pound honestly at his mortar, salve a broken head, carry the country news about, and lie down at night with a tolerably quiet conscience. He may have hastened a patient to his account by a trifling over-dose; but he has not hurried men into villainous litigation, that will eventuate in their ruin. His worst offence against the community shall be a mistaking of tooth-ache for tic-douloureux, and lumbago for gout,—oh, d—n the gout!"—for at that portion of his speech the poor colonel had sustained an awful twinge.

"Well," continued the dame, "would you feel inclined to let him enter the University, and take orders?"

"Become a churchman?" and away, with a furious kick, again went the hassock. "You should say, in simple English, make him a curate for the term of natural life. The church in Ireland, Mary, is like the bar, it once was tenanted by gentlemen who had birth, worth,

piety, learning, or all united to recommend them to promotion. Now it is an arena where impure influence tilts against unblushing hypocrisy. The race is between some shuffling old lawyer, or a canting saint. One has reached the wool-sack by political thimble-rigging, which means, starting patriot, and turning, when the price is offered, a ministerial hack. He forks a drunken dean, his son, into a Father-in-Godship with all the trifling temporalities attendant on the same. Well, the other fellow is a 'regular go-a-head,' denounces popery, calculates the millenium, alarms thereby elderly women of both sexes, edifies old maids, who retire to their closets in the evening with the Bible in one hand, and a brandy-bottle in the other; and what he likes best, spiritualizes with the younger ones."

"Stop, dear James." The emphasis on the word *spiritualize* had alarmed my mother, who, to tell the truth, had a slight touch of the prevailing malady, and, but for the counteracting influence of the commander, might have been deluded into saintship by degrees.

The great toe was, however, again awfully invaded, and my father's spiritual state of mind not at all improved by the second twinge, which was a heavy one.

“ Why, damn it—”

“ Don’t curse, dear James.”

“ Curse ! I will ; for if you had the gout, you would swear like a trooper.”

“ Indeed I would not.”

“ Ah, Mary,” replied my father, “ between twinges, if you knew the comfort of a curse or two—it relieves one so.”

“ That, indeed, James must be but sorry consolation, as Mr. Cantwell said—”

“ Oh ! d—n Cantwell,” roared my father, “ a fellow that will tell you that there is but one path to heaven, and that he has discovered it. Pish ! dear Mary, the grand route is open as the mail-coach road, and Papist and Protestant, Quaker and Anabaptist, may jog along at even pace. I’m not altogether sure about Jews and Methodists. One bearded vagabond at Portsmouth charged me, when I was going to the Peninsula, ten shillings a pound for exchanging bank notes for specie, and every guinea the circumcised scoundrel gave me was a light one. He’ll fry—or has fried already—and my poor bewildered old aunt, under the skilful management of the Methodist preachers, who, for a dozen years in their rambles, had made her house an inn, left the three thousand five per

cents. which I expected, to blow the gospel-trumpet, either in California or the Cape—for, God knows, I never particularly inquired in which country the trumpeter was to sound ‘boot and saddle,’ after I had ascertained that the doting fool had made a legal testament quite sufficient for the purposes of the holy knaves who humbugged her. Cantwell is one of the same crew, a specious hypocrite, I would attend to the fellow no more than to that red-headed rector—every priest is a rector now—who often held my horse at his father’s forge, when I happened to throw a shoe, hunting,—and would half break his back in bowing, if I handed him now and then a sixpence. Would I believe the dictum of that low-born dog, when he told me that in head-quarters,”—and my father elevated his hand towards heaven—“they cared this pinch of snuff, whether upon a Friday I ate a rasher or red-herring?”

Two episodes interrupted the polemical disquisition. In character none could be more different—the one eventuated in a clean knock down—the other decided indirectly my future fortunes—and, in the next chapter, both shall be detailed.

CHAPTER II.

"ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Nor have I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present sum."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE *Boheel Kistanaugh*, called, in plain English, the kitchen boy, had entered, not like Caliban, "bearing a log," but with a basket-full. He deposited the supply, and was directed by the commander to replenish the fire. I believe that Petereeine's allegiance to my father originated in fear rather than affection. He dreaded

"the deep damnation of his 'Bah !'"

but what was a still more formidable consideration, was a black-thorn stick which the colonel had carried since he gave up the sword ; it was a beauty, upon which every fellow that came for law, in or out of custody, lavished his admira-

tion—a clean crop, with three inches of an iron ferule on the extremity. My father was, “good easy man,” a true Milesian philosopher—his arguments were those impressive ones, called *ad hominem*, and after he had *grassed* his man, he explained the reason at his leisure.

Petereeine (little Peter), as he was called, to distinguish him from another of that apostolic name—who was six feet two—approached the colonel in his best state of health with much alarm; but, when a fit of the gout was on—when a foot swathed in flannel, or slippered and rested on a hassock, announced the anarthritic visitation, *Petereeine* would hold strong doubts whether, had the choice been allowed, he should not have preferred entering one of Van Amburgh’s dens, to facing the commander in the dining-room.

Petereeine was nervous—he had over-heard his master blowing to the skies the Reverend George Cantwell, and the red-headed rector, Paul Macrony. If a parson and a priest were so treated, what chance had he? and great was his trepidation, accordingly, when he entered the state chamber, as in duty bound.

“Why the devil did you not answer the bell?

You knew well enough, you incorrigible scoundrel ! that I wanted you."

Now my father's opening address was not calculated to restore Petereine's mental serenity—and to add to his uneasiness, he also caught sight of that infernal implement, the black-thorn, which, in treacherous repose, was resting at my father's elbow.

"On with some wood, you vagabond."

The order was obeyed—and Petereine conveyed a couple of billets safely from the basket to the grate. The next essay, however, was a failure—the third log fell—and if the fall were not great, as it dropped on the fender, it certainly was very noisy. The accident was harmless—for, according to honest admeasurement, it evaded my father's foot by a full yard—but, under nervous alarm, he swore, and, as troopers will swear, that it had descended direct upon his afflicted member, and, consequently, that he was ruined for life. This was a subsequent explanation—while the unhappy youth was extended on the hearth-rug, protesting innocence, and also declaring that his jaw-bone was fractured. The fall of the billet and the boy were things simultaneous—and while my mother, in great alarm, inculcated patience

under suffering, and hinted at resignation, my father, in return, swore awfully, that no man with a toe of treble its natural dimensions, and scarlet as a soldier's jacket, had ever possessed either of these Christian articles. My mother quoted the case of Job—and my father begged to inquire if there was any authority to prove that Job ever had the gout? In the meantime, the kitchen-boy had gathered himself up and departed—and as he left the presence with his hand pressed upon his cheek, loud were his lamentations. Constance and I, nobody enjoyed the ridiculous more than she did, laughed heartily, while the colonel resented this want of sympathy, by calling us a brace of fools, and expressing his settled conviction, that were he the commander, hanged, we, the delinquents, would giggle at the foot of the gallows.

Such was the state of affairs, when the entrance of the chief butler harbingered other occurrences, and much more serious than poor Petereine's damaged jaw. Mick Kalligan had been in the "heavies" with my father, and at Salamanca, had ridden the opening charge, side by side with him, greatly to the detriment of divers Frenchmen, and much to the satisfaction of his present master. In executing this

achievement, Mick had been a considerable sufferer—his ribs having been invaded by a red-lancer of the guard—while a *chasseur-à-cheval* had inserted a lasting token of his affection across his right cheek, extremely honourable, but by no means ornamental.

Mick laid a couple of newspapers, and as many letters, on the table—but before we proceed to open either, we will favour the reader with another peep into our family history.

Manifold are the ruinous phantasies which lead unhappy mortals to pandemonium. This one has a fancy for the turf, another patronizes the last imported *choryphée*. The turf is generally a settler—the stage is also a safe road to a safe settlement, and between a race-horse and a *danseuse*, we would not give a sixpence for choice. Now, as far as horse-flesh went, my grandfather was innocent; a *pirouette* or *pas seul*, barring an Irish jig, he had never witnessed in his life—but he had discovered as good a method for settling a private gentleman. He had an inveterate fancy for electioneering. The man who would reform state abuses, deserves well of his country; there is a great deal of patriotism in Ireland; in fact, it is, like linen, a

staple article generally, but still the best paymaster is safe to win; and hence, my poor grandfather generally lost the race.

My father looked very suspiciously at the letters—one had his own armorial bearing displayed in red wax—and the formal direction was at a glance detected to be that of his aunt Catherine — Catherine's missives were never agreeable—she had a rent charge on the property for a couple of thousands; and, like Moses and Son, her system was “quick returns,” and the interest was consequently expected to the day. For a few seconds my father hesitated, but he manfully broke the seal—muttering, audibly, “What can the old rattle-trap write about? Her interest-money is not due for another fortnight.” He threw his eyes hastily over the contents—his colour heightened—and my aunt Catherine's epistle was flung, and most unceremoniously, upon the ground—the hope that accompanied the act, being the reverse of a benediction.

“Is there anything wrong, dear James?” inquired my mother, in her usual quiet and timid tone.

“Wrong!” thundered my father; “Frank will read this spiritual production to you. Every

line breathes a deep anxiety on old Kitty's part for my soul's welfare, earthly considerations being non-important. Read, Frank, and if you will not devoutly wish that the doting fool was at the dev——"

"Stop, my dear James."

"Well—read, Frank, and say, when you hear the contents, whether you would be particularly sorry to learn that the old lady had, as sailors say, her hands well greased, and a fast hold upon the moon? Read, d—n it, man! there's no trouble in decyphering my aunt Catherine's penmanship. Her's is not what Tony Lumpkin complained of—a cursed cramped hand; all clear and unmistakable—the *t*'s accurately stroked across, and the *i*'s dotted to a nicety. Go on—read, man, read."

I obeyed the order, and thus ran the missive, my honoured father adding a running commentary at every important passage: we shall place them in italics:—

"‘MY DEAR NEPHEW,’"

"*Oh, — her affection!*"

"‘If, by a merciful dispensation, I shall be permitted to have a few spiritual minded friends to-morrow, at four o’clock, at dinner——’"

“ Temps militaire—they won’t fail you, my old girl.”

“ ‘ I shall then have reached an age to which few arrive—look to the psalm—namely, to eighty—’ ”

“ She’s eighty-three.”

“ ‘ I have, under the mercy of Providence, and the ministry of a chosen vessel, the Reverend Carter Kettlewell, and also a worshipping Christian learned in the law, namely, Mr. Selby Sly, put my earthly house in order. Would that spiritual preparations could be as easily accomplished ; but yet I feel well convinced that mine is a state of grace, and Mr. Kettlewell gives me a comfortable assurance that in me the old man is crucified—’ ”

“ Did you ever listen to such rascally cant ?”

“ ‘ I have given instructions to Mr. Sly to make my will, and Mr. Kettlewell has kindly consented to be the trustee and executor—’ ”

“ Now comes the villainy, no doubt.”

“ ‘ I have devised—may the offering be graciously received !—all that I shall die possessed of to make an addition to support those devoted soldiers—not, dear nephew, soldiers in your carnal meaning of the word—but the ministers of the gospel, who labour in New Zealand.

These inestimable men, whose courage is almost supernatural, and who—’”

“ *Pish—what an old twaddler !*”

“ ‘ Although annually eaten by converted cannibals, still press forward at the trumpet-call—’ ”

“ *I wonder what sort of a grill old Kate would make ? cursed tough, I fancy.*”

“ ‘ I have added my mite to a fund already established to send assistance there—’ ”

“ *Ay, to Christianise, and, in return, be carbonadoed. I wish I had charge of the gridiron ; I would broil one or two of the new recruits.*”

“ ‘ I have called in, under Mr. Sly’s advice, the mortgage granted to the late Sir George O’Gorman, by my ever-to-be-lamented husband, and the other portions of my property, being in state securities, are reclaimable at once. My object in writing this letter is to convey to my dear nephew my heartfelt prayers for his spiritual amendment, and also to intimate that the 2000*l.*—a rent-charge on the Kilnavaggart property—with the running quarter’s interest, shall be paid at La Touche’s to the order of Messrs. Kettlewell and Sly. As the blindness of the New Zealanders is deplorable, and as Mr. Kettlewell has already enlisted some gallant champions who will blow

the gospel-trumpet, although they were served up to supper the same evening, I wish the object to be carried out at once.—’”

“*Beautiful!*” said my poor father with a groan; “*where the devil could the money be raised? You won’t realise now for a bullock what, in war-time, you would get for a calf. Go on with the old harriidan’s epistle.*”

“‘Having now got rid of fleshly considerations—I mean money ones—let me, my dear James, offer a word in season. Remember that it comes from an attached relation, who holds your worldly affairs as nothing—’”

“*I can’t dispute that,*” said my father with a smothered groan.

“‘But would turn your attention to the more important considerations of our being. I would not lean too heavily upon the bruised reed, but your early life was anything but evangelical—’”

Constance laughed; she could not, wild girl, avoid it.

“‘We must all give an account of our stewardship,’ *vide* St. Luke, chap. xvi.—’”

“*Stop—Shakspeare’s right; when the devil quotes Scripture—but, go on—Let’s have the whole dose.*”

“‘When can you pay the money in? And,

oh! in you, my dear nephew, may grace yet fructify, and may you be brought, even at the eleventh hour, to a slow conviction that all on this earth is vanity and vexation of spirit—drums, colours, scarlet and fine linen, hounds running after hares, women whirling round, as they tell me they do, in that invention of the evil one called a waltz, all these are but delusions of the enemy, and designed to lead sinners to destruction. I transcribe a verse from a most affecting hymn, composed by that gifted man—’ ”

“ *Oh, d—n the hymn !* ” roared my father ; “ *on with you, Frank, and my benison light on the composer of it ! Don’t stop to favour us with his name, and pass over the filthy doggrel.* ”

I proceeded under orders accordingly.

“ ‘ Remember, James, you are now sixty-one ; repent, and, even in the eleventh hour, you may be plucked like a brand from the fire. Avoid swearing, mortify the flesh—that is, don’t take a third tumbler after dinner—’ ”

My father could not stand it longer. “ *Oh, may Cromwell’s curse light upon her ! I wonder how many glasses of brandy-and-water she swallows at evening exercise, as she calls it, over a chapter of Timothy ?* ”

“ ‘ I would not recall the past, but for the

purpose of wholesome admonition. The year before you married, and gave up the godless life of soldering, can you forget that I found you, at one in the morning A.M., in Bridget Donovan's room? Your excuse was, that you had got the colic; if you had, why not come to my chamber, where you knew there was laudanum and lavender?' "

Poor Constance could not stand this fresh allegation; and, while my mother looked very grave, we laughed, as Scrub says, "consumedly." My father muttered something about "cursed nonsense!" but I am inclined to think that aunt Catherine's colic charge was not without foundation.

" ' I have now, James, discharged my duty: may my humble attempts to arouse you to a sense of the danger of standing on the brink of the pit of perdition be blessed! Pay the principal and interest over to La Touche. Mr. Selby Sly hinted that a foreclosure of the mortgage might expedite matters; and, by saving a term or two in getting in the money, two or three hundred New Zealanders would—and oh, James! how gratifying would be the reflection!—be saved from the wrath to come.

" ' This morning, on looking over your mar-

riage settlement, Mr. Sly is of opinion that, if Mrs. Hamilton will renounce certain rights, he can raise the money at once, and that too only at legal interest, say six per cent.—’ ”

Often had I witnessed a paternal explosion ; but, when it was hinted that the marital rights of my poor mother were to be sacrificed, his fury amounted almost to madness.

“ Damnation ! ” he exclaimed ; “ confusion light upon the letter and the letter-writer ! You !—do an act to invalidate your settlement ! I would see first every canting vagabond in —— ” and he named a disagreeable locality. “ Never, Mary ! pitch that paper away : I dread that at the end of it the old lunatic will inflict her benediction. Frank, pack your traps—you must catch the mail to-night ; you’ll be in town by eight o’clock to-morrow morning. Be at Sly’s office at nine. D—n the gout !—I should have done the job myself. Beat the scoundrel as nearly to death as you think you can conscientiously go without committing absolute murder ; next, pay a morning visit to Kettlewell, and, if you leave him in a condition to mount the pulpit for a month, I’ll never acknowledge you. Break that other seal ; probably, the contents may prove as agreeable as old Kitty’s.”

There were times and moods when, in Byron's language, it was judicious to reply

"Pasha ! to hear is to obey,"

and this was such a period. I broke the black wax, and the epistle proved to be from the very gentleman whom I was to be despatched per mail to qualify next morning for surgical assistance.

"Out with it !" roared my father, as I unclosed the foldings of the paper ; "What is the signature ? I remember that my uncle Hector always looked at the name attached to a letter when he unclosed the post-bag ; and if the handwriting looked like an attorney's, he flung it, without reading a line, into the fire."


"This letter, sir, is subscribed 'Selby Sly.' "

"Don't burn it, Frank, read. Well, there is one comfort that Selby Sly shall have to-morrow evening a collection of aching ribs, if the Hamiltons are not degenerated : read, man," and, as usual, there was a running comment on the text.

Dublin, — March, 1818.

" 'COLONEL HAMILTON,—Sir,

" 'It is my melancholy duty to inform you—' "



"That you have foreclosed the mortgage. Frank, if you don't break a bone or two, I'll never acknowledge you again."

" 'That my honoured and valued client and patroness, Mrs. Catherine O'Gorman, suddenly departed this life at half-past six o'clock P. M., yesterday evening, when drinking a glass of sherry, and holding sweet and spiritual converse with the Reverend Carter Kettlewell.' "

"It's all up, no doubt: the canting scoundrels have secured her—or, as blackguard gamblers say, have 'made all safe.' "

" 'She has died intestate, although a deed, that would have immortalised her memory, was engrossed, and ready for signature. Within an hour after she went to receive her reward—' "

My father gave a loud hurrah! *"Blessed be Heaven that the rout came before the old fool completed the New Zealand business!"*

" 'As heir-at-law, you are in direct remainder, and the will, not being executed, is merely waste-paper: but, from the draft, the intentions of your inestimable aunt, can clearly be discovered. Although not binding in law, let me say there is such a thing as Christian equity that should guide you. The New Zealand bequest, involving a direct application of £10,000 to meet the

annual expenditure of gospel-soldiers — there being a constant drain upon these sacred harbingers of peace, from the native fancy of preferring a devilled missionary to a stewed kangaroo — that portion of the intended testament I would not press upon you. But the intentional behests of £500 to the Rev. Carter Kettlewell, the same sum to myself, and an annuity to Miss Grace Lightbody of £50 a-year, though not recoverable in law, under these circumstances should be faithfully confirmed.

“ ‘It may be gratifying to acquaint you with some particulars of the last moments of your dear relative, and one of the most devout, nay, I may use the term safely, evangelical elderly gentlewomen for whom I have had the honour to transact business.’ ”

“ *Stop, Frank. Pass over the detail. It might be too affecting.* ”

“ ‘I await your directions for the funeral. My lamented friend and client had erected a catacomb in the Siloam Chapel, and in the minister’s vault, and she frequently expressed a decided wish that her dust might repose with faithful servants, who, in season and out of season, fearlessly grappled with the man of sin, who is arrayed in black, and the woman

who sitteth on the seven hills, dressed in scarlet.' "

" Hang the canting vagabond—why not call people by their proper titles ; name Old Nick at once, and the lady whose sobriquet is unmentionable, but who, report says, has a town residence in Babylon."

Constance and I laughed ; my mother, as usual, looking demure and dignified. Another twinge of the gout altogether demolished the commander's temper.

" Stop that scoundrel's jargon. Run your eye over the remainder, and tell me what the fellow's driving at."

I obeyed the order.

" Simply, sir, Mr. Sly desires to know whether you have any objection to old Kitty taking peaceable possession of her catacomb in the Dublin gospel-shop which she patronized, or would you prefer that she were ' pickled and sent home,' as Sir Lucius says."

" Heaven forbid that I should interfere with her expressed wishes," said my father. " I suppose there's ' snug lying ' in Siloam ; and there's one thing certain that the company who occupy the premises, are quite unobjectionable. Kitty will be safer there. Lord ! if the gentleman in

black, or the red lady of the seven hills, attempted a felonious entry on her bivouac, what a row the saintly inmates would kick up! It would be a regular 'guard, turn out!' and what chance would scarlatina and old clooty have? No, no, she'll be snug there in her sentry-box. What a blessed escape from ruin! Mary, dear, make me another tumbler, and, d—n the gout!" he had a sharp twinge. "I'll drink 'here's luck;' Frank, go pack your kit, and instead of demolishing Selby Sly, see Kitty decently sodded. Your mother, Constance, and myself will rumble after you to town by easy stages. I wonder how aunt Catherine will cut up. If she has left as much cash behind as she has lavished good advice in her parting epistle, by—" and my father did ejaculate a regular rasper—"I'll re-purchase the harriers, as I have got a whisper that poor Dick was cleaned out the last meeting at the Curragh, and the pack is in the market."

CHAPTER III.

"I have *tremor cordis* on me."

WINTER'S TALE.

It is a queer world after all ; manifold are its ups and downs, and life is but a medley of fair promise, excited hope, and bitter disappointment.

Never did a family party start for the metropolis with gayer hearts, or on a more agreeable mission. Our honoured relative (*authoritate* the Methodist Magazine) had "shuffled off" in the best marching order imaginable ; before the rout had arrived, her house had been perfectly arranged, but her will, "wo worth the day," was afterwards found to be sadly informal. It was hinted that the mission to Timbuctoo, although not legally binding on the next of kin, should be considered a sacred injunction and first lien on the estates. In a religious light, according to the Reverend Mr. Sharpington, formalities were

unnecessary, but, my father observed, *sotto voce*; in reply, and in the plain vernacular of the day, what in modern times would have been more figuratively expressed, namely, "Did not the gospel trumpeters wish they might get it!" The kennel, whose door for two years had not been opened, was again unlocked; whitewashing and reparations were extensively ordered; a prudent envoy was despatched to repurchase the pack, which, *rebus egenis*, had been laid down, and the colonel, in his "mind's eye," and oblivious of cloth shoes, once more was up to his knees in leather,* and taking everything in the shape of fence and brook, just as the Lord pleased to dispose them.

A cellar census was next decided on, and by a stout exertion, and at the same time with a heavy heart, my father hobbled down the stone steps, and entered an underground repertorium, which once he took much pride in visiting. Alas! its glory had departed; the empty bins were richly fringed with cobwebbed tapestries, and silently admitted a non-occupancy by bottles for past years. The colonel sighed. He remembered his grandfather's parting benediction. Almost

* An Irish term for wearing jockey boots.



in infancy, malignant fever within one brief week had deprived him of both parents, and a chasm in direct succession was thus created. A summons from school was unexpectedly received, and although the young heir and the courier borrowed liberally from the night, it was past cock-crow when they reached their destination.

The old gentleman was "in articulo;" or, as sailors would say, he was already "hove short," and ready to trip his anchor. "Up stairs, master Frank," exclaimed the old butler to my father, "the general will be in heaven in half-an-hour, glory to the Virgin!"

I shall never forget my father's description of the parting scene. Propped by half a dozen pillows, the old man gasped hard for breath, but the appearance of his grandson appeared to rouse the dormant functions of both mind and body; and although there were considerable breaks between each sentence, he thus delivered his valedictory advice. Often has the departure of Commodore Trunnion been recalled to memory by the demise of my honoured relative.

"Frank," said the old fox-hunter to my father, "the summons is come, as we used to say when I was a dragoon, to 'boot and saddle.' I told the doctor a month ago that my wind was

touched, but he would have it that I was only a whistler."

He paused for breath.

"The best horse that ever bore pig-skin on his back, won't stand too many calls—Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

Another pause.

"I bless God that my conscience is tolerably clean. Widow or orphan, I never wronged intentionally, and the heaviest item booked against me overhead, is Dick Sommer's death. Well, he threw a decanter, as was proved upon the trial to the satisfaction of judge and jury; and you know after that, nothing but the daisy* would do. I leave you four honest weight carriers, and as sweet a pack as ever ran into a red rascal without a check. Don't be extravagant in my wake."

Another interruption in the parting address.

"A fat heifer, half a dozen sheep, and the puncheon of Rasserea that's in the cellar untouched, should do the thing genteely. It's only a couple of nights you know, as you'll sod me the third morning. Considering that I stood two contests for the county, an action for false imprisonment by a guager, never had a lock on

* An Irish gentleman shot in a duel in *lang syne*, was poetically described as having been left "quivering on a daisy."

the hall door, kept ten horses at rack and manger, and lived like a gentleman; to the £5,000 for which my poor father dipped the estate, I have only after all added £10,000 more, which, as Attorney Rowland said, shewed that I was a capital manager. Well, you can pay both off easily."

Another fit of coughing distressed my grandfather sorely.

"Go to the waters—any place in England will answer. If you will stand tallow or tobacco, you can in a month or two wipe old scores off the slate. Sir Roderick O'Boyl, when he was so hard pushed as to be driven over the bridge of Athlone in a coffin, to avoid the coroner,* didn't he, and in less than a twelvemonth too, bring over a sugar-baker's daughter, pay off encumbrances, and live and die like a gentleman as he was every inch. I have not much to leave you but some advice, Frank dear, and after I slip my girths, remember what I say. When you're likely to get into trouble, always take the bull by the horn, and when you're in for a stoup, never mix liquors or sit with your back to the fire. If you're obliged to go out, be sure to fight across

* In Ireland this functionary's operations are not confined to the dead, but extend very disagreeably to the living.

the ridges, and if you can manage it, with the sun at your back. Ugh! ugh! ugh!"

"In crossing a country, choose the—"

Another coughing fit, and a long hiatus in valedictory instructions succeeded, but the old man, as they say in hunting, got second wind, and thus proceeded—

"Never fence a ditch when a gate is open—avoid late hours and attorneys—and the less you have to say to doctors, all the better—Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! When it's your misfortune to be in company with an old maid,—I mean a reputed one—Ugh! Ugh! always be on the muzzle—for in her next issue of scandal, she'll be sure to quote you as her authority. If a saint comes in your way, button your breeches' pocket, and look now and then at your watch-chain. I'm brought nearly to a fix, for bad bellows won't stand long speeches."

Here the ripple in his speech, which disturbed Commodore Trunnion so much, sorely afflicted my worthy grandfather. He muttered something that a snaffle was the safest bit a sinner could place faith in—assumed the mantle of prophecy—foretold, as it would appear, troublous times to be in rapid advent—and in-

culcated that faith should be placed in heaven, and powder kept very dry.'

He strove to rally and reiterate his counsels for my father's guidance, but strength was wanting. The story of a life was told—he swayed on one side from the supporting pillows—and in a minute more the struggle was over. Well, peace to his ashes! We'll leave him in the family vault, and start with a party for the metropolis, who, in the demise of our honoured kinswoman, had sustained a heavy loss, but, notwithstanding, endured the visitation with Christian fortitude and marvellous resignation.

Place aux dames. My lady mother had been a beauty in her day, and, for a dozen years after her marriage, had seen her name proudly and periodically recorded by George Faukner, in the thing he called a journal, which, in size, paper, and typography, might emulate a necrologic affair cried loudly through the streets of London, "i' th' afternoon" of a hanging Monday, containing much important information, whether the defunct felon had made his last breakfast simply from tea and toast, or whether Mr. Sheriff —— had kindly added mutton-chops to the *déjeûner*, while his amiable lady furnished new-laid eggs

from the family corn-chandler. But to return to my mother.

Ten years had passed, and her name had not been hallooed from groom to groom on a birthday night, while the pearl necklace, a bridal present, and emeralds, an heir-loom from her mother, remained in strict abeyance. Now and again their cases were unclosed, and a sigh accompanied the inspection—for sad were their reminiscences. *Olim*—her name was chronicled on Patrick's night, by every Castle reporter. They made, it is to be lamented, as Irish reporters will make, sad mistakes at times. The once poor injured lady had been attired in canary-coloured lute-string, and an ostrich plume, remarkable for its enormity, while she, the libelled one, had been becomingly arrayed in blue bombazine, and of any plumage reported from Araby the blest, was altogether innocent.

A general family movement was decided on. My aunt's demise required my father's presence in the metropolis. My mother's wardrobe demanded an extensive addition,—for, sooth to say, her costume had become, as far as fashion went, rather antediluvian. Constance announced that a back-tooth called for professional interference. May heaven forgive her if she fibbed!—for a

dental display of purer ivory never slyly solicited a lover's kiss, than what her joyous laugh exhibited. My poor mother entered a protest against the "*spes ultima gregis*," meaning myself, being left at home in times so perilous, and when all who could effect it, were hurrying into garrisoned towns, and abandoning, for crowded lodgings, homes, whose superior comforts were abated by their insecurity. The order for a general movement was consequently issued—and, on the 22nd of June, we commenced our journey to the capital.

With all the precision of a commissary-general, my father had regulated the itinerary. Here, we were to breakfast, there, dine, and this hostelry was to be honoured with our sojourn during the night-season. Man wills, fate decrees, and, in our case, the old saw was realized.

It will be necessary to remark that a conspiracy that had been hatching for several years, from unforeseen circumstances had now been prematurely exploded. My father, with more *hardiesse* than discretion, declined following the general example of abandoning his home for the comparative safety afforded by town and city. Coming events threw their shadow before, and too unequivocally to be mistaken, but still he

sported *deaf adder*. In confidential communication with Dublin Castle, all known there touching the intended movements of the disaffected was not concealed from him. He was, unfortunately, the reverse of an alarmist, proud of his popularity—read his letters—drew his inferences—and came to prompt conclusions. Through his lawyer, a house ready furnished in Leeson street was secured. His plate and portable valuables were forwarded to Dublin, and reached their destination safely. Had our hearts been where the treasure was, we should, as in prudence bound, have personally accompanied the silver spoons—but the owner, like many an abler commander, played the waiting game too long. A day sooner would have saved some trouble—but my father had carried habits of absolute action into all the occurrences of daily life. Indecision is, in character, a sad failure, but his weak point ran directly in an opposite direction. He thought, weighed matters hastily, decided in five minutes, and that decision once made, *coute qui coute*, must be carried out to the very letter. He felt all the annoyance of leaving the old roof-tree and its household gods—conflicting statements from the executive—false information from local traitors—an assurance from the priest that

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no immediate danger might be expected—these, united to a yearning after home, rendered his operations rather Fabian. The storm burst, however, while he still hesitated, or rather, the burning of the mail-coaches, and the insurrection, were things simultaneous—and my father afterwards discovered that he, like many a wiser man, had waited a day too long.

Whether the colonel might have dallied still longer is mere conjecture, when a letter marked “haste” was delivered by an orderly dragoon, and in half-an-hour the “leathern conveniency” was rumbling down the avenue.

The journey of the Wronghead family to London—if I recollect the pleasant comedy that details it correctly—was effected without the occurrence of any casualty beyond some dyspeptic consequences to the cook from over-eating. Would that our migration to the metropolis had been as fortunately accomplished !

We started early ; and on reaching the town where we were to breakfast and exchange our own for post-horses, found the place in feverish excitement. A hundred anxious inquirers were collected in the market-place. Three hours beyond the usual time of the mail-delivery had elapsed—wild rumours were spread abroad—a

general rising in Leinster was announced—and the non-arrival of the post had an ominous appearance, and increased the alarm.

We hurried over the morning meal,—the horses were being put to—the ladies already in the carriage—when a dragoon rode in at speed, and the worst apprehensions we had entertained were more than realised by this fresh arrival. The mail-coach had been plundered and burned, while everywhere, north, east, and west, as it was stated, the rebels were in open insurrection,—all communication with Dublin was cut off,—and any attempt to reach the metropolis would have been only an act of madness.

Another express from the south came in. Matters there were even worse. The rebels had risen *en masse* and committed fearful devastation. The extent of danger in attempting to reach the capital, or return to his mansion, were thus painfully balanced; and my father considering that, as sailors say, the choice rested between the devil and the deep sea, decided on remaining where he was, as the best policy under all circumstances.

The incompetency of the Irish engineering staff, and a defective commissariat, at that time was most deplorable; and although the town

of —— was notoriously disaffected, the barrack chosen, temporarily, to accommodate the garrison—a company of militia—was a thatched building, two stories high, and perfectly commanded by houses in front and rear. The captain in charge of the detachment knew nothing of his trade, and had been hoisted to a commission in return for the use of a few freeholders. The Irish read character quickly. They saw at a glance the marked imbecility of the devoted man ; and by an imposition, from which any but an idiot would have recoiled, trapped the silly victim and, worse still, sacrificed those who had been unhappily entrusted to his direction.

That the express had ridden hard was evident from the distressed condition of his horse ; and the intelligence he brought deranged my father's plans entirely. Any attempt either to proceed or to return, as it appeared, would be hazardous alike ; and nothing remained but to halt where he was, until more certain information touching the rebel operations should enable him to decide which would be the safest course of action to pursue. He did not communicate the extent of his apprehensions to the family—affected an air of indifference he did not feel—introduced himself to the commanding officer on parade—and

returned to the inn in full assurance that, in conferring a commission on a man so utterly ignorant of the trade he had been thrust into as Captain —— appeared to be, “the King’s press had been abused most damnably.”

The colonel had a singular quality—that of personal remembrance; and even at the distance of years he would recall a man to memory, even had the former acquaintance been but casual. Passing through the inn-yard, his quick eye detected in the ostler a *quondam* stable-boy. To avoid the consequences attendant on a fair-riot which had ended, “*ut mos est*,” in homicide, the ex-groom had fled the country, and as it was reported and believed, sought an asylum in the “land of the free” beyond the Atlantic, which, privileged like the Cave of Abdullum, conveniently flings her Stripes and Stars over all that are in debt and all that are in danger. Little did the fugitive groom desire now to recall “lang syne,” and renew a former acquaintance. But my father was otherwise determined; and stepping carelessly up, he tapped his old domestic on the shoulder, and at once addressed him by name.

The ostler turned deadly pale, but in a moment the colonel dispelled his alarm.

“ You have nothing to apprehend from me, Pat. He who struck the blow, which was generally laid to your charge, confessed when dying that he was the guilty man, and that you were innocent of all blame beyond mixing in the affray.”

Down popped the suspected culprit on his knees, and in a low but earnest voice he returned thanks to heaven.

“ I understood you had gone to America, or I would have endeavoured in some way to have apprised you, that a murderer by report, you were but a rioter in reality.”

“ I did go there, colonel, but I could not rest. I knew that I was innocent ; but who would believe my oath ? I might have done well enough there ; but I don't know why, the ould country was always at my heart, and I used to cry when I thought of the mornings that I whipped in the hounds, and the nights that I danced merrily in the servants' hall, when piper or fiddler came—and none left the house without meat, drink, and money, and a blessing on the hand that gave it.”

“ What brought you here, so close to your former home, and so likely to be recognised ?”

“ To see if I couldn't clear myself, and get ye'r honour to take me back. Mark that dark

man! He's owner of this horse. Go to the bottom of the garden, and I'll be with you when he returns to the house again."

My father walked carelessly away, unclosed the garden gate, and left the dark stranger with his former whipper-in. Throwing himself on a bench in a rude summer-house, he began to think over the threatening aspect of affairs, and devise, if he could, some plan to deliver his family from the danger, which on every side it became too evident was alarmingly impending.

He was speedily rejoined by his old domestic.

"Marked ye that dark man well?"

"Yes; and a devilish suspicious-looking gentleman he is."

"His looks do not belie him. No matter whatever may occur through it, you must quit the town directly. Call for post-horses, and as mine is the first turn, I'll be postillion. Don't shew fear or suspicion—and leave the rest to me. Beware of the landlord—he's a colonel of the rebels, and a bloodier-minded villain is not unchanged. Hasten in—every moment is worth gold—and when the call comes, the horses will be to the carriage in the cracking of a whip. Don't notice me, good or bad."

He spoke, hopped over the garden-hedge to

reach the back of the stables unperceived, while I proceeded along the walk, and when approaching the gate, it was opened by the host in person. He started; but, with assumed indifference, observed, "What sad news the dragoon has brought!"

"I don't believe the half of it. These things are always exaggerated. Landlord, I'll push on a stage or two, and the worst that can happen is to return, should the route prove dangerous. I know that here I have a safe shelter to fall back upon."

"Safe!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "All the rabble in the country would not venture within miles of where ye are; and, notwithstanding bad reports, there's not a loyaler barony in the county. Faith! colonel, although it may look very like seeking custom, I would advise you to keep your present quarters. You know the old saying, 'Men may go farther and fare worse.' I had a lamb killed when I heard of the rising, and specially for your honour's dinner. Just look into the barn as ye pass. Upon my conscience! it's a curiosity."

He turned back with me; but before we reached the place, the dark stranger I had seen before beckoned from a back window.

“Ha! an old and worthy customer wants me.”

Placing his crooked finger in his mouth, he gave a loud and piercing whistle. The *quondam* whipper appeared at a stable-door with a horse-brush in his hand.

“Pat, shew his honour that born beauty I killed for him this morning.”

“Coming, Mr. Scully—I beg ye’r honour’s pardon—but ye know that business must be minded,” he said, and hurried off.

No man assumes the semblance of indifference, and masks his feelings more readily than an Irishman, and Pat Loftus was no exception to his countrymen. When summoned by the host’s whistle, he came to the door liting a planxy merrily,—but when he re-entered the stable, the melody ceased, and his countenance became serious.

“I hid behind the straw, yonder, colonel, and overheard every syllable that passed, and under the canopy bigger villains are not than the two who are together now. There’s no time for talking—all’s ready,” and he pointed to the harnessed post horses, “Go in, keep an open eye, and close mouth, order round the carriage—all

is packed—and when we're clear of the town I'll tell you more."

When my father's determination was made known, feelingly did the host indicate the danger of the attempt, and to his friendly remonstrances against wayfaring, Mr. Scully raised a warning voice. But my father was decisive—Pat Loftus trotted to the door—some light luggage was placed in the carriage, and three brace of pistols deposited in its pockets. A meaning look was interchanged between the innkeeper and his fellow-guest.

"Colonel," said the former, "I hope you will not need the tools. If you do, the fault will be all your own."

"If required," returned my father, "I'll use them to the best advantage."

The villains interchanged a smile.

"Pat," said the host to the postillion, "you know the safest road—do what I bid ye—and keep his honour out of trouble if ye can."

"Go on," shouted my father—the whip cracked smartly, and off rolled the carriage.

For half a mile we proceeded at a smart pace, until at the junction of three roads, Loftus took the one which the finger-post indicated was not the Dublin one. My father called out to stop,

but the postillion hurried on, until high hedges, and a row of ash-trees at both sides, shut in the view. He pulled up suddenly.

"Am I not an undutiful servant to disobey the orders of so good a master as Mr. Dogherty? First, I have not taken the road he recommended—and, secondly, instead of driving this flint into a horse's frog, I have carried it in my pocket," and he jerked the stone away.

"Look to your pistols, colonel. In good old times your arms, I suspect, would have been found in better order."

The weapons were examined, and every pan had been saturated with water. "Never mind, I'll clean them well at night: it's not the first time. But, see the dust yonder! I dare not turn back, and I am half afraid to go on. Ha—glory to the Virgin! dragoons, ay, and, as I see now, they are escorting Lord Arlington's coach. Have we not the luck of thousands?"

He cracked his whip, and at the junction of a cross-road fell in with and joined the travellers. My father was well known to his lordship, who expressed much pleasure that the journey to the capital should be made in company.

Protected by relays of cavalry, we reached the city in safety, not, however, without one or two

hair-breadth escapes from molestation. Everything around told that the insurrection had broken out : church-bells rang, dropping shots now and then were heard, and houses, not very distant, were wrapped in flames. Safely, however, we passed through manifold alarms, and at dusk entered the fortified barrier erected on one of the canal bridges, which was jealously guarded by a company of Highlanders and two six-pounders. Brief shall be a summary of what followed. While the tempest of rebellion raged, we remained safely in the capital. Constance and I were over head and ears in love ; but another passion struggled with me for mastery. Youth is always pugnacious ; like Norval,

“ I had heard of battles, and had longed
To follow to the field some warlike ”

colonel of militia, and importuned my father to obtain a commission, and, like Laertes, “ wrung a slow consent.” The application was made ; and, soon after breakfast, the butler announced that my presence was wanted in the drawing-room. I repaired thither, and there found my father, his fair dame, and my cousin Constance.

“ Well, Frank, I have kept my promise, and, in a day or two, I shall have a captain’s com-

mission for you. Before, however, I place myself under an obligation to Lord Carhampton, let me propose an alternative for your selection."

I shook my head. "And what may that be, sir?"

"A wife."

"A wife!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that is the plain offer. You shall have, however, a free liberty of election: read that letter."

I threw my eye over it hastily. It was from the Lord Lieutenant's secretary, to say that his excellency felt pleasure in placing a company in the — militia, at Colonel Hamilton's disposal. "There is the road to fame open as a turnpike trust. Come hither, Constance, and here is the alternative." She looked at me archly, I caught her to my heart, and kissed her red lips.

"Father!"

"Well, Frank."

"You may write a polite letter to the Castle, and decline the commission."

Half a century has passed, but ninety-eight is still, by oral communications, well known to the

Irish peasant ; and would that its horrors carried with them salutary reminiscences ! But to my own story.

Instead of fattening beeves, planting trees, clapping vagabonds “i’ th’ stocks,” and doing all and everything that appertaineth to a country gentleman, and also, the queen’s poor esquire, I might have, until the downfall of Napoleon, and the reduction of the militia, events contemporaneous, smelt powder in the Phoenix Park on field days, and like Hudibras, of pleasant memory, at the head of a charge of foot, “rode forth a coloneling.” In place, however, of meddling with cold iron, I yielded to “metal more attractive,” and in three months became a Benedict, and in some dozen more a papa.

In the meantime, rebellion was bloodily put down, and on my lady’s recovery, my father, whose yearning for a return to the old roof-tree was irresistible, prepared for our departure from the metropolis.

Curiously enough, we passed through Prosperous, exactly on the anniversary of the day when we had so providentially effected an evasion from certain destruction. Were aught required to elicit gratitude for a fortunate escape, two objects, and both visible from the inn windows,

would have been sufficient. One was a mass of blackened ruins—the scathed walls of the barrack, in which the wretched garrison had been so barbarously done to death: the other a human head impaled upon a spike on the gable of the building. That blanched skull had rested on the shoulders of our traitor host, and we, doomed to “midnight murder,” were mercifully destined to witness a repulsive, but just evidence, that Providence interposes often between the villain and the victim.

I am certain that in my physical construction, were an analysis practicable, small would be the amount of heroic proportions which the most astute operator would detect. I may confess the truth, and say, that in “lang syne,” any transient ebullition of military ardour vanished at a glance from Constance’s black eye. The stream of time swept on, and those that were, united their dust with those that had been. In a short time my letter of readiness may be expected; and I shall, in nature’s course, after the last march, as Byron says, ere long

“Take my rest.”


And will the succession end with me? Tell

it not to Malthus, nor whisper it to Harriet Martineau. There is no prospect of advertising for the next of kin, *i. e.* if five strapping boys and a couple of the fair sex may be considered a sufficient security.

AN INCURSION INTO CONNEMARA,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A TRAVELLER WHO SURVIVED IT.

“*Non sine pulvere palmam*” is one of the thousand-and-one wise saws conveyed in few words, with much meaning, and in every language, living and dead, from the remotest era, even the confusion of tongues at Babel. I am inclined to believe that, although unconscious of the accident, I was bitten in early life by a rabid traveller ; and that, if tourists are honoured by a distinguishing outline on the occiput, mine, upon investigation, would be found deeply-marked, and of unusual dimensions. I was a rambler from boyhood,—for I ran away from school as punctually as the quarter’s note was transmitted through the post-office ; and for the celerity and success with which this evasion was effected I was horsewhipped at home, returned with a suit-



able escort, and received, as might be expected, a well-merited reward. Dr. Shields—peace to his ashes!—was what sailors would term, built on the lines of a porter-butt. He was lame, and he was also left-handed; but, never was that villainous shrub called privet—many a time I cursed the hedge it grew on—applied *à posteriori* by a more accomplished practitioner. Well do we remember that for a week after the operation our heart palpitated at the creak of his shoes, and we preferred every posture to a sitting one. As I ripened into manhood my early truancy became confirmed; it grew with my growth; it seemed as if the demon of locomotion marked me for his own, and entered into me accordingly. In rapid succession I was dusted on the desert, and half-frozen in Siberia, musquito-bitten on the Amazon, and flea ditto in the Scottish Highlands. Anthropophagi are my aversion; and I neither would commit my person to be carbonadoed by a Friendly Islander, nor baked after the most approved receipt to be found in a New Zealand cookery-book. But I have dared and done much; and, *laus Deo!* I survive to tell it. I am no braggart. I spent a fortnight at Boulogne, and made the grand tour of Connemara.

From recent information which has reached

me, the desperate courage, and yearning after unknown lands, that instigated and successfully achieved this perilous adventure—I mean the exploration of the realms beyond the Shannon,—may now be undervalued, as, with the demise of the potentate who ruled it then,* I am told that the glory of that land of Goshen has departed. I make the statement on what appears to be respectable authority, but I do not hold myself accountable for its truth. It is said that the process called “tarring and feathering”† has fallen into desuetude, and “few and far between;” that attorneys have been seen wayfaring in apparent security, and unprotected by a troop of horse. Process servers do not specially agree for pecuniary compensation, should their digestive faculties be disorganized by swallowing, “upon compunction,” the unpretending strip of parch-

* Richard Martin, Esq., an eccentric but kind-hearted gentleman.

† This was an operation to which process-servers and tithe-proctors were subjected when apprehended. It is easily performed. All the patient’s raiment being removed, he is carefully coated over with warm tar, and rolled immediately in the contents of a bed-tick. The change effected on personal appearance is so remarkable, that, in ignorance of his identity, a bailiff has been repudiated by his own dog, and renounced by the wife of his bosom.

ment, whereon her Most Gracious Majesty conveys her compliments, and requests the pleasure of a private gentleman's company in one of the courts of law. Nor do personages, not in search of the picturesque, but in quest of private distilleries, as an equipose to the writ of assistance* in one pocket, carry their last will and testament in the other. Such is the present state of that once-happy land, that had its Abdullum† ever open for all that were in debt

* An authority to demand the protection of a military party.

† This word, casually introduced, recalls to memory a friend no longer in the flesh, who, while in the same, was sorely tormented by the low harpies of the law; and oftentimes has the author listened to him while detailing with good emphasis and discretion—for poor Harry was both a mimic and actor—the following pleasant adventure, and one of his most fortunate escapes.

"I was," said the *raconteur*, "on my keeping"—*i. e.* keeping out of the way—"and never ventured a stone's throw from the hall-door, as I had the gout in both feet; and, worse still, had fallen into deep arrears with the hush money I paid to Jack B——.¹ Well, one fine morning, the Devil and the weather tempted me between them to hobble down to the gate, and happening to look round by mere accident, whom did I see hiding himself behind a thick holly-bush, but Cormack Mauraghan, the most determined villain that ever tapped a sinner's shoulder. There is nobody but has his enemies, and people

¹ This is a stipulated sum paid to the sheriff for permitting a creditor to remain in his bailiwick unmolested; for which indulgence as much as £500 a-year has been given to this functionary.

and in danger, and whose lowliest cabin offered a safe resting-place to the debtor, even as a tower

was wicked enough to whisper, between gout, and the drop I had to take to keep it from my stomach,—it killed my aunt Nancy; and, God knows! she did not neglect the specific,—that I would use crutch, blunderbuss, or any lethal weapon next at hand, without fear, favour, or affection, whether Mr. B. acted in person or by deputy. Men, consequently, who had never blenched from executing ‘writ or exigent’ before, thanked the sheriff for the preference, and declined the dangerous honour; but Mauraghan, *suadente diabolo*, and emboldened by a one-pound note in expectancy, and a pint of poteenie, duly and truly administered, desperately essayed the perilous adventure—and how he sped another page will tell.

“I twigg’d the villain at a glance,” said my lamented friend, “toddled off at the best pace I could manage round the corner, and earthed myself in the gate-house. Not a soul, big or little, was there: for they had left the door upon the latch, and cut off, bad luck to them! to the market. Wherever the bar was, I couldn’t find it in the hurry; and Mauraghan whisked round the house, muttering his doubts as to whether I had taken shelter in the lodge, or treed myself among the bushes.

“‘Feaks! I’ll first try the house,’ says the villain.

“‘Will ye?’ says I, as I hopped into the bed-room.”

To explain the *dénouement* of this interesting story, the English reader must bear in mind, *imprimis*, that an Irish latch is generally uplifted by inserting a finger through a conveniency left for the purpose in the door; and, that my departed friend, though in all things beside, liberally accomplished—as all great men have their distinguishing traits to mark them from the multitude—prided himself, more especially, on two natural gifts,—a head of such endurance that it could carry, and with ease, thirteen tumblers of diluted alcohol; and a jaw, that in grasp and power would emulate a smith’s vice. Indeed, his mouth

of strength; for rickety though the humble edifice might be, "the iron knuckles of the law," as Penruddock says in the play, "dare not knock

was a curiosity,—it seemed as if the interior fittings had been furnished by a wild boar; and, in tenacity, when he fastened, a bull-dog could not hold a candle to him. Well, these personal matters being explained, it is enough to say that Master Harry retreated to the inner chamber, as Mr. Mauraghan entered the outer one.

"'He's among the bushes,' said the commencer of the law; 'nobody here but the cat in the corner. I may jist as well, howsomever, peep into the room,' and he tried the door, but the push was resisted.

"'No lock upon it ather, and it fast shut!' muttered the shoulder-tapper. 'Be gogstay! that's quare. Hollo! Is there anybody inside there?'

"'No one but myself,' squeaked an infantine voice. 'Mammy's gone to market, and shut me in till she comes back again. Put e fingee in e hole, and the latch will lift.'"

Unsuspectingly, the man-hunter thrust the best of his bunch of fives through the aperture indicated. Was it mortal ivory, or a twist of a constrictor's tail, that secured the incautious lodgement? A roar of murder obtained no pity—threat and malediction failed: at last, terms of mutual release were ratified—Mr. Mauraghan proceeded to the county hospital, to ascertain whether the total removal of his digital member, so extensively commenced, had not better be completed, for the re-union of the damaged member was considered scarcely practicable; while Harry returned to that freeman's castle—the house, that he had incautiously quitted—with a solemn resolution that the best weather predicted in Murphy's Almanac for a twelvemonth, should not again, as matters stood, tempt him, save on the sabbath, to wander from his domicile.

at the door,* and mar his tranquillity." Many a year has slipped away, and many a clime, from

"Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost,"

have been exchanged by turns for each other, since I paid my last visit to the kingdom of Connemara. Was it "suspicion of debt" that prompted the migration? No, I was an infant of twenty—the said infant being five feet eleven. Was it love? That treads more closely on the kibe, as Hamlet says; but, as we have recently committed matrimony, our earlier *liaisons* have faded, as they should fade, from memory. We will, therefore, pass over both our in-going and its object, and restrict ourselves to the fortunes that befel us in coming out.

But why not make 'a clean breast in the one case as the other? I danced three sets with Julia French at the Ballinasloe fair ball, and according to grammatical progression, in number *one* I was a little bothered, and in number *three* superlatively and outrageously in love. At a Con-naught *fête dansante*, of negus there may be a sufficiency, but of cold whiskey-punch the supply, though frequently and severely tested, will be

* "The Wheel of Fortune."

found inexhaustible. In love incipient diluted alcohol generally proves specific, and the disease is much abated, if not entirely subdued, on the patient awaking in the morning. In love comparative (*vide* the advertisement to "Parr's Pills") the doses must be increased and continued. In the superlative stage, like canine madness, there is no remedy, and the only alternatives lie between the ring and a halter. In our first and only fit—and it was severe while it lasted—we followed the alcoholic plan. It succeeded—" *verbum sat.* "

There was a time when our Connemara trip would not have been pleasantly brought to memory; but, at sixty men think and talk of love merely as an agreeable hallucination—a phantasy belonging to an age that follows that of top-and-bottom-whipping—one half to be forgotten, and, as Scrub says, the other to be "laughed at most consumedly." "I do remember,"—in what better terms could a man usher in a melancholy reminiscence than in the words of a starved apothecary?—my first and only visit to Connemara. Nobody ever went there upon a prudent errand, I verily believe.

"Love will be the lord of all ;"

and I book my Connemara *escapade* against the

little vagabond. Enough—like a few insertions in my tailor's books,—then and there it must remain, until the recording angel can spare a tear or two, and obliterate it altogether. But, *revenons à nos moutons*.

My first set with Julia made me what they call in Connaught a little soft; in the second, I was what Yankees term "spifflicated;" and, about the middle of the third, so regularly caught, that I plainly intimated—no hemming, hawing, or beating about the bush,—that I should seek a refuge from my misery either in her arms, sweet girl! or the waters of the Shannon. I was under orders for the Peninsula; must trundle off by the early coach; would return

"With war's red honours on my crest;"

purchase domestic conveniences — cradle, of course, inclusive; turn my "king's-order spit" into a garden-dibble; and delectate for after-life beneath the shade of my own fir—as, let it be confessed at once, there are no fig-trees in Connemara. Did a dignified rejection annihilate my hopes? Oh! no—

"She blushed, but chid not."

The parting-hour came; and while her aunt

was groping for her clogs at one side of the anti-chamber door—thank God!—as the bonnet-pegs had been driven into the reverse of the wood-work, I was enabled to press her red lips, swear eternal fidelity, assure her that she might question even what that blessed man, Father Malachi, propounded from the altar on the next holiday—

“Think truth might prove a liar,
But never doubt my love.”

What she responded in return it is not for me to repeat. She gave her feelings no stinted utterance, and I took it in, although on reflection afterwards, “methought the lady did protest too much.”

What occurred for the next three years, were but customary events attendant on campaigning—and some very coarse usage that I received at the assault of Badajoz, gave me a good plea for six months’ leave to patch up again. I had a short and pleasant passage home—embraced my honoured mother—underwent a chaste salute from my aunt Deborah—an operation I dreaded awfully, for Debby took that triturerated preparation of the weed, called “blackguard,” by the ounce—was *fêted* by the neighbours for a fortnight, in honour of my safe return to the sod,

and gallant bearing in the field—and during that time none of the party—namely, the feast givers, or myself, the recipient, were what, on corporal oath, could have been declared in absolute sobriety.

And had I forgotten the object of my first love—the gentle Julia? Not I—even in the eternal scene of hilarity, that I have described, her image would return. Did the toastmaster name “lovely woman,” Julia, with magical celebrity, was before me—and if a stableman whistled “I’m o’er young to marry yet,” back came the ball of Ballinasloe—and, in fancy, I went twice down the middle, set corners, and turned my partner. But the tenderest recollection by far, was when Aunt Macmanus was groping for her clogs, and we, in the innocence of our hearts, settling the bonnet on. Poor old lady, she lost all patience at last, for, to own the truth, we were an awful time fumbling with the ribbon.

When a man is bent on mischief, an excuse can easily be fabricated or found. I was dying to see Julia, and I fortunately recollected that I had a cousin, resident in Connemara, a relative whom the family had never seen for twenty years,—and, by every account, a more worthless

and mercenary hound never screwed the last sixpence from a *fodeeine*.* He hated his own relations, and received a cordial return. On one occasion only, had he evinced any indication of affection towards his kindred, by transmitting a letter to me, when ordered to join the service-battalion in Spain, wishing me *toute sorte de prospérité*, accompanied by a ten-pound note.

“ Well, you may go and see the devil,” said my father, when I hinted my intention. “ There is no extracting blood from a turnip, and he would rather have parted with his best grinder, than the ten pounds he sent you. If we could keep his money in the family it would be desirable. I hear he gets more cankered as he grows older—and he’ll be sure, or I’m much mistaken, to make ‘ ducks and drakes ’ of all that he has been hoarding these forty years.”

The prediction was prophetic indeed—and “ ducks and drakes ” he made both of his money and himself. In a state bordering between dotage and drunkenness, he proposed to a young lady of sixteen, a gauger’s daughter—and she was graciously pleased to encourage hopes, which I had the satisfaction to see realized. But our own narrative of all that befel us, will tell the tale

* A small freehold property.

of our kinsman's opening course of love, and we will, also, and in timely season, duly chronicle its close. Profiting by my father's permission, I speedily was ready for my incursion into Connemara. He, "good, easy man," opining that deep designs were lurking in this friendly visit, against my kinsman's real and personal effects—but, all the while, could the secret motive have been traced, I wished to practically ascertain whether a returning kiss was half as pleasant as a parting one—a point on which I had been at issue with a gentleman of ours, who was held to be on such matters excellent authority, he doing for many years a very respectable business in the love line.

I penetrated into Connemara. No onslaught was made upon our person—no attempt to lighten us of any portion of our metalics.

The hostelry I stopped at was situated at the intersection of four roads, and overlooked a small bay—once, that little inlet had afforded a safe and sheltered harbour to the contrabandists who then frequented this wild and lawless district.

I have confessed already, that a double object influenced my Connemara expedition—and, on making local inquiries touching the abiding places of my loving kinsman, and the lady of my love, I found that they were nearly equidistant,

and some six miles from the hostelrie ; a “ left incline,” in military parlance, leading to the domicile of my skin-flint cousin, and the right-hand road conducting me, should I select it, to the abode of beauty, where that impersonation of graceful innocence, whose flying footsteps I had erst while led through the mazes of

“ The wind that shakes the barley,”

still wasted her


“ Sweetness on the desert air,”

and more was the pity. Plutus punched my ribs, and whispered “ right shoulders forward !” Cupid tickled me in the region of the pericardium, and told me that I should find Julia prettier and kinder than ever. What the deuce was I to do ? Why, order dinner first, and settle precedence afterwards, over a reflective tumbler of that illegal but agreeable fluid, which never contributed a farthing to the crown, or inflicted a headache on the consumer. I knocked upon the table—bells are not fashionable in Connemara—ordered dinner—and promptly the order was obeyed.

There are people abiding in the great metropolis, who imagine they have eaten a correct potatoe,—tell you that the flavour of a herring is familiar, and, under this double delusion go even

to the grave. Let these unhappy citizens dream on. Ah! could they but have looked from my window, as the former were trundled from the ridge, and the latter laid beside the runlet of spring-water that went babbling past the door, to loose their silver scales, and, within an hour or two, pass from the net to the frying-pan. But ignorance is bliss, and why disturb the fallacies of a cockney, who firmly imagines that the flavour of the esculent and the fish, to him are not unknown? When Marischal Saxe favoured his half-starved visitors with a fricandeau, which, as all agreed, conferred, or should confer, immortal honour on the *artiste* who fabricated the same, would it not have been inhuman to whisper in the consumer's ear, that no fatted calf had bled to furnish forth the delicacy,—and the cook had nothing to depend upon but providence, his own skill, and the tenderest cutlets that were available from the leg of a departed troop-horse? But this looks very like a digression. I said that the scuddawns* were undergoing purification in the rivulet before the house, when suddenly the red-shank discontinued her labour, and with half-a-dozen idlers, who had been looking on, sprang into the centre of the road. All looked earnestly

* *Anglicè*—herrings.



in the same direction for a minute, and then bel-
lowed, in English and Irish, "Holy Bridget !
Here they come !" The loud alarum brought all
from the hostelrie to the street,* and I flung up
the window. The distant rush of cavalry was
heard—on came the whirlwind, nearer and nearer
still, until fifty horses, most of them with a
cavalier in the saddle, and a lady *en croup* behind
him, approached at headlong speed. Judge what
was my horror and surprise, when the landlord
exclaimed—

"Blessed Anthony ! it's ould Hamerton's
draggin-home ! I thought he would have gone
the short road. But it's civil in him to give
neighbours turn and turn alike—and, for once
in his life, drop a trifle in the way of trade, and
try our poteeine at the Cat and Bagpipes."

He who has not witnessed the hymeneal cere-
mony, called a dragging-home, will tax his ima-
gination in vain. He may fancy a charge of
drunken Calmucks, or Turkish cavalry careering
while directly influenced by opium. Pshaw !
neither of these will even distantly approach this
Milesian feat of horsemanship. In the bridal
cavalcade there was not a rider that had not a

* The space in front of any detached cabin in Connaught is
called "the street."

pint of poteenie, honest measure, under his belt—and were the truth told, the ladies were also screwed severely. The best mounted led the van—the slow ones formed a rear-guard—the happy couple occupied the centre—and, in this order, the *troupe* reined up within a few paces of my window. Hymen, at times, makes strange selections—but he never played a more freaky prank than when he knotted the ill-assorted couple who halted at the Cat and Bagpipes for refreshment.

I hate to see a grey-haired pantaloon pirouette with a bread-and-butter *débutante* at a country race-ball. Well, 'tis but the silly weakness of the hour—a fugitive tomfoolery—laughed at, and forgotten. But, when the snows of seventy would intermingle with the sunshine of sixteen, 'tis hard to decide then which of two feelings will predominate—disgust at the senility, which should have brought wisdom with it, or pity for a being on whom life was scarcely opening, when consigned, for some mercenary motive, to that worst of graves—a living one, and chilling, in the icy arms of age, the ardent glow of youth, that every law of nature intended should have been faithfully reciprocated.


I had never seen my doughty cousin, nor was

I at all prepared for an introduction to my new relative, and his "fair bed-fellow." While the bustling host, his helpmate, and his handmaiden, all were busily occupied in distributing alcoholic refreshment, I had ample leisure afforded me to view the happy pair, draw certain inferences which required little worldly wisdom to arrive at, and which a short time indeed confirmed to the letter.

With one or two exceptions, and by no means "*selon la règle*," the bridegroom was the only person who seemed averse to a joint-tenancy on horseback, for his steed—heaven knows a sorry one he was—"bore but the weight of Anthony." In youth, I had heard that Mr. Hamerton was but an indifferent equestrian, and no stranger, having weighty liabilities, would have put him in the pig-skin for the cup at either Knockcraghery or Kinsallagh. At present he seemed sorely distressed; for it was only in broken sentences that he urged a general circulation of the alcohol, gasping at intervals, and with returning breath, that he would be accountable for the amount. His hair was short-cut, and grey; his features extremely plain. If wrinkles be a proof, age had placed "his signet sage" upon his brow, and it was evident at a glance that in committing

matrimony he was a very daring adventurer. From the happy man I turned to the lady who shared, or was supposed to share, in his felicity. She was mounted on the best horse in the cavalcade, and seated behind a very smart and good-looking young man. Her gipsy hat, flaunting with white favours, had fallen back, and the chin-ribbon alone restrained it, while a profusion of nut-brown hair, escaped from the ligature that should have bound it, clustered in wild luxuriance round her shoulders, and streamed in thick ringlets down her back. She looked a joyous, reckless creature, starting all unschooled upon the world; the mind unmoulded; the manners just as nature framed them. To kindred youth her spirit might have assimilated; but, from this unholy union, which mercenary considerations only had produced, what but misery and misfortune could be anticipated? Enough; the natural harvest was reaped in time; and, were it needed, another proof could be adduced to shew how dangerous is the trial that age ventures on, when, to gratify a fancy that only dotage prompts, antiquated folly demands a youthful victim; and, alas! too frequently, a being to effect the sacrifice is found.

The horses had now got second wind; the



riders a glass or two additional. "Away ! away !" was the word ; and, at a Waterloo charge, off swept the bridal *cortège*. A turn in the road presently concealed them ; and ere the collision between iron and flint had faded on the ear, the rumble of a vehicle was heard, and, seated on a jaunting-car, a lady closely muffled halted, and alighted at "The Cat." From a hasty glance as she dismounted, I marvelled that a gentlewoman whose situation was evidently so matronly should travel without an experienced female friend, were it for no other purpose than to balance the bone-setter.*

"Who is that lady ?" I said to the red-shank, who was removing dinner.

"Feaks ! who should she be, but young Mistress O'Tool, as purty and plisant-spoken a lady as eye would find betwixt this and Galway," and she hastily retired from the presence.

A summer storm had been brewing in the mountains. Big drops fell ; and, no doubt, they urged the bridal throng to gallop forward as they had induced the stout young gentlewoman to remain behind, and seek shelter prudently at the hostelry. I found the poteeine unexceptionable. The rain now came down in earnest ; and, as I

* Name given to an Irish jaunting-car.

fabricated a second tumbler, I thus communed with myself,—“ And so that stupid ass, our cousin, has taken unto himself a wife. A wife ! heaven shield the dotard ! I have heard that he’s crippled with sciatica ; and what wants he with aught save an experienced manipulist to embrocate the suffering limb when rheumatism invades it ? Schoolmen assert that the ways to heaven are numerous, while, ’tis said,—most irreligiously, no doubt,—that in a fair, frail wife, a husband easily attains beatitude. ’Faith ! this might have been a shrewd speculation of my worthy cousin. No matter. He’s married ; the house of cards is fallen, and all my father built upon is prostrate. A few thousands, lent upon maiden security, and more in hundreds, doled out on *gom peeine*,* and all that my Aunt Debby loved to dwell upon, my great-grandmother’s gold-box, and cups, and covers, salt-spoons and snuffers ; a chest of brocaded silks, each gown able to stand upright, and tell, had it but a tongue, how, a hundred years ago, it had ruffled through a minuet. All are alienated—lost—gone for ever. Well ! peace to their memory ! I drink to it ; and now their requiem is sung. Well, my ride will not be unrewarded, after all. Julia ! had the price been a

* *Anglicè*—usurious interest.

pilgrimage to the Pyramids, I'd cross the Desert to tie that bonnet-string again ! How the rain comes down ! If the bridal troop be not saturated to the skin, I'll put no faith in a Connemara summer-storm for the future."

As I soliloquized the door half opened, and a couple of the softer sex were heard, in friendly altercation.

"I might intrude upon the gentleman," said a *piano* voice.

"Arrah ! whoever heard of such a thing ?" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, in return. "Bad luck to their manners ! the drunken vagabonds without there—to begin drawing their *dhudeeins*, and you at their elbow, and in the delicate situation you're in. Arrah, come on, ma'am."

The lady made no reply ; but Brideeine seemed determined to effect an introduction. A glance over my shoulder confirmed my suspicions. The fair intruder was the stout gentlewoman—I hate dumpy women worse than Byron did. I decided on general incivility,—ensconced myself in the window,—brought Julia to memory anew, and thus communed with myself :—

"Was she altered ? Had the sylphic figure that operated through the popular dance of 'Mrs. M'Cleod,' as if she had been infected by a

dancing-fawn, or stolen his talaria from the god of thieves,—had it preserved its pristine symmetry? How sweetly moulded were its light proportions! A waist, that an aldermanic ring would circle; a neck that it were treason to describe, in that day of primitive simplicity (*i. e.*, five-and-twenty years ago), when crenoline petticoats were totally unknown, and the *exposé* of a bustle in a shop-window would have subjected the vendor to the wrath of the ‘Vice Suppression Association.’ All about Julia was innocent and inartificial, as if she had dressed as that unsophisticated personage described by Mr. Moore, called Nora Crina, who fancied mountain-breezes, and, like a sensible girl, eschewed tight-lacing.”

A chair-leg grated on the sanded floor. It was a movement made, no doubt, by the stout gentlewoman, to attract attention. In politeness I was called upon to accept the challenge, and shew her a full front. I did so; and an invocation of some saint, whose rank and title I don’t remember, with an earnest supplication for the especial interference of the Blessed Virgin, followed my recognition. I started, and looked surprised. Did fancy trick me? Was I in the presence of a former acquaintance, or a lady I had never seen before? I felt confounded, and

respectfully inquired whether had I the honour of addressing Miss French or Mrs. O'Tool ?


The lady's explanation proved that, possessed as she might have been of Lucretian virtue, she did not unite to this estimable quality the perseverance of Penelope. Indeed, her defence for broken vows was what Connaught lawyers call rather "rigmarole." Deserters, who had sought Connemara, "*refugium peccatorum* !" as the priest said when cursing the flock,—had broadly asserted that the Peninsular army had been utterly annihilated ; one moiety having perished by the sword, while the other, like rotten sheep, dropped off by hundreds in the hospitals. Could I be expected to withstand steel, and gunpowder, and medical treatment, before any of which Goliath himself would succumb ? No ; she concluded I cumbered the ground no longer, and was defunct as Julius Cæsar.

What could poor Julia do ? She hated long nights, had an aversion to ghosts ; and, what security had she that at the midnight hour I should not present myself headless at her bedside, tell her that a four-and-twenty-pound shot had, as she might remark, curtailed my fair proportions,—remind her that our engagement was "play or pay,"—and head or no head, that

she was expected to behave like a gentlewoman, and come to the scratch accordingly. What was to be done? Mr. O'Tool was a thriving man. He wanted a wife; and Miss French, as it was generally supposed, was open to an offer. He wooed; she wavered; the fortress was peremptorily summoned, yielded on honourable terms, and was taken possession of accordingly.

The shower ceased. The jaunting-car was ordered. I kissed the stout gentlewoman; sent my kind regards to her loving husband. She headed westward, and until the road intervened "kissed her lily hand," while I took the opposite direction.


Before I reached my paternal dwelling a dashing paragraph had announced in the "Galway Court Journal," that my cousin had led the elegant and accomplished Miss Arabella Shanaghan to the hymeneal altar. The bride's costume, and the festivities at Castle Crogherty we take the liberty of passing over. My father asked no questions; and I was profoundly silent on everything I had seen and suffered during my short incursion into the kingdom of Connemara. Next morning, fortunately, an order came for me to repair forthwith to Belgium. I obeyed it willingly. Six months rolled on, and Waterloo was



fought. I passed the trial with a shot through the shako, and another through the arm. In Paris, whither I proceeded with the army of occupation, I found sundry letters waiting for me. Mrs. O'Tool had produced two chopping boys, and, as godfather, according to promise, I might take my choice ; or, if I had a fancy for a double adoption, no objection would be offered to favour me with the brace.

Alas ! the other was a calamitous announcement. The bridal revelry which I had partially witnessed was followed soon by grief and lamentation, and Castle Crogherty was now a house of mourning. Mrs. Hamerton had levanted, leaving behind a bereaved husband, but taking with her some of the house-linen, and the whole of the silver spoons. A minute description was given of the lady and the plate ; but, I suppose, as no reward was specified, neither of the abstracted articles were returned.

If an annual presentation to stock his quiver should make man happy, Mr. O'Tool has cause to count himself blessed beyond ordinary mortals, he becoming in eight brief years undisputed owner of nine young O'Tools. So much for my lost love ; and now for a parting notice of my loving cousin.



What Mr. Hamerton's secret sufferings were when he found his lady had levanted, and at breakfast sickened to observe a pewter substitute paraded on the table instead of the silver implement with which for half a century he had matitudinally assailed his eggs, it is not for us to say. He rallied, however, as the next assizes approached, and laid the usual story of blighted hopes and ruined happiness before a Galway jury, who, heartless mortals! balancing matrimonial deliverance against lost plate, assessed the damages at a farthing. Woman's ingratitude had bruised his spirit; but the attorney's bill, delivered a week after the verdict, concluded his history, and broke his heart. Reluctantly he made a will, after both priest and doctor had more than hinted that it was full time his house should be set in order. It was very short, but very much to the purpose; for, as in life he kept his goods and chattels fast together, in death he did not sunder them. He bequeathed all that he died possessed of—may he repose with the righteous!—to me.

ALBERT MURDOCK.

THERE was a time, not twenty years ago, when the land of the West—*auctoritate*, the defunct Liberator—was no less celebrated for the beauty of its daughters than the chivalry of its sons; when compared with one of these feminine daisy-cutters, a Haymarket *danseuse* might be objected to as crippled with a corn—while as to the boys, they were regular broths, out-and-out, and ready to back themselves against anything living in executing the *Pater-o-pee*,* or preparing a private gentleman for the county infirmary. So far as criminal statistics go, we agree with the departed patriot; but in his opinions touching lines of beauty we hold the Liberator to be heretical altogether—*i.e.* if Canova's or Chantrey's ideas respecting the *to*

* This is a *pas seul* very fashionable in the kingdom of Connaught, but not, as we believe, often danced at Her Majesty's Theatre.

kalon were not marvellously erroneous. We are personally familiar with the "Far West," and never, with the highest pressure upon the imagination, could we convert a splay-footed gentlewoman, innocent of shoes and stockings, and staggering beneath a creel of turf which would have proved oppressive to a donkey, *in transitu* from the bog to that clay-constructed abode of peace and purity, called in the vernacular, a cabin—we never, we repeat, could in her person embody those Phidian proportions which poets delight to dream about and artists to produce. It pains us to dissent from Mr. Thomas Moore but we must sacrifice our courtesy to conscience. We appertain not to that gang called "Impressionists,"—a term which, being rendered into English, meaneth a penny-a-liner,—a modest personage, who will touch you off a county at so much a day, and do to order the largest of the United Kingdoms in a fortnight. We give our convictions emphatically, having been born, indoctrinated, and resident for a quarter of a century in the Emerald Isle ; and, if necessary, we hold ourselves ready to depone upon corporal oath that there is not a corner of that blessed land with which we are not familiar. With every gradation of Hibernian society we profess

an intimate acquaintance. We have slept in that pleasant hostelry "The Hole-in-the-wall," and we have been located, but always on compunction, in the watchhouse of Saint Andrew. Furthermore, we have honoured the Castle with our presence on a birthnight-ball—ate our *spoleeine** at Donnybrook—had an optic put in mourning as a digester—and finished the evening, much to our own satisfaction, with black cockles and whiskey-toddy at a caravansera, kept by a much esteemed citizen called Nosey M'Keown.†

Polite as our town experiences have been, let it be distinctly understood that our rustic information and personal knowledge have been infinitely superior. On the summit of Carrig-a-

* A *Spoleeine* is a mutton-outlet fished upon requisition, and the production of the metallica, from a cauldron sufficiently capacious to cook a dismembered sheep. The subdivision of the animal, before it is submitted to the action of hot water, being so regulated as to meet the numerical demands of the varied applicants who may favour the tent with their patronage, the lady presiding at the pot, and armed with a flesh-fork, inserting the instrument according to order. "A spoleeine for the man in the white hat," might occasionally be heard ; or, "Mate, Biddy, jewel ! for a single gentleman and his wife—Stick a tender bit, for they're reg'lar customers."

† We rather fancy that an English "Impressionist," who should inquire after these once pleasant whereabouts, would receive for answer, "where?"

binnioge we have bivouacked for the night, and, in the first grey mists of morning, shot—"think of that, Master Brooke!"—that splendid animal, now extinct there, the Red-deer. We have at curfew-hour smoked our cigar under the verandah of our cottage; and, embowered in jasmine and honey-suckle, listened, between each deliberate and composing puff, to the booming of the bittern from the reedy enclosure of the little bog-lake, that lay within rifle-range of our garden-chair. In sooth, our wanderings have been extensive.

Although Sassenach by descent, we are Celtic in affection, and to the slogan which once

"Frighted the isle from its propriety,"

"justice to Ireland"—we will faithfully respond. We admire the better qualities of our countrymen, and we detest many traits of national character, which we—and from the bottom of our soul—pronounce to be detestable.

In the production of her children the Green Isle is really a capricious mamma. This day, she launches on the world a polished gentleman, and the next, a superlative rogue. Where is the walk of life in which the Irishman will not be found jostling his way forward, and that, too,

regardless whether it may lead to the woolsack or "end on Tyburn tree." In literature and science countless are the stars of first magnitude which the Green Isle has produced. To the eloquence of her sons how many in the Senate have listened with breathless attention? As an adventurous and successful speculator, the Milesian would seem Fortune's favourite. Irish estates, and with magical celerity, are transferred from hand to hand, and of any one of these ask their simple history. How many will you not find which have been purchased by fortunes won in the East, or in some of the transatlantic colonies, by men who took life's road without one friend or a second sixpence? So far, and for civic life, it would appear that the Patlander is not nationally disqualified. We, as we observed before, are personally and practically acquainted with his failings, and, God knows! their name is legion. We will, in his case, unhappy man! nothing extenuate, and nought set down in malice. We will acknowledge his deserts, and we will denounce his delinquencies. Well, passing all other professions beside, Pat prides himself upon his soldier-ship. Come—even on that, his favourite stand, we will enter the arena with him.

In limine, we'll smooth him down by a very flattering admission—and that is, that the military qualities of an Irishman are second to none other upon earth. Were we not afraid of bringing the rest of the world on our back, and, *Davus sum non Œdipus*—we are no Atlas—we would be much inclined to assign him a ship's character—A 1.

What constitutes the soldier? Courage and docility. Pish! in the bull-dog, that dullest thing of the canine race, you will find the first quality exuberantly developed; and if you want docility, view it in any "Happy family" establishment you encounter at the corner of a street. Single qualities you can easily obtain, but it is the associations of evil ones which destroy character. Bravery will combine with blackguardism—and docility, without dash, is like unseasoned soup—not worth a second indipping of the spoon. A little devilry has sometimes the same properties as red pepper. A tamely-charactered soldier may be estimable in the highest degree, but he will seldom be a successful one—and, although superexcellent in the orderly room, he will be but a slow coach in the field.

Some twenty years ago I resided in a sweetly situated cottage, a couple of miles from a large western market-town. I selected it for my abiding place through fancy—for few besides would, as a residence, have accepted it in free gift.


Its locality was pretty. It stood in an extensive park, covered with old timber and young plantations, and surrounded with rich meadow-grounds. The cottage itself was overspread by ash and elm trees, the growth of centuries, and these were so thickly colonized with rooks and herons, that at times their clamorous communings were deafening. It was, however, a sweet seclusion; for the eye, on whatever side it ranged, rested on tree and shrub, green pasturage or rich meadow.

I said that few, except myself, would have chosen it for an abiding place. In that distracted country, beauty is but a secondary consideration. It was straw-roofed—and any who pleased to try the experiment, could easily insert a lighted coal within the thatch, even without the trouble of raising himself on tip-toe. We were then young and reckless, confident in ourselves, and deeply imbued with Irish indifference. Our little domicile was an armoury. When we went to rest, a double house-gun and divers pistols lay

within our reach ; but still, though well prepared, our castle was vulnerable, and we, on every side, open to assault. Not a window was provided with a shutter ; and sun-blinds are not bullet-proof. Our bed was on a correct level with the gravelled walk—and couchant, we could have been quietly sent to our account,—the carpet-like surface of close-mown grass, affording the murderer every advantage in approaching unchallenged and unheard, and close enough to effect his purpose. Our dogs were of an unsuspicious class, setters, and dull greyhounds. We had a bull-dog, it is true, who would seldom abate his hold, unless under a nasal application of a heated poker. But, like all his race, he was a thick-headed brute—and even if, on apprehended danger, you awakened him, the chances were, had an unoffending milch-cow been in sight, he would have passed the lurking felon without notice, to fasten on the milky mother.

Such were our own statistics, and now for our tale.

A year before we occupied our cottage and its dependencies, we learned that a man, named Albert Murdock, had purchased a small farm—some dozen acres—from the owner of the estate. It bounded a portion of the domain—and, from




the upper gate of my avenue, was scarcely a bow-shot's distance. I found that he was a tabooed man—hated by all around him—and before I was resident many days, he called at the cottage, and confirmed the report.

I listened to his story. It was quite clear that he was persecuted—and for what reasons I had no right to enter on an inquisitorial research. I had but one course to follow—and being one of the King's poor esquires, it was my duty to protect him. Accordingly, I freely lent him the light of my countenance—but our alliance was a brief one.

The man and his history were wrapped in mystery alike. He came to the neighbouring town a stranger—represented himself as having spent early life in foreign parts, and added that his profession had been a sailor's. His habits were miserly—and the tale of his independence might have been doubted, had he not always defrayed his trifling expenditure with ready money. But when he purchased the little farm, and when, on the signing of the deeds, he produced three hundred-pound-notes, freshly issued from the neighbouring bank, then popular opinion took an opposite turn, and Murdock was declared to be a man of untold riches. Vulgar himself, he consorted

only with the vulgar. The daughter of a low butcher took his fancy; she was, indeed, a fine animal, and young enough to be his daughter. He proposed—her affections were another's—but, from selfish motives, her family pleaded Murdock's cause; she consented; and a most infelicitous marriage was the result.

Quickly, and on both sides, bitter disappointment followed. The pauper family of the bride, who, for mercenary motives only, had urged the marriage on, fancying that the purse of the adopted relative would be open to their calls, were speedily undeceived, for Murdock, stubborn as sordid, would not, or under any plea, part with a single guinea. Need it be marvelled at then, that ere the waning of the honeymoon, the close-fisted bridegroom had quarelled with every relative of his wife; and before a child was born, that matters had progressed so unhappily, that all the parties were under penal securities to keep the peace towards each other? In a word, Murdock was a sordid savage—and his new relatives a disorderly and dissipated gang. At last, a separation followed—Murdock having purchased the farm, and retired thither to avoid daily insult. Popular opinion had indeed set in furiously against him—and if he appeared in the



street, every finger was scornfully pointed at him as he passed along. When I took up my abode at the lodge, Murdock, six months before, had resided on his lately acquired property. He tilled the land himself, merely with any accidental assistance that he could obtain from a passing mendicant—the country people declining to hold relations of any kind with one whom the priest had denounced repeatedly from the altar. His household comprised two women. The younger might be reckoned comely, and she was notoriously his mistress. The elder was her mother, and the wretched woman connived at the profligacy of her child. Tabooed by the anathema of the church, under any circumstances, Murdock would have been avoided by good Catholics. Everything, however, combined to render him unpopular. He was not only a parsimonious, but a litigious wretch—and, had I listened to him, short as our acquaintance was, for the abstraction of some kalestalk or withered thorn, I should every day have sent some boy or girl for larceny to the sessions.

Shortly after our introduction, an occurrence of ominous complexion occurred. On a piece of bog-land he had cultivated some early cabbages—the soil being particularly favourable for produc-

ing that vegetable—and, as it would be a novelty in the market, he watched their progress towards maturity with Jewish anxiety. I had accidentally passed the place, and observed to a fellow who had my greyhounds in a leash, “How forward Murdock’s plants were.”*

“Yes,” said the fellow, carelessly, in reply, “they are beauties, it is true—but the divil a knife the owner will put in them for all that.”

A hare started, the dogs were slipped, and days afterwards I recollected the observation.

It was, as I think, the third morning after that, when at breakfast, my servant intimated that Murdock wished to speak to me. He was introduced—and he came to announce that his cabbages had been mown down the night before. This act of infernal malice had indeed occurred—for, on visiting the spot, there they lay, their destruction being effectually and systematically completed. Numerous and distinct brogue-marks in the soft soil, indicated that the party who committed the outrage must have been, at a low computation, over twenty persons.

* *Plant*, in the West of Ireland, is always used to describe a *young cabbage*,—in London, I believe, it means *stolen property*. No wonder that foreigners declare they cannot master the language!

I fired at this atrocious violence—and the sufferer declared it to be his conviction that his own life would be the next sacrifice that would be exacted by the excited peasantry. He was at home, as he said, well armed ; would I favour him with a case of pistols, to protect him when abroad ? I acquiesced, and gave him a brace of short bull-dogs, carefully loaded.


All I knew of Murdock was by popular report. He was desperately hated. What was that to me ? As a magistrate, no charge had been preferred against him ; while he, ill-starred man ! was ever the complainant. His domestic differences had not shut him out from the law's protection. What was Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba ? I was not called upon to interfere. There was a bishop's court within thirty miles. There, let them go—and, if report were true, there the plucking of the delinquent would be extensive.

It was the summer fair-day of the town—and while we were riding quietly through the main street, a very pretty woman, evidently in great excitement, seized the horse's bridle, and begged that I would listen to her. I accompanied her to her father's house. Her tale was short ; she was Murdock's wife—and her complaint was,

that he had surreptitiously obtained possession of the child, under a belief, that were the girl removed, it would be a bar against the mother's claim for maintenance. She added to her complaint, and in aggravation, that the woman to whose charge her child had been confided was his mistress—and shortly herself to become a mother.

It was indeed a case at once scandalous and cruel. I instantly espoused the injured mother's cause, and, on my return from town, rode directly to Murdock's residence. I found him standing at his gate—and, in a few words, told him that I had had an interview with his wife, and urged him to return the child, and allow its mother a maintenance, no matter how trifling in amount. Rudely he declined my intervention—and savagely swore that nothing should induce him to part with the child, or allot one farthing for the maintenance of her mother. We parted,—I, in disgust at the brutal developement of the man's character—and he, anything but comfortable at the breach between us, which, as he feared with fatal foresight, would prove disastrous in the end.

When I reached home, and gave my horse to the groom, I desired him to ride back, and



demand a return of my pistols. He did so. Murdock looked astounded—but, on the message being repeated, he slowly walked indoors, brought out the weapons, handed them to the servant, and muttered, in a low voice, “I have no chance now. When they hear your master has turned against me, I know well that ‘my chance is like a cat’s in hell without claws.’”*

The *dénouement* of the story shall be rapid. On the following Thursday, the large cattle-market was holden in the neighbouring town, and I rode in to attend it. In the course of the day, it was casually mentioned in my presence, that Murdock had ventured into the fair, had been furiously assailed, pelted by a desperate mob, and had galloped homewards, followed by the assailants as far as a stone would reach him. Knowing the lawless character of his wife’s family, my wonder was great that the man should have had the temerity to make the dangerous experiment he had done.

I met accidentally two country gentlemen who lived some distance from the town—and, as on their return homewards they must pass my gate, I invited them to stop for an early dinner. We

* This singular expression was given in evidence at the trial of the murderers by the person to whom it was addressed.

mounted our horses presently, and, in riding to the lodge, passed numerous parties of returning peasants. One party of a different class caught my eye. They were all young men, and, from their dress, apparently butchers or blacksmiths. They wore their ordinary working clothes, and were hurrying along in the direction of my residence. Dreading our cook's displeasure did we exceed the covenanted time, we spurred forward. Dinner was served and discussed; our second tumbler was being fabricated, when in rushed our butler, his hair on end, his eyes starting from their sockets, and actually so paralyzed by fright, as to be altogether inarticulate.

"What the devil's the matter, you staring fool? Have these vagabond servants set the chimney on fire again? A thatched—"

"No, no; worse!—worse!" he contrived to mutter. "There's murder committed at the upper gate—that devil whom the clargy cursed, is done for; and how could he have better luck?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, Murdock. He's kilt out and out. God be merciful to him! the unfortunate hathen."

We stopped for no further explanations, but

hurried to the spot, not distant above a pistol's shot, by taking short cuts through the plantations. We reached it in five minutes—and oh ! what a spectacle the dead man's abode presented !

The scene was fearfully anomalous. Poets generally associate with murder, midnight, and darkness, and elemental fury—but here, and in blessed sunshine—the blackbirds whistling from the ash-tree, the lesser birds singing merrily from thorn and copsewood—here was the slaughtered man, encircled by a pool of blood, which the dry earth would not imbibe. I never shall forget the sight as he lay

“His back on earth, his eye towards heaven.”

In life, his countenance was repulsive ; in death, it was ghastly, hideous ; no term, in fact, could describe his demoniac expression. Two long jagged cuts had laid the cheek completely open, even to a disclosure of the back teeth, but the mortal injury was a gun-shot wound directly through the heart. Strange and inexplicable are the ways of Heaven ! Reader, mark what follows.

On his return from the fair, Murdock seemed frightfully excited. He sat down for a few minutes, during which he kept muttering to himself. Suddenly, he jumped from the wooden

bench, took his guns down from the pegs they rested on, drew the heavy shot with which they were charged, went outside, squibbed the powder off, returned in doors, cleaned the pans carefully, and afterwards pricked the touch-holes, reloaded both with great care ; and, as he finished his task, and laid the weapons in the corner, he muttered a prayer, accompanied by a fearful oath, that " every shot which each gun contained should pass through the heart it was levelled at !"

The prayer was heard—and, ere sunset, the wish was realized !

We entered the house ; outside, there was slaughter—but inside, how shall I describe it ? Two women, beaten into insensibility, moved about. They stared with eyes in which there was no speculation—however they were perfectly idiotic, and neither could comprehend a question. Both seemed to recognise me, for they clung to my arms, and, by looks, seemed to solicit my protection. I have, in my day, looked upon death in all the multitudinous forms in which he makes his approaches, but there was a savage character about this murderous scene that far surpassed all I had witnessed before.

There is no use dwelling on a disgusting sub-

ject. We—and we are proud to say so—brought a couple of the murderers to the gallows—the rest found shelter in the land of the Free, and under the stars and stripes are no doubt respected and valuable citizens.

The romance of this sanguinary, but not uncommon transaction in Ireland, remains to be narrated.

On investigating the property that the house contained, nothing could exhibit in stronger light the character of the murdered owner. All bore the look of penury. Not a particle of beef, bacon, or fish, was hanging, *ut mos est*, in the chimney. There was neither bread, tea, nor sugar—not even a candle; and all that the wretched inmates consumed, to judge by appearances, were oatmeal cakes and dairy produce. There was a huge sea-chest in the corner of the bed-room, jealously secured by double padlocks. The keys were found in the dead man's pocket, and I had the box unlocked. Its contents were chiefly nankeen clothing, adapted for a warm climate, and other articles of no account.

Where were the imaginary riches of the murdered miser? Pshaw! his wealth was ideal after all. We examined a small till, and there, rolled

upon a short round stick, we found government securities for over 2000*l*.

Several years afterwards, when on a visit in the north of Ireland, an elderly gentleman called upon me and introduced himself. After some cursory conversation, he said,

"I perceive, by the newspapers, that you were much mixed up with that horrible affair—I mean Murdock's murder."

"Indeed, unhappily too much so."

"Know you who the man was?"

"No more than you do."

"Probably not half so much," and the stranger smiled.

"Indeed?"

"I knew him well, and many a long year since. His name was Albert. Murdock was a name assumed."

"He met a miserable end," I said.

"And one that he deserved to meet."

I exhibited some surprise, while the stranger thus continued :—

"I was master and part owner of a country trading-ship, and Murdock, as we will call him,

was a pilot in the River Ganges. He was a skilful and sober man, but everybody who knew him disliked, nay, detested him. His residence was on the river-bank, and one night he was detected carrying the body of a native servant towards the water in a sack, the skull having been fractured by some blunt implement. His intention, no doubt, was to throw the corpse into the stream, and that effected, all chance of detection would be over. It now transpired that several young females who had lived with him had all mysteriously disappeared ; and there was reason to conjecture from report that these missing women were *enceinte* when they vanished. It would occupy time uselessly to tell you by what accidental omissions in the criminal proceedings the murderer escaped ; and it would be libellous, perhaps, to add that money, as it was believed, had been liberally administered, and that it had not been employed in vain. By a miracle he saved his neck—but in India his career was ended. His pilot's licence was taken away, and he was avoided as a leper. To remain in the country would have been sheer madness ; but how was he to leave it ? Not a home-bound vessel would receive him—for two or three applications that he made were scornfully rejected.

How he managed to smuggle himself away at last I cannot tell ; but when that ruffian gang sent him to his account, they were but tools in the hands of that just and retributive Providence which, inscrutable in His workings and His wisdom, metes in the appointed time a full measure of His wrath upon the murderer."

I mentioned that I found some 2000*l.* in the house of the wretched victim. Reader, mark again what follows. The hackneyed saw declares, that what comes over the old gentleman's back, is sure to disappear in an opposite direction. Dying intestate, his farm—a life interest—reverted to the landlord, and his chattle property to his wife and child. *Imprimis*, the latter passed into the possession of the widow, through the agency of a hungry attorney. Well, the lawyer, previously a Sunday man,* was enabled to pay off his debts, and confront the sheriff on any day of the seven ; while the disconsolate widow and her family led a roaring life, and, save when the male portion were in the county gaol for assault and battery, they never could be accused of doing an hour's work, or, throughout an entire day, of being exactly sober. In five brief years, of that

* A man unable to appear through debts.

ill-acquired wealth, not five pounds could have
been scraped together !

If ever a reprint of that old black letter—

God his Wrath against Murder.


be given to the world, Murdock's tragic history
would form a fitting pendent.

DIONYSIUS O'DOGHERTY, ESQ.

WITH A FEW EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

MARVELLOUS are the differences in man's tastes. A butcher's boy considers that mortal felicity lies in witnessing a brindled bull-bitch destroy half a hundred hocussed rats in some dog-pit, whose locality is near unto Smithfield. A sailor declines a shipmate's invitation to an early breakfast, including attendance on an execution at the Old Bailey. His vessel drops down the river on the evening tide ; and as he is always infelicitous in the pleasure line, much as he should be delighted to see the man hanged, still, obedient to the call of duty, he must forego a morning's innocent amusement. Without even a pretence of business, an Irishman will travel twenty miles to attend a fair, leaving his *placens uxor* to sod the potatoes in

his absence. At curfew hour, if he be not *moribund* in the county hospital, he returns home sadder than when he departed at cock-crow—the police—bad luck attend the inventor of them ! having spoiled a beautiful faction-fight between the Carneys and the Callaghans ; and one of the villains, to wit the police, having also made an intercostal insertion with a bayonet on his person that will prevent him—Lord look down upon the family ! from sticking a spade in the sod for the next “month of Sundays.” An “Ebrew Jew” obtains the sweet voices of a majority of cockney Christians—presents himself, rejoicing, at the door of the Commons House—is told that there is no admission there for “the twelve tribes”—that everything associated with Petticoat Lane is utterly tabooed—and the sweetest singer that ever warbled in a synagogue will not, in Saint Stephen’s, be allowed to favour that assemblage of collective wisdom with a single quaver. “A gentleman *from Ireland*”—observe the distinction—not an Irish gentleman—on the look out for the metalics matrimonially, drops upon the very article he wants—namely, an heiress,—in the Rams-gate boat. In military parlance, he pushes his approaches vigorously—and before “the Gem”



has reached the Foreland, between hot love and a very nasty sea, the lady yields to the double assault, and surrenders at discretion—granting permission to the gallant Captain—a gentleman on the half-pay list of that distinguished corps, the *Horse Marines*—to break the matter to *dear papa* the next morning. Until the correct hour for the call upon the “old Governor” shall arrive, Captain O’Driscoll dawdles over his congo and the “Times.” Alas! it is decreed that the hymeneal embassy won’t come off after all—for, in the morning paper he is informed that Emanuel Stubbs, currier, leather-cutter, and chapman, of Back Lane, Bermondsey, is honoured with a leading-place in the day’s “Gazette”—not as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Lumber Troop—but an intimation that he has a free permission from Mr. Commissioner Black, or Brown, or Green, to appear before him, or any of them, on an early day, and, then and there, deliver in due form, a full account of his stewardship.


Mr. Tomkins, the eminent melter in Mint-alley, has been apprized by the early delivery post, that his valued correspondent, Mr. Snobson, will pay an afternoon visit to the modern Babylon. But last week, he, Tomkins, for-

warded to him, Snobson, fifty casks of "yellow Russia," and who can tell what a tallow dealer's luck may be, or say that as many of "white Petersburg" may not be added to the tale. Accordingly, Mr. Tomkins prepares for the advent of his respected friend—forwards a turbot from Leadenhall Market to his residence in Doughty Street, accompanied by a lobster, with an earnest entreaty to the cook, that the fish-kettle shall be watched, and that, too, carefully as the cot of an only child in the last stage of scarlatina. The hour comes, but not the man—the writing is already on the wall—and the decree is posted in Fate's ledger, and Mr. Emanuel Snobson will never more insert a leg under Timothy Tomkins' mahogany. The postman's knock is heard next door. Mr. T., who has carefully brushed his hat, and actually assumed his umbrella, merely waits for an expected letter. He is not disappointed. An epistle is delivered, but it is innocent of the anticipated order upon Spooner, Atwood, and Company, and cometh from the respected rustic who was to have been at four o'clock in Doughty Street, there to be a demolisher of turbot, and all that formeth the pleasant adjuncts to the same. Mr. Snobson intimates that he hath been afflicted

with monetary disappointments, and, consequently, that he can neither come to London or *the scratch*; but he trusts that by a liberal indulgence from his creditors, with six or eight months' leisure to wind-up, by mercantile exertions on his part, which rarely have been equalled and never shall be surpassed, he will pay all claimants on his estate a dividend of ninepence halfpenny in the pound. Is not that pleasing intelligence for the fish-fancier? a man, who in the plenitude of mercantile confidence, not three hours before, had invested twelve and sixpence in a turbot, and secured a beauty of a lobster, by the further outlay of half-a-crown!

Indeed, there is no certainty in sublunary events, nor can any sure dependence be reposed in mortal wisdom. Jews have been victimized to their hearts' content; and Quakers done brown as the garment of sombre hue, which protected the nether extremities of their outward man.

It might be supposed, that to their own species, male delinquencies should and would be restricted; but, in her sex's helplessness, woman cannot calculate on security from the unscrupulous rapacity of a determined fortune-seeker. Irishmen, *en masse*, have been falsely accused




of being matrimonial adventurers—and that charge, like many others brought against them, is generally unfounded.

Debarred ourselves by professional and prudential considerations from entering into the honourable estate, still we regard matrimony with proper respect ; and we feel convinced that when it can be prudently effected, it offers through after life the smoothest path a human pilgrim can select to travel to the narrow house by.

Dionysius Dogherty was pretty much of our own opinion. *Anno ætatis*, Dion was on the verge of twenty-five, in height six feet two, and for his weight, a tip-top rider. He had never been accused of craning a fence even by an enemy ; and his pistol practice was much admired, as he could take the centre point out of the nine of diamonds at twelve paces. He played very passably on the fiddle—tied a killing salmon-fly—there was not a better hurler in the barony—and at love-making he was the devil himself—or why should Father Paul Macgreal have cursed him from the altar once a quarter as he did regularly ?

And yet, no matter how the clergy, priest, and parson, may abuse it, love-making is a



pleasant way of passing an idle hour. In point of fact, how could an Irish gentleman fill up time and get on without it? Down comes, what they call in the Highlands, "a spaight;"* the water is turbid as sour porter; and the boldest salmon would not touch the most artful fabrications of feathers with his tail. The gun is useless as the fishing-rod—for no bird will repose himself on the saturated surface. The grouse become evanescent at a quarter of a mile—and snipes go off in *a wisp*, before the most prudent pointer can approach within long range. Men will not, and horses cannot, follow hounds, bogged every second stride to the saddle girth. The post comes in but twice a week—the piper, from heavy exertions at the last pattern, is laid up in pleurisy. There is no clubhouse for an Irish gentleman to repair to, and the nearest billiard-room is distant twenty miles. He may clean over every gun in the house, mend an old wheelbarrow, listen to his grand aunt giving an account of her first appearance in public at the state-ball at the Dublin Rotunda, fifty-seven years ago. His mother may labour hard at the netting-frame—the priest mutter some *formula* from his missal, and cross himself

* *Anglicè*, a thunder shower.



for exercise, as he moves from the window to the door—but what can an Irish gentleman do? No *placens uxor* to fondle—no image of himself to whip—no friend with whom to play backgammon or blind-hookey. Nothing but a choice of evils is left. He must drink his right hand against his left—or make love in the gate-house.

Dionysius O'Dogherty, by birth and education, was a gentleman. His progenitor came over with the Phœnicians, and his mother was an heiress of the O'Tools—a lady of large expectations, which are, as Naty Kelley the attorney declared, certain to be realized. Yet, an Irish chancellor is a very slow coach—and the fidelity with which he secures all property committed to his safe-keeping is exemplary. Fifty years have passed since Mrs. O'D. was committed to his, the chancellor's safe custody, and a king and a chancellor are immortal. They never become legally defunct—and every successor to the great seal, holds it to be a bounden duty to hand to the learned Theban who shall succeed him, after a reign of five-and-twenty years, all impounded stocks, cash, and securities, precisely as he received them himself. Virgil declares that a man once lodged in Pandemonium is a safe fixture there. He would be

equally so in a Court of Equity. In both cases, the analogy is striking—any man anxious to get into hell or chancery can do so easily—“*facilis decensus est.*” Within half a term an attorney, or Hygæist, will do the trick, while the angel Gabriel could not liberate client or patient once there, even to the Greek Kalends. But to return to Dionysius.

Circumstances evoke men's energies, and Dionysius, who might have tied flies, made love, and played the fiddle for another quarter of a century, was roused by necessity to exertion. He was the *spes ultima* of the house, and that of O'Dogherty was trembling in the balance. Dangerous-looking wafer-sealed letters arrived by every post, and most of them were indited upon the moiety of a sheet of foolscap. The head of the O'Dogherties had evidently no fancy to collect autographs—for, interesting as the morning's correspondence might be, it was committed invariably to the fire, and generally without being read. The time-honoured establishment evidenced unmistakeable symptoms of monetary tightness—and, at last, the king's portrait upon metal, white or yellow, became almost a curiosity. Money must be had, and where was it to come from? Tradition named

divers places in the neighbourhood, where pots of gold had been formerly discovered. Nobody in existence, however, had seen the specie—and to rummage an Irish bog on speculation would be an unsafe provision for a bill approaching to maturity. California was then unknown, and even had its mineral treasures been disclosed, they would have profited Dion nothing. He was not a digger, never having sodded a potato in his life. It was a well-established fact, that two heiresses had been imported, respectively, from Cheapside and Cheltenham, within a dozen years. Surely the stock was not exhausted yet—and the choice only lay between a city ball and the pump-room of a watering-place.


Great men keep diaries—solicitors, accoucheurs, bailiffs, betting-men, west-end waiters, and gentlemen who take the omnibus census from the door of a public-house. Mr. Pepys recorded all diurnal transactions, and so did Mr. Dionysius O'Dogherty—his nocturnal ones inclusive—when he happened in the morning—to be sufficiently sober to hold a pen.

These valuable memoranda were indited for the edification of two cousins, who were over six feet, and totally unprovided for. These young gentlemen, halted between two opinions

at the time, whether to proceed to the country of kangaroos at once, or repair to London, try the matrimonial market—and, if that failed, list in the Life Guards.


DIARY OF DIONYSIUS O'DOGHERTY, ESQ.

July 2nd.—Arrived in London. One light portmanteau and a carpet-bag. Weather warm. Upper garments a bore. If faith may be placed in advertisements, paletots are plenty. I have been told that you should always come to town in light marching order, for fashions change every week, to the crown *ex pede*. Mr. Moses will fit you out in fifteen minutes. The designs—some, as it has been whispered, from the burin of the Prince Consort, and the material, from the central portion of the Black Forest, where Thibet wool has been brought to the ultra limits of perfection. No trouble as to measurement. Cards and plain directions sent by post. The twist of a shoulder, or height of the hump, only required to be accurately defined, and a correct fit warranted. Messrs. Monow' system being Shakspearian—"pitch and pay"—a post-office order, or a reference for cash in town



indispensable. Take the address correctly, several Moseses being in the market. No security else that you hit on the real Hebrew. All sport long noses, and keep a poet—one who will write a sonnet to a pair of trousers in ten minutes. Garments in the east are manufactured rather with regard to elegance than durability. Are you a betting man? lay you ten sovs.—that in two turns round a potato field, your nether habiliments, like Nora Crina's petticoat, will be 'floating loose as mountain breezes.' Well, fashion is fugitive—and why should Mr. Moses entail upon you a garment that should outlast Ajax's bull-hided shield, which, like Mr. Widdicomb's wig, stood the wear and tear of half a century?

July 4th.—The first care of a gentleman from Ireland, after a safe deposit of his person in his hotel, is to make himself acquainted with equine and carriage statistics—the amount of a tiger's outfit—and whether a ready-furnished house in Berkeley-square—every conveniency and elegance duly guaranteed—club apartments—or plain west-end lodgings at six guineas a week should be his selection. Let him, if he be prudent, go into lodgings; but, curse them—I mean mean the proprietors—they have a nasty fashion of sending in a weekly bill. What a deal of



trouble it would save to all concerned, were this stupid ceremony enacted only once a quarter!

July 6th.—Men visit London with very opposite intentions. Some come to look for money, and others come to spend it. Light baggage, as I assume yours to be, generally is accompanied with short credit. You probably, have no banker to refer to—therefore, take an early opportunity to insinuate to the waiter, that your business in the modern Babylon is to administer to the last will and testament of your aunt Deborah—and sell out (if so advised) £46,000 13s 8½d—and invest the same in lands, tenements, and houses.

July 7th.—Saw in the morning paper advertised a pleasure excursion to Richmond—there and back again, ticket 2s. 6d. A quadrille band—select company—every delicacy of the season at a low figure—obliging waiters—and the general respectability of the concern attested by seventeen licensed victuallers, whose signs and names were duly attached. The city is the place for money—the regular *aragud sheish*.* Repaired to Hungerford Market—embarked—total absence of the aristocracy—so much the better—no matter—we have blood enough at home—all we want is a little suet. Up through Westminster Bridge

* *Anglicè*, ready money.

—dancing intimated—ball opened by a gentleman in a monkey jacket, and vest illustrated with parrots and birds of Paradise. I cannot dance, although a young lady has kindly proposed to me—and I have very reluctantly declined the honour, being lamed by an angry corn and tight boot—a great misfortune—for fortune may have thus eluded my grasp, through the agency of constricted calf-skin. Looked mournfully at “the gay fantastic throng.” I cannot figure there. Off go the leading couple—for the opening performance is a *contre danse*. Heaven grant me patience ! The villain who leads a lady in canary-coloured *gros de Naples* down the centre, is the pedal assassin ! He, promising, when I protested against tightness over the centre toe, that with half-an-hour’s wear his accursed boots would fit

“Like a Limerick glove.”

Is it—or rather, should it be—murder, to throw an 18s. 6d. shoemaker into the Thames—he having lamed you for life ? I opine not. Is it just that a domestic invasion shall cost the inflictor a thousand pounds, and that you may be lamed for life, and your solicitor tell you an action will not lie ? How anomalous is English jurisprudence ! For deliverance from a lady wife who has kicked

over the traces, you are comforted with a cash consideration—while any felonious bootmaker may render you eligible for “the town’s end,” without exposing himself to the penalties of the statute against cutting and maiming! What a humbug is British law! The malicious damage of a wooden leg will warrant either civil or criminal proceeding, while a fabricator of what the fancy politely term “trotter-cases,” may cripple you for life, and laugh at you for complaining.

July 9th.—Came home—marvelled at that depletion of the purse so incident to a residence in London. I have now but half a score sovereigns left. Saints and angels! I have not one—pocket picked by a very respectable-looking clergyman who sat beside me in the omnibus. Applied to the waiter for a loan; with reluctance he advanced a guinea—and intimated that from eternal spoliation, the most faithful of the pantler tribe had become infidels at last.

July 12th.—Receive a small remittance—cannot stand a west-end hotel another fortnight—move, therefore, to private lodgings, as I am told in London you can live comfortably upon half nothing, if you only know the way to do it. Took apartments in — Street—landlady intelligent and obliging, with sandy hair, and three

interesting daughters. Plate scarce—asked for a second table-spoon—one implement not being correctly adapted for discussing stewed eels and currant pudding. Maid of all work, Irish—great affection for the ould country—very communicative, and we converse in the vernacular—which, to the rest of the household, is an unknown tongue. She advises me to be off to-morrow—landlord coming to distrain next day. He will get the cumbrous articles—namely, kitchen table, metal boiler, and the water-butt—for an uncle of the landlady has kindly taken charge of plate and linen. I may easily ascertain the domicile of this affectionate relative—corner shop, with a triad of golden balls above it. Women meet with sympathy—a most obliging Jew will remove the heavier furniture at twelve P.M. *Mem.*, never take apartments in the house of any gentlewoman whose hair even approximates to auburn.

July 13th.—Beat a safe retreat, and established my household gods in a domicile of a different description. Nothing Scandinavian about the proprietrix—eye, nose, and colour, marking her unmistakeably a daughter of the family of promise. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the character she gives herself. She is scrupulously conscientious—and as she cannot be ac-

countable for servants—implores me to be careful in locking up. I have not sported deaf adder to the hint, and yet my brandy-bottle is decidedly consumptive. Can it be evaporation—depression? three inches and a half since morning. Hinted the singularity of this alcoholic phenomenon to the maid-of-all-work, and received a confidential whisper, that missus had a duplicate key for every lock in the house. Further, that she was much addicted to broiled flat-fish—cramp in the stomach consequent, and a little brandy, neat first, and burnt afterwards, was always a panacea for these abdominal visitations. We have, also, a devil of a cat—curious, but mischievous animal—he unlocked the safe last night, and levanted with a duck larger than himself. Colonel O'Shaughnessy, who had been my predecessor, being under medical advice, was ordered much physic, and a generous regimen. He complained bitterly of abstracted soups and jellies; and it was a singular fact, that though medicine came in by the dozen, he never could trace an invalid phial, and pill-boxes were scrupulously respected. There was also the same spirituous evaporation incident to his decanters that have afflicted mine—and on returning after a week's absence, half a dozen of curious old port had

miraculously levanted, and even with their corks and bottles. I drink but weak tea, and yet the eternal demands on Twining are astounding.

July 9th.—Caught old Nancy in the act—lip and bottle united like the Siamese twins. Have moved accordingly—selected Highgate— hearing it was equally celebrated for pure air and rustic innocence. There one can inhale pure breezes, a rural walk, and

“Breast the keen air, and carol as he goes,”—

should he have any propensity to indulge in sweet sounds. No innovation on his purse—no mendicant to interrupt his quiet meditations with vexatious importunity—he may pick buttercups under any hedge, and no policeman order him to “move on,”—and in his solitary ramblings he has nothing to dread but a gipsy fortune-teller, and a sticking cow.

July 17th.—Never more astray in my calculations. Encountered at the corner of a green lane by a butcher’s boy and runaway horse—carried home—put to bed—and on being restored to sensibility, received a comfortable assurance from the practitioner that I had great reason to rejoice three only of my ribs *were* dislocated, and in two months there was every reason to

expect that I might take gentle exercise on a crutch.

July 19th.—How widely learned Pundits differ in the treatment of diseases, and advocate the most opposite theories. I have a brace of advisers. One insists upon Thames water by the gallon—a ninety-seventh portion of a grain of calomel having been previously infused—the other recommends rump-steaks, Guinness's XXX, and a bottle of old port afterwards. I lean to the latter—"water swells a man,"—and Napoleon never detested calomel more heartily than I do. I'll follow the advice of No. 2. Strange how doctors will disagree! In practice, the poles are not more apart—but in one thing they harmonize in opinion, and act upon it religiously, *i. e.* never to decline a sovereign.

July 20th.—Ventured into town—can manage matters with a stick—tired of Highgate—butcher's daughter opposite makes strong love, and when I retire from the window she inditeth an epistle. I wish she would place a stamp upon the corner—for three *per diem* would consume a private's pension. D—n it, I might stand the nuisance if she stuck to prose—but latterly she has come out in poetry. I'm off to-morrow.

July 21st.—The younger of the Griskin

family favoured me with an evening call—a letter of his sister's was discovered, and he wishes to know are my intentions honourable,—whether I have any trade, or am a servant out of place. Replied by discharging a boot-jack at him—a dead hit and black eye—

“So much for Buckingham !”

July 22nd.—Before Mr. Allspice, a retired grocer and justice of the peace, and bound over to be of the peace for twelvemonths to the Griskin family, young and old, in the penal sum of £20.

July 23rd.—Located in a sky parlour in Jermyn-street, and hope that in a few weeks I shall be right upon my pins again. Ran against a gentleman in Pall Mall, to whom, when he was a detached subaltern, I had three years before been a little civil. Curse the receiver ! We were not then under his tender care, and could offer a fat goose, leg of mutton, and warm bed, to any gentleman who would accept them, and the longer he stayed, the better. *Eheu ! mutatus*—as the poor priest often said.

July 24th.—Accepted my friend's invitation to go down to Wales—quiet and change of air will be the life of me—start accordingly this evening.

Aug. 1st.—A week in the country—how beautiful the mountain scenery is, and what a splendid

woman his sister ! She has £30,000 in her own right—and, blessed Anthony ! what a foot and ankle !

Aug. 3rd.—The stick is discarded—Dion's himself again !

Aug. 5th.—Day named for my departure. Ah ! Julia, would to Heaven I were owner of a coronet, and it should be laid incontinently at your pretty feet. But honour bright, Dion ! You have no pretensions to an heiress—no attempt on your part to sneak into any family in the empire shall be made—you must not compromise all you can lay claim to—your honour ; and thank God ! that is still your own.

Aug. 6th.—Julia seems dispirited—as to me, I am dull as Moor ditch. My friend opines that I am not in marching order yet, and avers that another week will make me quite ready for the road. A slight demur has been offered to the proposition—overruled—as they say in law—unpacked the portmanteau.

Aug. 7th.—I hold strong suspicions that I have found favour in Julia's sight.

Aug. 8th.—Doubt upon the subject dissipated; for in an evening stroll through the hazle coppice, the murder has come out.

“And so you are determined to leave to-

morrow. Will you not extend your visit a few days longer?" Accent strong upon the word *will*, with a furtive inquiry by a side glance from an eye, bright and black as a Border gipsy's.

"Alas! Miss Julia, I must reluctantly drag myself from this sweet seclusion, and your fair self—to return to that racketty and rascally metropolis."

"And do you really like the country? Would you not weary of solitude like ours?"

"Were I arbiter of my own destinies, sweet Julia, I would bid farewell to 'the flaunting town' for ever."

"And why not adopt a rural life—and—"

"Because, my fair friend, circumstances imperiously forbid it. I have no concealments, Julia—and cannot recall to memory an act that should redden my cheek. Why then withhold from *you* a full disclosure? Others have wrecked my fortunes, and reduced what should have been a goodly property to little beyond the name. A few years will close the history of an ancient family—and the roof-tree of the O'Dogherties, which covered my ancestors for five centuries, ere long will shelter the stranger who shall purchase our reduced inheritance. Julia, I am young—my spirits are elastic—my health vigorous—the

world's a wide one—and while youth and health encourage the essay, I will find my way to independence, or, at least the attempt shall be stoutly made. Should I succeed, I will secure at least an humble home wherein to wear the winter of my life away, when these black hairs have changed to grey, and age demands repose. If not, I shall console myself by thinking that although the essay failed it was from no lack of energy on my part. I may succeed—as broken ships as mine have come to port ; and if the bark founder, why thousands of nobler argosies have gone down before my paltry skiff.”

Nature's eloquence surpasses that of the school's immeasurably ; and mine came gushing from the heart. Julia, in smothered sobs, bore mute testimony to the antiquated truism, that artless pleading like—

“ Silence, in love, will more avail,

Than words, however witty ;”

while I—an impulsive animal—caught her to my breast, and, tell it not in Gath ! pressed my lips most impudently to hers,

“ and yet she chid not.”

In sublunary affairs there is no security. That thicket was cut out, as it would seem, for love's confessional. The blackbird whistled, and a

dozen minor birds warbled to the best of their ability: who, then and there, could suspect that aught but love was waking; but, as the little god is described as being rather stout and plethoric, he might have been taking a sleep after dinner—and small blame to him.

“Julia, I must leave you.”

“Upon my soul you shall not, Mr. O’Dogherty,” said a voice from behind the clump of ever-greens. “I can’t remove the *sombrero* from the knave of spades—nor is there time to practise, *more Hibernico*, at a chalked-out man upon a barn-door—”

I interrupted him.

“You fancy that you have cause to upbraid me with—”

“For fancy, say feel. This angle in the plantation is a *cul-de-sac*. What brought me there is immaterial. But there I have been imprisoned—lost my own liberty in mine own domain—and am threatened with the loss of my sister also. Pray, sir, what pretensions can you advance to seek this lady’s hand?” and his gravity was imperturbable.

“None, sir,” I answered, calling dignity to my aid. “In fortune none—in all besides, I feel myself your equal.”

“And let me demand by what authority you dared to touch her lips?”

Julia and I looked extremely foolish.

“I—I—I—”

“Oh! curse your stammering,” and he burst into a roar of laughter as he looked at us. “Be off, Julia. Supper on the table in ten minutes, or I’ll demolish the household; and, worthy sir, if you think that love and a grilled chicken will harmonize, I pray you to accompany the lady.”

Supper passed over. Neither Julia nor I was on a bed of roses; and she hastily retired, bidding us good night. Williams shoved the brandy-flask across the table.

“They said, while I was shooting in the Highlands last year, that ‘a brandered grous required a gude drappie;’ and, as I suppose, a grilled chicken also demands its concomitant in brandy-and-water. I was not this evening an intentional eaves-dropper; but, blockaded in my own premises, and my aural functions being correct, I could not play deaf adder. Let us understand each other, Mr. O’Dogherty. My sister is my ward—and in that trust my duty will require that every shilling—namely, 20,000*l.*—shall be rigidly settled for matrimonial purposes. From some accidental remarks which fell from

you, I regret to say that I must conclude your paternal property is seriously embarrassed. Might not a lady, whose fortune was more disposable, suit better than my sister ?”

My face flushed. I could have knocked him down.

“Now don’t be angry. My sister’s fortune is, and shall be tied up strictly ; 5000*l.*, I fancy, would not liquidate the claims upon that devil-may-care concern, in which I ate the finest turkeys, drank the best poteeine, and slept in as snug a bed as ever a tired snipe-shooter reposed in—I mean your family abiding place. Now can *you* raise the money ? Do that—come with a cleared title—and we’ll talk of matters touching matrimony hereafter. Come, pass the brandy.”

“I fear,” I replied, *sotto voce*, “that what you propose is an Augean task, and I am no Hercules.”

“How much would clear the encumbrances. Five thousand ?”

I shook my head.

“Six ?”

Another shake.

“Curse it, speak out, man. Is the estate worth redemption, eh ?”

“Billy Davis,” I replied, as subdued as a

well-whipped school-boy, "mentioned that, if properly applied, 8000*l.* would remove every claim."

He took a couple of turns across the room.

"You must—and it sounds an inhospitable annunciation—abridge your visit here. No meeting with my sister. I shall order the carriage to-morrow morning in time to catch the London coach—and you shall carry in the mail bag a letter to Messrs. ——" and he named some eminent solicitors. "Call at their office on your arrival, and my decision, as guardian and brother, shall be then and there waiting for you. Take—what did you call it in Ireland *dog—doch.*"

"*Doch an durris.*"

"That *doch an durris* often settled me. Well, no more. Was not the coursing excellent. I would not part with my brindled bitch to be made a captain in the militia."

I filled my glass mechanically—and would not have cared if the brindled bitch had broken her own back, and not that of the timid animal that Cowper weeps over in maudlin poetry.

Aug. 12th.—I reached London, after violating the injunctions of my brother elect, by obtaining an interview with the fair Julia, and receiving a

most comfortable assurance, that, like Tony Lumpkin's filial obedience, her deference to her guardian should be exemplary, provided she should be permitted to have everything her own way. Although a midnight meeting in a lady's chamber might be considered by the fastidious as not exactly *selon la règle*—still, on our part, a rigid attention to decorum was observed—for Julia's maid sate at the top of the stairs outside, not only to sanction the interview, but also to tap at the door on the first movement of an intrusionist.

On reaching London, I presented my credentials to the lawyers in Lincoln's-Inn, and found that a letter was there waiting for me. It was from Julia's brother, and it ran thus—

“MY DEAR O'DOGHERTY,

“I fancy you are a better hand at making love—maiming a private gentleman honourably—and fencing a stiff country, than in disentangling the complicated liabilities inflicted generally on an Irish estate. Now, in full confidence, touching the candour of your confessions, I have directed my solicitors to dispatch an astute agent instanter, to wipe off the encumbrances on your family property—and also to tie your worthy

father down neck and heels ; so that when a perfect deliverance shall be effected, he shall go and sin no more. Indeed, there is little fear of future laches on his part. The gout will be a tolerable security against exuberance in his orders to the wine-merchant—and, as he is not younger, and as I hear considerably fatter than when I was a recipient of his hospitality, I presume he would not venture to ride after a rheumatic fox—*ergo*, we are secure against extravagance in horse-flesh.

“ If you can manage to keep out of trouble for a week, at the end of that period it is my intention to proceed to town, and take charge of you for the present.

“ I want private lodgings any place near Bond-street, including suitable accommodation for my sister, who intends to accompany me to town, and by a large investment in gloves and ribands give declining trade a powerful impetus.—

Yours, &c.”

“ I have given every information and full instructions to the lawyers—and Mr. Sharpset, the junior partner, has started on his Irish mission.”

Aug. 14th.—Despatches from the gem of the

ocean—Ireland, to wit—they are satisfactory—half the alleged claims upon my father prove fictitious—they are chiefly bills of costs—and, in most cases, four times charged out of five, turn out mere fabrications. Mr. Sharpset has used the pruning knife unmercifully—a *gompeen-man*, cut down seventy per cent., has threatened *felo-de-se*, and his razors are impounded—sixteen attorneys are actually in sackcloth and ashes—the receiver has taken his departure—and Richard's himself again.

Welsh detachment arrived safe in town—Williams has made us a present of 5000*l.* to commence housekeeping. He can't spare more, as he expects within the year that there will be a demand upon him for baby linen.

Aug. 20th.—Married—selected Brighton as a proper place wherein to hide our blushes.

In Wales—six moons have waned—extremely happy—Julia prettier than ever, but looks a little delicate.

Extract from the "Llangothlen Mercury":—

"At Aberdovey House, the residence of her brother, William Wynn Williams, Esq., the lady of Dionysius O'Dogherty, Esq., of Clonsilla Castle, county of Galway, of a son and heir."

A leading paragraph gave an interesting account of beer, bonfires, Welsh harpers, and general rejoicings—and a bulletin was annexed by Doctor Morgan, declaring that the lady was recovering beautifully, and the heir, if he lived, would prove a broth of a boy.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF A GENTLEMAN FROM IRELAND.

THIS is, or rather has been, a wonderful age for rail-roads and biographies. Fortunately, the mania for the one has subsided, or the United Kingdoms—the Highlands and immediate vicinity of Plinlimmon excepted—would, when viewed on a clear day from a balloon, in the endless iron interlineations of the surface, have exhibited the correct similitude of an overgrown gridiron, or a Scottish plaid. Railways have had their day—would we could say as much touching obituaries—for the latter outrage upon the public, so far from being abated, seems to be fearfully on the increase. If a dancing-master die, his son and successor places the full particulars of his lamented father's dietary and doings, and with all possible dispatch, before the world—and, in the dramatic line, even a clown

is considered good for six or seven hundred pages—tumbling and twaddle, of course, being the staple articles. Deceased strtesmen, who, during a long life, conducted themselves so harmlessly that nobody ever heard of them, are evoked by some great-grand-daughter from the tomb. Generals, extremely peaceable in the flesh, are placed as large as life again upon the field, and that, too, after the repose of a long century. Any post-captain in the Navy List is considered cheap at a post octavo; and, on the demise of an admiral, there is a regular rush among the literary gentlemen in the life line, to have the honour of touching off the defunct commander. No departed comedian is permitted to rest quietly in the grave; and even chancellors are summoned from the tomb, and reseated on the woolsack by their own successors.

In olden time, rest and the grave were considered to be things concurrent. Resurrectionists, it is said, have retired from business—but no matter how humble and inoffensive a man may be, the tomb is no security at the present day against his being paraded before the public even by his own executors and heirs-at-law. In fact, nobody is safe from having his

life taken—not by the sword—but the pen. In proper succession, we shall have “Memorials of Professor Morrison, by the President of the College of Health,”—“Secret Correspondence of Mr. Keeley with Mr. Buckstone, extracted from the Original MSS.”—“The Life and Times of Michael Gibbs, Alderman and Citizen of London,” and “The Remains of Emanuel Moses, Marine Merchant, by his Son and successor in the business.” There will be “A Voice from Bermuda,” on the demise of the first Irish patriot who may shuffle off this mortal coil; and overtures have been made to Mr. Joseph Ady, by a young and spirited publisher in the Row, to obtain the early particulars of the private history of that distinguished philanthropist, at the request of half a dozen gentlemen of great erudition and research, to enable them to present a biography, and the whole of his invaluable and unredeemed correspondence to the world, in twenty-seven quarto volumes, uniform in size with the last and corrected edition of the *Encyclopedia Edinensis*.

It would be strange, indeed, if in this age of biographical competition, when, if a quack perpetrated his confessions, his *sanctum* would be besieged by applicants for these valuable manu-

scripts, that the literary remains of a gentleman but lately gathered to his fathers, should not be demanded with avidity, and given with all convenient expedition to an expecting public. The gifted individual we allude to, was the late lamented Miles Patrick Malone; and the painful, but pleasant duty will devolve on me, who became demise possessor of his invaluable manuscripts, to select a few descriptive and interesting extracts, after I shall have given a brief notice of his metropolitan career.

I knew him in early life—and when I went to the Peninsula, left my friend Miley, as they abbreviate it in Ireland—idling time away at his maternal uncle's. That relative was of gentlemanly descent—and proprietor of a small estate mortgaged to the full amount of the fee-simple, and, as people whispered, perchance a little more; and the house, in its state of repair, and in all that appertained to comfort and general economy, was pretty similar to the pleasant mansion called Castle Rackrent. For the long period of twenty years, I was but once at home; and, during that visit, I learned that Miles had emigrated some dozen years before, and established his Penates in the Modern Babylon. Touching the success of his career, the accounts

received were most conflicting. One visitor to London declared that he had actually seen him driving four-in-hand ; while another averred that he had encountered the real Simon Pure at the Boiled Beef-house in the Old Bailey—and, according to his report, his appetite appeared very excellent, but his outward man extremely seedy. It was as I said *passim*, after a space of twenty years, when I ran against Miley in person, and one glance assured me that whatever the alterations of his fortunes might have been, their results were the reverse of being prosperous. He was breaking up fast—and when I returned to town from Cheltenham in a month, it was quite clear that poor Miley was regularly in the raven's book. My suspicions were confirmed in a few weeks afterwards—for he slipped his girths, leaving me heir to the whole of his effects, with an understanding that I should bury him. I accepted the trust—and it is only necessary to observe, that, the rent deducted, the assets realized were four pounds seventeen—the undertaker's bill having dipped severely into the half-pay of the current quarter.

It would be surprising indeed, in this age of biographical book-thirstiness, when the memoirs of a chiropodist by himself, would be vigo-

rously competed for, if the Life and Remains of a gentleman, like my departed countryman, should fail in creating an immense sensation. Possessor of his invaluable MSS., I shall lose no time in preparing a memoir of my regretted friend for general perusal; and with a liberal amount of extracts from his London Experiences, I shall then have best discharged a double duty to society, by communicating important information, and that, too, conveyed in a most agreeable dress.

The date of Mr. Malone's birth I cannot exactly ascertain. Within mortal memory there was no church in the parish, and, consequently, no vestry. The late Incumbent, who lived to ninety-five, and held the benefice for seventy-three years and five months, always inserted parochial occurrences in the yearly almanack. We believe that this would not be a presentable record in a court of law—nor, even, as a behest, we hold doubts whether they (we mean old almanacks) would be received by the British Museum. Under these difficulties, we cannot authenticate the exact day on which Mr. Malone saw the

light ; and, indeed, the earlier portion of his history is somewhat wrapped in obscurity.

His education was confided to the care of the Reverend Ignatius O'Sullivan, a very zealous, but not a very erudite, churchman ; who, feeling that his spiritual functions were removed above grammatical restriction altogether, was pleased to spell physician with an f, and wrote the pronoun personal with a little i, always, however, being careful to dot the letter.

It is marvellous how men manage to get on in the British metropolis ; and Miles Patrick Malone was so lucky as to find out that secret. There is a sort of gentility associated with idleness, and particularly in Cockney estimation, that gives an unemployed personage a fictitious importance. The reasoning is unsound. He has no visible means, and, consequently, he must have occult resources. This logical deduction is erroneous, and Mr. Miles Patrick Malone's case will on that point, as we believe, be proof satisfactory.

A presentable man, provided he stand well with his tailor, and having certain qualifications

besides, will rarely want a dinner in London. He must be no stander on strict punctilio, but ready to fill a chair vacated by apology, and that even at the eleventh hour. If the company be slow coaches, he is, at a hint, expected to come out pleasantly. He must be fond of children, and allow any two-year-old introduced with the dessert, to take awful liberties with his shirt-front. In the drawing-room he is expected to hold himself ready to ring the bell and poke the fire. Should there be a quiet quadrille for the juveniles, and also an elderly young lady—or what is called in Ireland “a wall-flower”—in the room, at a nod from the hostess he is required to solicit the honour of her hand. Indeed, like a servant-of-all-work, he is required to make himself generally useful—and thus, by strict attention to morning visits and general civility, he may manage to dine out six days out of the seven.

On this principle Miles Patrick Malone acted systematically. Aware that the whereabouts of a man upon town is deeply important, he ensconced himself in Jermyn Street. The rent was not oppressive,—the *locale* being the back sky-parlour,—and the weekly consideration seven shillings. The first floor let for three guineas,

but as Miles Patrick was never at home in his life, nobody could possibly ascertain whether his portion of the mansion extended over the shop, or had reached the poetical altitude described by Juvenal—*ubi ova molles reddant columbæ*. But, although Miles was always in person *non inventus*, an invitation was never known to go astray. These hints at a symposium about to come off, were always correctly responded to; and Mr. Malone was never during life five minutes behind the dinner hour but once, and that occurred through his being knocked down at a crossing by a drunken cabman.

Miles Patrick screwed on wonderfully for a dozen years. Report said, that at one period of his metropolitan career he was proprietor of two horses and a groom, and that the attendant wore a black frock and was moreover correctly leathered. Even later in life he was once or twice encountered in a cab, but the latter turnout exhibited a suspicious appearance. Like a military mercenary, it was evidently a subsidised affair. The harness was gilded as extensively as gingerbread at Greenwich Fair, and the tiger, though short in stature, would, if rolled out, have extended to a grenadier, and turned twelve stone in his stable-clothes.

From what quarter Miles Patrick extracted his supplies was a mystery to the world. Of acquired property he was considered innocent, and paternal he never had possessed : yet he dressed well for a dozen years,—dined out six days, and mostly also on the seventh,—and his card bore always a west-end reference. Youth, however, is necessary for a London hanger-on ; and although, with much tact and some talent, he, the hanger-on, may last until middle-age, after that epoch in his career, the dining-out gentleman becomes too stiff to tumble, and he is declared, consequently, to be useless, as obese sweeps were in former times, when they had grown too stout to get up a flue. More youthful candidates push these unhappy men from their dinner chairs, and poor Miles Patrick lived long enough to experience that sad consummation. Stories, racy a dozen years before, became in time as uninteresting as a decided Chancery cause ; and as he grew older, he grew more tedious as a *raconteur*. Fresher men, who attended fights and pigeon-matches, engrossed attention ; for poor Miles Patrick's disposable commodities were details of the Cato-street conspiracy, and curious reminiscences of a conversation over a mutton chop, holden with two Jews and a foreigner during the trial of Queen

Caroline. If Miles Patrick indulged in a reminiscence of Pitt, Sheridan, or Fox, the host instantly shoved onwards the decanter ; and, at the dessert, when three sweet girls and a boy were introduced, a general description of the burking system was ruthlessly interrupted by the lady of the house, who declared that after Miley's last minute detail of the murders at Ratcliff-Highway, and the ovation of Williams' body through the city in a cart, the children were obliged to take composing draughts for a week ; and the nursery-maid, for fear of encountering ghosts upon the stairs, had consumed candles to an extent that was alarming.

Lower and lower still poor Miley descended—and, in his social relations, he subsided gradually into a member of that subordinate order who speak monosyllabically, describing persons as flints, bricks, and snobs,—abbreviate the word “gentleman” to “gent,”—torture the language generally, and take shameful liberties with the vowels. Alas ! his tenure even in that clique was only at will ; and in less than a twelvemonth, admission could only be gained by taking advantage of the accidental cleansing of the hall-door brasses, or the ignorance of a new servant, unskilled in visiting admissibility. The oppor-

tunity availed nothing. The lady issued dinner directions coolly in Miles Patrick's presence—the correct conduct to be observed in fish and flesh successions was duly enforced—punctuality urged upon the pastry-cook—and the morning visit was foreshortened by a *brusque* intimation, on the lady's part, that she requested liberty to depart—the children, poor dears! from numbers one to five, were in regularly for the whooping-cough, and she had a dinner for a dozen to look after. Alas! there was no *addendum* to the speech—"Mr. Malone, although the table will be crowded, we can still manage to squeeze a corner out for you!"

Lower and lower yet! To an occasional invitation his poverty and not his will consented. The latent sparks of gentility smouldered still; and Miles Patrick rejected the sponsorship of the butcher's first-born, and declined a baker's invitation to that annual festivity which marked the return of his bridal day. Poor fellow! a good dinner would not have come amiss; for on the day that he rejected the baker's leg of mutton and accompaniments he had dined with Duke Humphry.

How the last two or three years were eked out none but himself could tell. We fear that his

privations at times were painful. When he did go out, it was hebdominally,—and that on the morning when he could best manage a clean shirt. His clothes, in dye and texture, had given striking indications of senility,—and from Wellingtons he had descended to Bluchers, and, lower yet, from Bluchers even to what in snob parlance are termed “high-lows.” His hat was always damp-brushed,—and the gold-topped Manilla cane had been succeeded by an unpretending sapling. He was, and too evidently, a decayed gentleman,—but he was a gentleman after all.

With this prefatory notice, we shall proceed to make a few valuable and instructive extracts from his posthumous memoranda.

LONDON, GENERALLY CONSIDERED,

is the best place on earth, where a man who may be averse to lay himself under the obligations attendant on letters of introduction, can or should resort to, inasmuch as an *entrée* into the best society is obtained at once by a call at the crib of any fighting-man in the victualling line—a drop in at a harmonic meeting—or, indeed, a nocturnal visit to any of the “Finishes.” Nothing is slower

than the march of popular prejudice towards abolition—and country-people, especially, are indisposed to discard early opinions, even as they stick tenaciously to their leathers and continuations. In the sight of these rustical antediluvians a “Free and Easy” is the first step to transportation; and, in their disordered fancies, the Cider Cellar, being subterranean, is associated with a place we never mention; and they quote, if they be Latinized, the old saw “*facilis descensus Avernus*.” Well, let us suppose that a young gentleman starts for the metropolis,—his first appearance on any stage,—with a week’s leave of absence, much good advice, and, what is more to the purpose, a ten-pound note from the governor,—*passim*, if in London you called your progenitor *father*, you would be dished regularly, and no mistake—and we will also suppose that the maternal branch of the family slips him a five-pounder on the sly. Well, he starts for the modern Babylon, having entered into a preliminary undertaking, that he will neither dive at the witching hour into the pleasant retreat called the Cider Cellar, nor patronize the fashionable hostelries of that classic region Drury Lane, where, as brevity is reputed to be the soul of wit, instead of setting out her name at full length, as

if it were an indictment at the Old Bailey, the lady, being a matron, abbreviates Mistress Honeywood into "Mother H." Well, obedient to established prejudices, he dutifully eschews these fashionable retreats tabooed by the old gentleman in the country ; but is not Mr. Evans at home under the Piazza ? and Baron Nicholson—what a slap it is at his lazy brothers on the bench—sitting, albeit "fat as butter," even in the dog-day evenings, and offering practical lessons in elementary jurisprudence to any youthful aspirant to the woolsack.

It is not unusual for gentlemen, particularly from Ireland, to repair annually to London, on the same principle that servant-maids come from the country, to better their condition.

We assume, therefore, that the visitor is from *the ould country*, and that his business to the metropolis is matrimonial. He may, if he can spare seven or eight shillings, advertise in the "Sunday Times ;" but ladies of high connexions and a *bond fide* £10,000, seldom operate through the newspapers.

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Much will depend on the amount of what may

be the hymeneal qualification. If money only be required, Margate may answer in the season. If to *the rowdy*, high birth, position in society, and educational advantages must be added, you must steam on to Ramsgate; and the outlay is only four-and-sixpence after all. Let nothing, however, induce you to stop at Herne Bay. It is a Hebrew settlement, where even the purchase of a penny cigar would be imprudent; and had you the wisdom of a serpent, once debarked on the wooden jetty, you would risk the loss of one of your *molaes*, did you not remain jaw-locked while you inspected the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

To compassing and contracting matrimony in any locality with a garden attached, I have a decided objection; and in this sweeping list I include Vauxhall, Cremorne, the White Conduit, Tivoli, and a full *et cetera*, even to tea-drinking on Hampstead Heath. A balloon, nocturnally launched, or even a shower of fireworks, is decidedly unfavourable to the calm selection of a consort. I speak from sad experience, having known a very deplorable case of an Irish gentle-

man, who was matrimonially ruined during the penultimate ascent of Madame Saqui, by a lady's maid, who possessed consummate impudence, a two year's character, and a purple pellorine.

In laying out money to advantage, a man who knows town well, can effect wonders ; and no matter what his wants are, from a penknife to a phaeton, they can be readily supplied. Requires he a gun ? At any Birmingham repository he can make his selection—and the vendor will obligingly convert the concern into a town-made tool, by merely engraving the name of any London tradesman on the weapon, whom the purchaser may have a fancy for. For miscellaneous property, I opine that a lamp-lighted depository in Cheapside is the place—the hammer-man being of the Hebrew profession—and, consequently, so extremely conscientious, that he would scorn to take advantage of a Christian child. In the unquestionable honour of an advertising bill-discounter, you may repose unbounded confidence, and fearlessly entrust your securities to his safe-keeping, and you will be certain of the money when you get it. Are you a bachelor, and desire

clothing that shall outlast the period of your natural life? or, are you a family-man—I do not mean a pick-pocket—and wish your garments to descend as heir-looms to your children? repair at once to Moses and the Minories. Need you medical intervention for any malady the flesh is heir to? Avoid all Galenical preparations as compounded by a licensed apothecary, and place your trust in heaven, Professor Holloway, and Parr's Pills. Be cautious, however, in using the latter—keep the Wandering Jew before your eyes—for did you incautiously swallow a double dose, you would live to eternity.

There is much that is dangerous in London, which should be cautiously guarded against,—and human destruction is not confined, by any means, to patent medicines. The category would be tedious to set out in full. Be wide awake to the driving of a butcher's boy, who has imperilled dinner by stopping to look for half-an-hour at Punch and Judy in the adjacent street—or to that of a doctor without practice. Eschew gentlemen “from Ireland,” who make assurance doubly sure, by a pledge of honour at every sen-

tence. To propose to a lady on the first evening that you sport a toe with her at Baron Nathan's weekly *bal dansante*, is rather hazardous—nor would I recommend you to accept a bill for a gentleman, previously unknown, whose acquaintance you were so fortunate as to make in the transit of “Waterman, No. 7,” between London Bridge and the pier at Gravesend. A Californian security, by every account, is unexceptionable. I hate trouble—and hence I prefer a cheque on Coutts', it is so handy and presentable. At an Urban-plate-house you can have your steak for sevenpence-halfpenny, with one penny to the fair administratrix. At the Blue Posts, in Cork Street, it costs a little more—but when the metalics will permit, I always stand the difference. I have a silly prejudice in favour of light-complexioned table-linen—and—it is, I trust, a pardonable weakness—when I confess that I incline to a four-pronged implement in silver, rather than the bi-furcated article generally in city use, attendant on a knife with wiped blade and horn handle.

Should you be of that order termed “private gentleman,”—which generally meaneth, a person

not required to resort either to trade or profession for a maintenance,—time may hang heavy on your hands. Could you manage to get into a Chancery suit, you are certain of occupation during life—or if you have a fancy for figures, examine the Walbrook vestry-books, balance the accounts, and you can agreeably occupy leisure time, and even wet Sundays, for the next seven years.

In selecting your city hostelry, go always to a singing establishment. Are you ill? the landlord and his staff never go to bed—and if you seek your dormitory in good health, you are lulled “to pleasure and soft repose” by a serenade—no charge additional.

If a poetical shop-bill be insinuated into your hand, repair *instantly* to the establishment pointed out. You may rest assured that the proprietor is a man above the common caste—a poetic citizen you may safely deal with—the Muses, and no mercenary considerations engrossing his attention.

Dulce est dissipere—and a rat-affair in Smithfield is extremely interesting. Back the varmin always against the dog. Reports touching the houcussing of the little animals have crept into circulation. The charge is grossly libellous—for gentlemen in the rat-line are “full of honour as a corps of cavalry.”*

Are you in want of wine? repair to a city auction. If the gentleman honoured with instructions for its disposal, declares that it is vintage 1738, and, consequently, one hundred and eleven years in bottle, bid fearlessly. If he further add that it was a self-importation, not only bottled, but even corked, by the great-grandfather of the late and lamented proprietor, you may safely advance five shillings a dozen additional upon this guarantee. Implicit reliance may ever be reposed in the word of an auctioneer, for he would scorn to drop hammer upon desk, were the rigid facts of his statement not strict truth even to the letter—and to be verified, if necessary, upon affidavit before the Lord Mayor.

In horse-flesh the same hints may be gener-

* Doctor Ollapod.

ally attended to. Some men are unhappily of that infelicitous disposition, that they distrust everything and everybody. Be guarded against such sinister-minded examples of the body politic. Well, we suppose you want a horse—and you attend punctually at the auction hour, which is politely described as 12 for 1—an auctioneering impertinence that nobody but that consummate impersonation of effrontery would venture to perpetrate. You will generally find the yard crowded with idle people, who would induce you to fancy they had designs upon a horse, although they could not afford milk to a house-cat. They examine, however, the animal produced with anxious attention—and while the gentleman in the pulpit, armed with his mallet, details the virtues of the quadruped, they maliciously take general exceptions. One gentleman perceives that the nag steps a little short—another detects a feather on his eye—a third will tender an affidavit that he is a regular roarer—while a fourth cunningly detects an incipient spavin. All these men are mere grumblers—and pass them unheeded. Up comes a plain and unpretending personage. He is none of the flash scamps that overrun cider-cellars and infest bazaars. He is merely a

man from the country, and plainly dressed—blue coat, gilt buttons, a coloured vest, voluminous neck-protector, tights, and continuations. He is, moreover, florid in complexion, wears a broad-brimmed hat, and carries a double-thonged whip. He makes a rustic salutation—begs pardon for the liberty he is about to take—but having known the horse at hammer since he was foaled, and having also perceived that you had an eye turned in that direction, he begs to say, that what could have induced the proprietor to part with him, the horse, altogether passeth his understanding. On the strength of such disinterested assurances, you come out stoutly with ten pounds over whatever might have been a preliminary limitation. You secure the quadruped—give the man with the florid countenance a glass of brandy—cold, to feed his nasal salamander—and like every man who has the conscious feeling that he has not played deaf adder when Wisdom was crying in the street, you part from your fat friend, and proceed on your way rejoicing.

Timid equestrians are generally suspicious ; but in your transit from the repository to your own domicile *à cheval*, let no trifling occurrence shake your confidence in the daisy-cutter you

have so happily become possessor of. Does he shy? Something no doubt, has alarmed him; and have you not been startled frequently yourself? Does he trip? That is an every-day accident to which horses and men are liable alike; and recollect, that as he has four legs and you only two, he has a right to make two stumbles for your one. Does he fall? The fault rests entirely with yourself: what have you a bridle for but to keep him on his pins? Is he a whistler? How frequently have you whistled, and yet you are neither consumptive nor asthmatic? Shows he a mucous discharge at the nostril? Have you not been afflicted with cold in the head, and been obliged to have frequent recurrence to your pocket-handkerchief? Does he bolt into a gate-way or stable-lane? Have you never, on perceiving a gentleman of the tribe of Levi with a prominent proboscis and a restless eye in the advance, cut round a corner or vanished in a by-lane? Does he refuse his oats? After a night at the Cider Cellar have you not declined breakfast? Does he run away with you? That is an undoubted proof of high courage that will not brook restriction. Does he demolish a donkey-cart of crockery in the performance of this last exploit?


All you have to do is to stick close to the saddle, if you can, and long before the dealer in delf can recover his astonished senses, you will be in another parish and safe from pursuit. Do you ride over a biped? What business had he to cross the street? and if he has two or three bones dislocated, pray what are hospitals for but to re-unite them?

From equine and other casualties how many men have dated after-fortune and deduced their immortality? But for his canter on the callender's horse to Edmonton, would John Gilpin's memory have survived that of any haberdasher of his day? With a snaffle in his hand, and a sufficiency of pig-skin to repose his person on, who could take all that was in a three-year-old out of him more skilfully than Sam Chiffney? and are his happiest turf efforts now remembered? No; they are swamped in the stream of time: while Mazeppa, a gentleman who ran the longest race on record without saddle, bridle, or a pull from the start to the close, is poetized by Byron, and may be seen at Astley's large as life. I knew an Irish gentleman who secured £20,000 by rescuing a lady, through the agency of his umbrella, from close imprisonment in Newman's gateway, where she had been driven

for shelter by a shower ; and another who, after three infelicitous seasons and an exhausted purse, was miraculously brought into prominent notice, by being carried at racing speed and a vicious mare into a confectioner's,—a feat that went the round of the papers, and was miraculously achieved without fracturing a jelly-glass.

I am Hibernian in birth, parentage, education, and affections—and to my well-beloved countrymen, in the plenitude of past experience, I would extend very valuable advice. I never knew a large investment in the Three per Cents. secured by rolling down the hill in Greenwich Park, nor, on wooden piers, are ladies of fortune generally predominant. The safest course for a gentleman about to marry, is to solicit, *in limine*, a letter of introduction to the lady's stock-broker—not that he can have a doubt touching the amount of assets stated, but it is still pleasant to ascertain whether they are in Consols or Long Annuities. Caution should be observed in conducting Hymeneal transactions. The happiness of a Cork gentleman, I knew well, was blighted by a West-end auctioneer, who seduced him into matrimony with his daughter, and went into the Gazette the second week of the honeymoon, paying a composition to his creditors of

two-pence-three-farthings in the pound. In the case of your being bold enough to grapple with a widow, a direct reference to Doctors Commons will be the only security you can have against the machinations and devices of a class of gentlewomen, reputed to be doubly dangerous. Ladies, liberally supplied with marriageable daughters, such as you encounter at every watering-place, must also be suspiciously regarded. I would not commit matrimony on the strength of an Australian uncle with no family and the monetary reputation of half a plum, were the Australian even backed by a second cousin in the Spice Islands, a warm man in mace, nutmegs, and various peppers. The audacious pretences of people now-a-days passeth human understanding. Not long since I received a pressing invitation to winter with a young gentleman at his hunting-box in Leicestershire—lent him, on the strength of a season's run, five pounds seventeen and sixpence in odd moneys—and within a fortnight learned that his rural retreat was not discoverable, but his town residence, for the next three months, was the Millbank Penitentiary. A Methodist preacher picked my pocket in an omnibus—and I was obliged, no later than last spring, to bind an



Irish gentleman in a recognizance to keep the peace, because I declined joining him in a cognovit to his tailor, and becoming security besides for four shillings and sixpence weekly to the parochial authorities, being the penal consequence on his part of broken vows.

My own career is finished—I am dead to idle Hymeneal overtures—and no lady through the “Sunday Times” shall seduce me into the expenditure of a letter-stamp. Any matrimonial transaction must be conducted on business principles—and, whether virgin or bereaved, none need make an application unless her title-deeds accompany the tender of her hand, the former to be laid professionally before my solicitor. An *ad valorem* consideration, according to age specified, will be expected from elderly young ladies—and also an authenticated record of their baptism. No gentlewoman under twenty-one will be treated with—and all statements respecting general amiability and affectionate disposition, will, upon detection, be committed to the fire. Harp accomplishments to me are merely waste of paper—as, in my estimation, the manipulation of catgut is of no consequence when compared with the construction of a harrico—while even a remote acquaint-

tance with Latin and Greek, will be fatal to the applicant. Finally, should proposals be entertained, a personal inspection of the candidate will be a *sine qua non*.

N.B.—Railroad securities and good expectations are totally repudiated. Religion not objected to, except Jumper and Southcotian. A tender of character without cash will be but the idle expenditure of a postage stamp. No Irish need apply—and an affidavit from the applicant will be indispensable, declaring that she never danced “the Polka.”

LAST SCENES OF THE CONDEMNED.

THIRTY years have passed since I witnessed an execution for the first time ; and although the accidents attached to professional life have obliged me to see many a spirit pass “unhoussell’d, unannealed,” but, as we piously trust, not “unforgiven,” that sad scene of “law asserted” will never be forgotten. Connaught, in my early days, enjoyed an unenviable notoriety : in common parlance, it was always associated with a place unknown to ears polite, but, according to general belief, remarkable for its pleasant society and high temperature. Carthage was, and so was Rome ; and in criminal statistics “the land of the west” has yielded to Munster so decidedly, that Jack Ketch declares the Western Circuit is merely waste of time for a professional gentleman—namely, himself—to visit ; and he feelingly observes, that instead of travel-

ling, as he did formerly, with post-horses, he is "obliged to settle himself on the side of one of Biancona's jaunting-cars, cheek-by-jowl with English bagmen, cattle-dealers, parish-priests, and people of that sort."

The criminal law in Ireland, at the period we recall, was unmercifully and indiscriminately administered; the foulest murder and the abstraction of a sheep being, as far as penal consequences went, in the eyes of justice alike offensive. We have in our own experience witnessed the anomalous meting out of legal retribution, and than its visitations nothing could be so uncertain and eccentric. We have seen a man hanged who should have been once only, and lightly too, whipped at the market-place; and we have heard of a London firm, which after trafficking for years by forgery, as was clearly ascertained, comfortably wind up with half a million, all concerned, during a long and felonious career, being estimated good and honourable men, eligible to the highest City honours, ay, and even to civic majesty—Heaven save the mark!

Before we proceed, a declaration of our criminal creed may be desirable. We distinctly and emphatically protest that for felony, be the

perpetrators high or low, we are no apologists. Our code, probably, will be best understood by a straightforward confession, that we would hang a murderer, transport a highwayman, treadmill a thief, and—to borrow from our well-beloved brother, Master Jonathan, one of his expressive and gentlemanly phrases — *cow-hide* a young regicide, the administration being mensal and for the period of a calendar year, so that pot-boys in general might be edified by the example.

From circumstances, generally beyond our own control, we have been present when many criminals have paid the forfeiture that law demands, and the safety of society unfortunately, but imperatively, requires—and we state, from personal experience, that frequent exhibitions of the last penalty which justice imposes upon crime, as far as example is supposed to go, become totally inoperative.

The bad effect of these exhibitions we will practically establish, and prove that the expurgation of the code of England, from its excess of sanguinary enactment, has abated and not increased serious crime. We recollect well, when for divers market-days after the judge of assize, in the south and west of Ireland, had paid his half-yearly visit, his Majesty was minus two or

three subjects, as the case might be. As the law then stood, burglars and highwaymen were favoured with "a long day."* Murderers being limited to forty-eight hours, and hence to throw in Sunday as a *dies non*, the delinquent was usually tried upon a Friday.

I recollect seeing two rebels hanging in '98, having been carried by the nurse, in company with a score of spider-brushers, to witness the spectacle. What makes me recollect it is one of those youthful impressions which time can never obliterate. The artist was a black drummer, a man of herculean proportions, and his apparatus was the triangled spars used in the market-place to weigh agricultural produce in the morning, and, in the present case, put a rebel past praying for "in the afternoon."

Probably the hanging might have passed entirely from young memory, had not another circumstance fixed it indelibly on childish recollection. The nurse was pretty, and she had made a tender impression on the heart of a gallant highlander, who was servant to an officer, and,

* Often do I recollect, when a boy, hearing the culprit, in reply to the common *quære*, "Why sentence of death," &c., make the response of, "A long day, my lord!" Execution sometimes being deferred for three weeks.

with his master, a frequent visitor at the house. We, the nurse and I, were not early enough to witness the turn-off, but, unluckily, as it turned out, in good time to see the decapitation. Donald introduced the object of his affections and myself within the ring of bayonets which encompassed the deadly apparatus, and just at the moment when the unhappy men had been suspended a sufficient time to warrant their decollation.

The negro cut the ropes, the bodies fell heavily on the grass, and with a grin, the wretch proceeded to complete his disgusting office. One operation was sufficient. I yelled, the nurse-maid fainted, how we made our exit I cannot guess, but as the heads were afterwards spiked upon a public building of the town, we had an opportunity, in our daily walks, to become perfectly familiar with them. What building will the English reader fancy was selected to be thus ornamented? The gables of the Assembly Room! and while, for many a month, these relics of humanity were streaming their matted hair in the night-breeze, divided only by the ceiling and the slates, and not a dozen feet below, half a hundred of the fair sex were executing that pleasant *contre danse*, intitulated "the wind that shakes the barley."

The effect of that brutal exhibition upon me, was one that years and a strong nervous temperament could only overcome ; while for the remainder of her life, my nurse never ventured to cross a lobby without a lighted candle. Circumstances, however, with me, abated early impressions—and the recollection of hemp and its concomitants had nearly subsided, when accident as strangely recalled them.

We were then being indoctrinated in the polite literature dispensed in the Dublin University, and *anno ætatis* 16, when a cousin of ours met us in the street, and asked us to breakfast with him next morning at Kilmainham, adding, as inducements, that there were a couple of men to be hanged. Country air, and new-laid eggs, and these united, being too seductive offers to be refused—of course we willingly consented.

In Ireland, hanging was no novelty then, and few indeed, but regular amateurs, would take the trouble, or pay a sixpenny fare upon a bone-setter, to witness what they could see handier, by far, after every commission. I, however, accepted my kinsman's invitation—and admitted by a prison authority on giving my card, was shown directly to the execution room.

"Gentlemen, breakfast is ready," said a gaol

attendant, and we proceeded forthwith to the room appropriated to the office of the guard. "Don't hurry, we are not limited, as they are at Newgate; any time before twelve does here. My curse upon that cook!" and he turned a steak over,—“Hard as a deal board! don't touch it, gentlemen, we'll have another in half a shake. We lay our own eggs here, aint they beauties,” and, pointing to some half dozen, the scoundrel hurried out.

“Good Heavens!” I exclaimed, “are these two wretches, in half-an-hour, going to their final audit?”

“Ay, and that heartless vagabond is thinking only of steaks and eggs. I have had this duty twice, and for a week after am haunted by hemp and hangmen. 'Tis folly, we must conquer it.”


He raised the tea-cup, it scarcely touched the lips, when bang went the prison bell, as the sounded note of preparation. The delf was replaced upon the table instantly.

“It is weakness, womanly, but I cannot eat upon a hanging morning,” said my kinsman with a shudder.

The morning meal was hurried over. Every half-minute-stroke upon the prison bell would have demolished the appetite of a cannibal. Pre-

sently we were informed that the last sad scene of criminal life was about to be enacted, and as we entered a large and spacious room on the first floor of the building, the criminals appeared at the opposite door, each attended by a priest.

Never were two malefactors in everything so dissimilar. The first who stepped across the threshold of the execution room was a remarkably fine young man, over six feet in height, and in bodily proportion, a study for a sculptor. His dress was neat—shirt, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, white—and at the elbows, wrists, knees, and ancles, relieved by crimson rosettes ; these, from their colour, we were told, being intended to intimate that he was innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat. Nothing could be more manly and collected than his bearing, and when he issued from the door-way he recognised us, the lookers-on, with a bow that was absolutely graceful. His demeanour was firm, but totally removed from anything like a display of vulgar bravado. After he had paid us a polite acknowledgment, he seemed for the brief space that intervened, we would call it some three minutes, totally absorbed in religious duties, and listening, with breathless attention, to every



syllable that issued from the lips of his spiritual director.

His companion in crime, a returned transport, was a mean, low-sized, pallid wretch, dressed in a frieze great coat—and, to all appearance, so thoroughly unnerved as to be insensible to the admonitory instructions of his confessor. He was supported by a turnkey, and all mental power appeared in him so entirely prostrated, that his brief passage from time to eternity seemed insensibly effected.

The general economy of Irish gaols are—dare we to use the phrase—far more civilized than the metropolitan one of Newgate, so far as hanging goes. The offensive preparations, like murders in Greek tragedy, are completed out of sight. The ropes lead in, within they are adjusted, and the exhibition of the criminal on the drop, and the fall of the machinery, by which, as Thistlewood remarked, the great secret of hereafter should be revealed, are things nearly instantaneous. On this occasion, all had been mercifully pre-arranged to abridge a painful interval. The tall and handsome malefactor, a burglar, shook us individually by the hand, and bade us an eternal farewell, and then stepped upon the iron grating of the scaffold, placing his feet correctly

on the drop as the executioner directed. Stupified, and like a dreaming man, his companion was mechanically led out by a couple of the gaol functionaries. The authorities had humanely guarded against any want of precaution that should extend their sufferings. In less than half a minute, a spring within the walls was touched, the iron gratings parted, and before a minute had elapsed, suffering was over, and another, and we charitably trust, a better state of existence succeeded to that, in which vice cannot expect happiness, or virtue command it.

It is due to ourselves to state, and we therefore apprise and assure the reader, that our personal experience with the last penalties imposed by outraged justice upon criminals, has arisen from accidental circumstances altogether. We have no morbid fancy for witnessing life extinguished—at best it is a sorry sight,—but, at the same time, we disclaim all maudling sympathy for a murderer, and with perfect indifference we can read an account of his execution. While we consider, however, that he well deserves his doom, we should not have the slightest curiosity to view the parting agony of the wretched malefactor. We admit that the atrocity of the crime robs the criminal of our

pity ; while, in our opinion, his removal from the stage of life confers a benefit on society. The safety of the body politic demands the sacrifice, and by every ordonnance, human and divine, blood must be atoned by blood.

In human character the distinctions are not more numerous and minute than those which aggravate and extenuate criminal offendings. One sad scene at which we were obliged professionally to be present, would suffice to point what we emphatically contend for,—that there exist, and are easily traceable, multitudinous gradations in the scale of criminality.

Many years ago the assize-town of a western county was “disturbed from its propriety,” by the harrowing exhibition of six unhappy malefactors undergoing the extreme penalty the law exacts for murder. Of the actual guilt of all no shadow of doubt existed ; for all, save one, had freely admitted the perpetration of that crime which is considered beyond the reach of mercy.

Being within the circle of the military cordon which surrounded the place of execution—a roughly-constructed apparatus, formed of some scaffolding-poles crossed horizontally by a spar,—I witnessed with attention the bearing of the

criminals. They suffered in two divisions,—and, by a strange accident, their offences were all of the same character, and “most foul and most unnatural,”—namely, the murders of an uncle, a husband, and a child. In Connaught, any common-place expiatory sacrifice to offended justice will collect a crowd,—and many will come from an amazing distance to witness the execution of any common-place criminal; but for morbid tastes there was so much to attract the admirers of disgusting exhibitions, that hours before the wretched beings were conducted from their cells, the fair-green—the scene of death—was crowded to excess.

It was, in ordinary cases, customary to await the arrival of the mail-coach (one o'clock), that the chance of a respite from the Castle might be given to the doomed ones,—no matter how desperate that hope might be; but on this,—a memorable day to us, and one that will never fade from our recollection, the guilt of all had been so fully admitted or established, that it was considered mercy to the convicts to abridge the interval usually permitted to elapse between time and eternity; and, as the court-house bell struck twelve, one moiety of the criminals issued from the gaol gate, attended by a turnkey and a priest,

and entered the military circle which hedged in the scaffold with their bayonets.

The criminals, three in number, were brothers, and remarkable for symmetrical proportions, and countenances in which Lavater himself—were he in the flesh, would have vainly looked for the lineal mark of truculence. Three finer peasants I never saw; and Captain O'Mahony,—whose "ancient" I was at the time,—looking at all men and things with a professional eye, whispered in my ear,—

"Holy Mary! is'nt it regular murder to hang them? The shortest six feet one. What a shoulder for a grenade! and under the waistband no chairman's calves,—no green upon the ankle,—all, from hip to heel, straight as a halbert, and clean as a whistle. Oh! murder! if, instead of cutting an old fool's throat, they had only turned into the barrack gate and borrowed from the sergeant of the guard a shilling!"*

Their crime was beyond apology, and yet, bad as it was, it had something to plead in mitigation. The story of the offence will best tell it.

The name of the unfortunate men was Philips. The eldest was scarcely twenty-four, the youngest

* The form of enlisting a recruit is accompanied by giving him a shilling.

but nineteen. To use Connaught parlance, they had gone two years before to England "to push their fortune." In Manchester they had obtained employment, and their conduct had been industrious, sober, in every respect so exemplary, as to surmount with their employers those prejudices which the rascally portion of the low Irish annually create by their brutality and dissipated habits.

Unhappily for these young men, they had an uncle far advanced in life, who, by miserly habits and lending money on *gompeeine*,* acquired the reputation of being wealthy. All monetary matters depend on social position. A Jew stock-dealer is reckoned comfortable with half a million,—the proprietor of a Connaught *fodeeine*† with half a hundred. Old Philips, the uncle, was reputed wealthy, every pound he really possessed being exaggerated to ten. His brother's family were, of course, his natural and reputed heirs. What men wish they will believe; and to that general rule the Philips proved no exception, and built firmly upon succeeding to his property on

* *Gompeeine*, in Irish parlance, means a consideration for trifling sums lent by village money-dealers, at enormous interest, and for short terms.

† *Fodeeine*, a paltry property in land.

the usurer's death. There is a vulgar truism, that the veriest fool in existence is an old one ; and the calamitous history of the Philips' family would go far to confirm the truth of the adage. Close on his eightieth year, the drivelling money-lender fancied that he would marry a peasant-girl of some beauty and only aged seventeen. Her poverty, we presume, and not her will consented, and the intended marriage—an event deferred until after Lent *—was bruited over the barony from east to west.

A simpler tale than the murder of the old usurer, and the family destruction that deed of blood afterwards involved, was never told. The father of the unhappy men who suffered on the occasion I have alluded to, had apprized his sons of their uncle's intentions ; and, as it was generally and, we fear, too truly believed, counselled and encouraged them to repair at once to Ireland, and, *more Hibernico*, forbid the banns by—murder. Too readily the unfortunate young men obeyed their parent's mandate, and in an evil hour set out on the bloody mission. It is said that they had not only secured the good opinions of their employers, but saved a little money, and

* In Ireland, marriages are generally postponed until Lent has ended.

that they had opened for themselves by good conduct a path to honest independence. They kept their fatal resolution,—reached their native village,—when in three days afterwards the usurer's marriage was to take place. Poor drivelling wretch ! The miserable man was found cold in bed next morning, a black and distorted face indicating that life had been extinguished by strangulation.

It would be tedious to detail the chain of circumstantial evidence which led to a conviction, and one whose justice the confessions of the murderers freely and fully acknowledged. It is curious that human vanity in the hour of death is often so powerfully marked as it is. The soldier leads a forlorn hope,—mounts to “th’ imminent deadly breach,”—feels that, so far as human chances go, his doom is sealed,—but, all unmoved, considers present death but a slight equivalent for posthumous fame, and dies accordingly to earn it. What stimulates the Polar voyager to undergo privations not to be described—hardships not imaginable—dangers beyond calculation ? No matter what the circumstances of life may be, in all human action vanity may be traceable—ay, whether it lie in an artiste's *pirouette* or the charity-sermon of a fashionable preacher.

The guillotine was mounted with a *mot* previously and considerably prepared. The highwayman, *in transitu* to Tyburn, was always remarkable for the freshness of his *bouquet*, the purity of his cambric, and the profundity of the parting bow to a recognised acquaintance, that, in the opinion of Baron Nathan, would, leaving larceny or murder out, entitle him to immortality. Anne Boleyn paid a compliment to her neck, while she preferred a prayer to heaven for the stout gentleman who rivalled Bluebeard in his simple and short process of deliverance *e vinculo matrimonii*. Thistlewood's parting remark is not forgotten—he died an atheist. Emmett met his fate with fortitude and decency, but professed his unbelief in a futurity. Campbell, on the contrary, united the soldier with the Christian, and commanded the sympathy of all, save the heartless judge and crazy king who sent him to the scaffold. I have looked on when many went to the short and final reckoning the law demands from those who have grossly violated its provisions, and I never saw any that met death with more decent and becoming fortitude than the unhappy young men who, on the fair green of Castlebar, made atonement for a cruel and unnatural murder.

In a few minutes all suffering was over, and

after the time elapsed which custom requires, the bodies were lowered, stretched under the scaffolding, and covered decently with a cloth. The drama of death was, however, but half enacted, for the law had three other victims waiting to undergo a similar fate.

In point of criminal atrocity, probably, the wretches now about to suffer were, in the shading of delinquency, more deeply marked than the guilty men who had preceded them. There might be pleaded for the unhappy brothers whose mortal history had just closed, that, labouring under an imaginary wrong, they had violated every law, human and divine, to avenge the disappointed hopes which for years had been cherished ; and that, by exciting circumstances, joined to a father's felonious counsellings, they had been hurried to commit an act, from which, had reflection been permitted, they might have recoiled. To them, the miser's paltry wealth was important as a ducal coronet to the heir-expectant. Their father had excited his children's feelings with all the asperity with which old age will dwell upon a grievance. The well known defect in Irish character is precipitation, and before the causes were considered, the tragedy was completed.

The living criminals who, before the next quarter chimed, were to be added to those who had been, now issued from the prison. Crime is enhanced by circumstances; and of the doomed murderers, two were women! The first who entered the military cordon, was a dark, ordinary, and most repulsive-looking girl. She appeared scarcely seventeen. Her crime was child-murder. She seemed stupified; listened to the priest with apparent indifference; her glassy eye ranging in rapid glance from the glitter of the military appointments of the surrounding soldiers, to the cross beam and ropes by which youthful guilt would speedily be obliged to pay an awful penalty. Her crime and her appearance, however, seemed to attract but secondary notice, for every eye was turned, and with intense curiosity, on the unhappy pair that followed.

An artist's sketch of these criminals might, in all probability, be considered overdrawn, and his *vraisemblance*, it would be said, had yielded to his fancy, for never were a sinful pair so totally dissimilar. The woman was remarkably handsome—the man the veriest wretch that ever plied a needle—and yet on him—that thing “of shreds and patches”—through some infernal

impulse, the wretched woman had lavished her whole affections. By the concurrent testimony of every witness, the murdered man was described a good-looking and athletic peasant ; and, could the atrocious character of the woman's crime be more enhanced, he was kindly and affectionate, while his wife's temper, naturally violent, was launched upon him without restraint ; and as often, and under strong provocation, he pronounced a ready pardon for her offences. His forbearance was unfortunate. In peasant life, from a less forgiving partner, she would have received coarse intimations, which, probably, to one like her, might have eventually saved him from a violent, and her from a disgraceful, death.

In the far west, and in vulgar belief, there is an influence that exercises a magic power over human affections, and when strange and unaccountable partialities are exhibited—when sixteen weds sixty, or any other monstrous departure from natural laws takes place, these deviations from conventional usages are ascribed to what is called *grammary*.

In remote parts of Ireland, a tailor, like a dancing-master, is migratory ; and whether they operate with thread or cat-gut, these artistes set

up their household gods in the house where they are located, whether engaged in fabricating a coat for the owner, or in giving the last polish to the young ladies, on entering a room with grace, or dancing "Planxty Macguire" afterwards. In his vocation, the miserable caitiff, who now approached the place of punishment by the side of his wretched associate, had often received hospitality from his victim, frequently called at his cabin, and obtained supper, a bed, and a *cead fealteagh*.* Without discussion, we will say in Goldsmith's words, that "a lovelier woman never stooped to folly," than the fair criminal, or a more wretched apology for crime ever was arraigned for, and convicted of, felony, than her blackguard-looking paramour.

Could crime have been forgotten, I could have felt every sympathy for the fair offender, and had no finisher of the law been procurable, I would have volunteered the task of affixing St. Antony's tippet to the neck of one of the foulest and the most cowardly scoundrels that ever "garnished a gallows." We are conversant with beauty, and have worshipped at its shrine, and in every land on which the glorious sun pours his exuberant torrent of red light, or gives his

* A hearty welcome.

niggard contribution, and than that guilty woman, a lovelier specimen we never looked upon.

We almost recoil from the detail. God of mercy ! animal ferocity is pardonable, but can any apology be made for man's ?

It is probably one of the saddest episodes on criminal record, and we will briefly detail it.

Late on a market evening, the felon tailor stopped at the cottage whose hospitality he had often shared and as often violated. The guilty woman received him with open arms. The husband was absent, but supper was immediately prepared. Successful guilt frequently induces false confidence, and, although deep suspicions were entertained by all around that an adulterous intercourse existed, he, the injured man, had never harboured a suspicion touching the chastity of an unworthy wife.

The circumstances which hurried the catastrophe were singular. That day at the market, and while drinking in a public-house, he, the husband, for the first time was taunted with what had been for months evident to all, but hidden from him whose domestic *surveillance* should have been lynx-eyed. Of that order which


“Dotes, yet doubts—suspects, but fondly loves,”

he felt the astounding stroke this discovery had inflicted. To the mad remedy an Irishman resorts to he, fated wretch! applied, and, half-intoxicated, he returned to his now wretched domicile. The night was wild when, inflamed by ardent spirits and burning under a passion never known before, the injured peasant hurried across the moor in which his cabin stood. Through the gloom a light glimmered through the window—alas! *ignis fatuus*-like, it lured him to destruction. He approached unheard—he looked through the casement. There, and comfortably at supper, sat the treacherous wife and the wretch who had dishonoured him. On the moment some display of endearment passed between the guilty pair. The insulted man rushed in—struck the scoundrel to the floor—and then evicted him from the cabin.

The singular influence his wife possessed over the doomed man was evidenced soon. She calmed the storm of jealousy—lavished false kisses on his lips—urged him to go to bed—and made him swallow some whiskey that her paramour had brought. Fatigue, strong liquor, and the caresses of a faithless woman did the rest. He went to sleep—a sleep from which “he knew no waking.”

Calculating, from the inclemency of the night, that the ejected paramour was skulking near, when his deep breathing told her that her husband was asleep, the erring wife opened the door softly, and, as she expected, found the object of her search sheltering himself in an outhouse from the rain. Brief was the guilty deliberation—the sleeper must awake no more—and with murderous intent the adulterous couple re-entered the kitchen silently. The horrid woman armed her paramour with a heavy axe, used in that country for splitting bog-wood. They softly approached the bed—she held the candle to direct the blow—he struck it—no second one was required—the murder was complete.

Let not the sceptic dare to say that the eye of Providence ever sleepeth. Lonely and isolated in wild moorland, not once, perhaps, in a twelve-month was a knock heard at the door of that secluded cottage. A minute had scarcely passed after the murderous pair had determined on the deed of death, until a belated herd, attracted by the light beaming from the lattice, hurried thither to seek shelter from the storm. He, by a natural curiosity, peeped through the window—and at the instant the felon blow was struck !



Horried, he crossed the moorland like a deer—alarmed a village but a mile off—and while the guilty pair were deliberating how the body could be best bestowed, the cottage door was suddenly burst open—and within, deep, damning proofs were overwhelming. Before the next sun set, the wretched pair were immured within a prison's gates—before the next moon waned, they were extended side by side on the anatomical table of the county hospital.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FIRST
ATTEMPT TO GET MARRIED.

YES—here I am, Terence O'Shaughnessy, an honest major of foot, five feet eleven and a half, and forty-one, if I only live till Michaelmas. Kicked upon the world before the down had blackened on my chin, Fortune and I have been wrestling from the cradle ;—and yet I had little to tempt the jade's malevolence. The youngest son of an excellent gentleman, who, with an ill-paid rental of twelve hundred pounds, kept his wife in Bath, and his hounds in Tipperary, my patrimony would have scarcely purchased tools for a highwayman, when in my tenth year my father's sister sent for me to Roundwood ; for, hearing that I was regularly going to the devil, she had determined to redeem me, if she could.

My aunt Honor was the widow of a captain of dragoons, who got his quietus in the Low Coun-


tries some years before I saw the light. His relict had, in compliment to the memory of her departed lord, eschewed matrimony, and, like a Christian woman, devoted her few and evil days to cards and religion. She was a true specimen of an Irish dowager. Her means were small, her temper short. She was stiff as a ramrod, and proud as a field-marshal. To her, my education and future settlement in life were entirely confided, as one brief month deprived me of both parents. My mother died in a state of insolvency, greatly regretted by everybody in Bath to whom she was indebted; and before her disconsolate husband had time to overlook a moiety of the card claims transmitted for his liquidation, he broke his neck in attempting to leap the pound-wall of Oranmore, for a bet of a rump and dozen. Of course he was waked, and buried like a gentleman,—everything sold off by the creditors—my brothers sent to school—and I left to the tender mercy and sole management of the widow of Captain O'Finn.

My aunt's guardianship continued seven years, and at the expiration of that time I was weary of her thrall, and she tired of my tutelage. I was now at an age when some walk of life must be selected and pursued. For any honest avocation

I had, as it was universally admitted, neither abilities nor inclination. What was to be done? and how was I to be disposed of? A short deliberation showed that there was but one path for me to follow, and I was handed over to that *refugium peccatorum*, the army, and placed as a volunteer in a regiment just raised, with a promise from the colonel that I should be promoted to the first ensigncy that became vacant.

Great was our mutual joy when Mrs. O'Finn and I were about to part company. I took an affectionate leave of all my kindred and acquaintances, and even, in the fulness of my heart, shook hands with the schoolmaster, though in boyhood I had devoted him to the infernal gods for his wanton barbarity. But my tenderest parting was reserved for my next-door neighbour, the belle among the village beauties, and presumptive heiress to the virtues and estates of Quartermaster Mac Gawly.

Biddy Mac Gawly was a year younger than myself; and, to do her justice, a picture of health and comeliness. Lord! what an eye she had!—and her leg! nothing but the gout would prevent a man from following it to the very end of Oxford Street. Biddy and I were next neighbours—our houses joined—the gardens were only



separated by a low hedge, and by standing on an inverted flower-pot one could accomplish a kiss across it easily. There was no harm in the thing—it was merely for the fun of trying an experiment—and when a geranium was damaged, we left the blame upon the cats.

Although there was a visiting acquaintance between the retired quarter-master and the relic of the defunct dragoon, never had any cordiality existed between the houses. My aunt O'Finn was as lofty in all things appertaining to her consequence, as if she had been the widow of a common-councilman ; and Roger Mac Gawly, having scraped together a good round sum, by the means quarter-masters have made money since the days of Julius Cæsar, was not inclined to admit any inferiority on his part. Mrs. O'Finn could never imagine that any circumstances could remove the barrier in dignity which stood between the non-commissioned officer and the captain. While arguing on the saw, that “a living ass is better than a dead lion,” Roger contended that he was as good a man as Captain O'Finn ; he, Roger, being alive and merry in the town of Ballinamore, while the departed commander had been laid under a “counterpane of daisies” in some counterscarp in the Low Countries. Biddy

and I laughed at the feuds of our superiors ; and on the evening of a desperate blow-up, we met at sunset in the garden—agreed that the old people were fools—and resolved that nothing should interrupt our friendly relations. Of course the treaty was ratified with a kiss, for I recollect that next morning the cats were heavily censured for capsizing a box of mignonette.

No wonder then that I parted from Biddy with regret. I sat with her till we heard the quartermaster scrape his feet at the hall-door on his return from his club, and kissing poor Biddy tenderly, as Roger entered by the front, I levanted by the back-door. I fancied myself desperately in love, and was actually dreaming of my dulcinea, when my aunt's maid called me before day, to prepare for the stage-coach that was to convey me to my regiment in Dublin.

In a few weeks an ensigncy dropped in, and I got it. Time slipped insensibly away—months became years—and three passed before I revisited Ballinamore. I heard, at stated periods, from Mrs. O'Finn. The letters were generally a detail of bad luck or bad health. For the last quarter she had never marked honours—or for the last week closed an eye with rheumatism and lumbago. Still, as these *jérémiades* covered my small

allowance, they were welcome as a lover's billet. Of course, in these despatches the neighbours were duly mentioned, and every calamity occurring since her "last" was faithfully chronicled. The Mac Gawlys held a conspicuous place in my aunt's quarterly notices. Biddy had got a new gown—or Biddy had got a new piano—but since the dragoons had come to town there was no bearing her. Young Hastings was never out of the house—she hoped it would end well—but everybody knew a light dragoon could have little respect for the daughter of a quarter-master; and Mrs. O'Finn ended her observations by hinting that if Roger went seldomer to his club, and Biddy more frequently to mass, why probably in the end it would be better for both of them.

I re-entered the well-remembered street of Ballinamore late in the evening, after an absence of three years. My aunt was on a visit, and she had taken that as a convenient season for having her domicile newly painted. I halted at the inn, and after dinner strolled over the way to visit my quondam acquaintances, the Mac Gawlys.

If I had intended a surprise, my design would have been a failure. The quarter-master's establishment were on the *qui vive*. The fact was, that since the removal of the dragoons, Ballina-

more had been dull as ditch-water ; the arrival of a stranger in a post-chaise of course had created a sensation in the place, and, before the driver had unharnessed, the return of Lieutenant O'Shaughnessy was regularly gazetted, and the Mac Gawlys, in anticipation of a visit, were ready to receive me.

I knocked at the door, and a servant with a beefsteak collar opened it. Had Roger mounted a livery ? Ay—faith—there it was ; and I began to recollect that my aunt O'Finn had omened badly from the first moment a squadron of the 13th lights had entered Ballinamore.

I found Roger in the hall. He shook my hand, swore it was an agreeable surprise, ushered me into the dining-room, and called for hot water and tumblers. We sat down. Deeply did he interest himself in all that had befallen me—deeply regret the absence of my honoured aunt—but I must not stay at the inn, I should be his guest ; and, to my astonishment, it was announced that the gentleman in the red collar had been already despatched to transport my luggage to the house. Excuses were idle. Roger's domicile was to be head-quarters ; and when I remembered my old flame, Biddy, I concluded that I might for the short time I had to stay be

in a less agreeable establishment than the honest quarter-master's.

I was mortified to hear that Biddy had been indisposed. It was a bad cold, she had not been out for a month ; but she would muffle herself, and meet me in the drawing-room. This, too, was unluckily a night of great importance in the club. The new curate was to be balloted for ; Roger had proposed him ; and, *ergo*, Roger, as a true man, was bound to be present at the ceremony. The thing was readily arranged. We finished a second tumbler, the quarter-master betook himself to the King's Arms, and the lieutenant, meaning myself, to the drawing-room of my old innamorata.


There was a visible change in Roger's domicile. The house was newly papered ; and, leaving the livery aside, there was a great increase of gentility throughout the whole establishment. Instead of bounding to the presence by three stairs at a time, as I used to do in lang syne, I was ceremoniously paraded to the lady's chamber by him of the beefsteak collar ; and there, reclining languidly on a sofa, and wrapped in a voluminous shawl, Biddy Mac Gawly held out her hand to welcome her old confederate.

" My darling Biddy !" — " My dear Terence ! "

and the usual preliminaries were got over. I looked at my old flame—she was greatly changed, and three years had wrought a marvellous alteration. I left her a sprightly girl—she was now a woman—and decidedly a very pretty one ; although the rosiness of seventeen was gone, and a delicacy that almost indicated bad health had succeeded ; “ but,” thought I, “ it’s all owing to the cold.”

There was a guarded propriety in Biddy’s bearing, that appeared almost unnatural. The warm advances of old friendship were repressed ; and one who had mounted a flower-pot to kiss me across a hedge, recoiled from any exhibition of our former tenderness. Well, it was all as it should be. Then I was a boy, and now a man. Young women cannot be too particular, and Biddy Mac Gawly rose higher in my estimation.

Biddy was stouter than she promised to be, when we parted, but the eye was as dark and lustrous, and the ankle as taper as when it last had demolished a geranium. Gradually her reserve abated ; old feelings removed a constrained formality—we laughed and talked—ay—and kissed as we had done formerly ; and when the old quarter-master’s latch-key was heard unclosing the street-door, I found myself



admitting in confidence and a whisper, that "I would marry if I could." What reply Biddy would have returned, I cannot tell, for Roger summoned me to the parlour; and as her cold prevented her from venturing down, she bade me an affectionate good-night. Of course she kissed me at parting—and it was done as ardently and innocently as if the hawthorn hedge divided us.

Roger had left his companions earlier than he usually did, in order to honour me, his guest. The new butler paraded oysters, and down we sat *tête-à-tête*. When supper was removed, and each had fabricated a red-hot tumbler from the tea-kettle, the quarter-master stretched his long legs across the hearth-rug, and with great apparent solicitude inquired into all that had befallen me since I had assumed the shoulder-knot and taken to the trade of war.

"Humph!"—he observed—"two steps in three years; not bad, considering there was neither money nor interest. D—it! I often wish that Biddy was a boy. Never was such a time to purchase on. More regiments to be raised, and promotion will be at a discount. Sir Hugh Haughton married a stockbroker's widow with half a plum, and paid in the two thousand I


had lent him. Zounds ! if Biddy were a boy, and that money well applied, I would have her a regiment in a twelvemonth."

"Phew !" I thought to myself. "I see what the old fellow is driving at."

"There never would be such another opportunity," Roger continued. "An increased force will produce an increased difficulty in effecting it. Men will be worth their own weight in money ; and d— me, a fellow who could raise a few, might have anything he asked for."

I remarked that, with some influence and a good round sum, recruits might still be found.

"Ay, easy enough, and not much money either, if one knew how to go about the thing. Get two or three smart chaps ; let them watch fairs and patterns, mind their hits when the bumpkins got drunk, and find out when fellows were hiding from a warrant. D— me, I would raise a hundred, while you would say Jack Robison. Pay a friendly magistrate ; attest the scoundrels before they were sober enough to cry off, bundle them to the regiment next morning ; and if a rascal ran away after the commanding officer passed a receipt for him, why all the better, for you could relist him when he came home again."



I listened attentively, though in all this the cloven foot appeared. 'The whole was the plan of a crimp ; and, if Roger was not belied, trafficking in "food for powder" had realised more of his wealth than slop-shoes and short measure.

During the development of his project for promotion, the quarter-master and I had found it necessary to replenish frequently, and with the third tumbler Roger came nearer to business.


"Often thought it a pity, and often said so in the club, that a fine smashing fellow like you, Terence, had not the stuff to push you on. What the devil signifies family, and blood, and all that balderdash ? There's your aunt, worthy woman ; but sky-high about a dead captain. D— me, all folly. Were I a young man, I'd get hold of some girl with the wherewithal, and I would double-distance half the highfliers for a colonelcy."

This was pretty significant—Roger had come to the scratch, and there was no mistaking him. We separated for the night. I dreamed, and in fancy was blessed with a wife, and honoured with a command. Nothing could be more entrancing than my visions ; and when the quarter-master's *maître-d'hôtel* roused me in the morning, I was engaged in a friendly argument with my beloved Biddy, as to which of his grandfathers our heir

should be called after, and whether the lovely babe should be christened Roderick or Roger.

Biddy was not at breakfast ; the confounded cold still confined her to her apartment ; but she hoped to meet me at dinner, and I must endure her absence until then as I best could. Having engaged to return at five, I walked out to visit my former acquaintances. From all of them I received a warm welcome, and all exhibited some surprise at hearing that I was domesticated with the quarter-master. I comprehended the cause immediately. My aunt and Roger had probably a fresh quarrel ; but his delicacy had prevented him from communicating it. This certainly increased my respect for the worthy man, and made me estimate his hospitality the more highly. Still there was an evident reserve touching the Mac Gawlys ; and once or twice, when dragoons were mentioned, I fancied I could detect a significant look pass between the persons with whom I was conversing.

It was late when I had finished my calls ; Roger had requested me to be regular to time, and five was fast approaching. I turned my steps towards his dwelling-place, when, at a corner of a street, I suddenly encountered an old school-fellow on horseback, and great was our mutual



delight at meeting so unexpectedly. We were both hurried, however, and consequently our greeting was a short one. After a few general questions and replies, we were on the point of separating, when my friend pulled up.

"But where are you hanging out?" said Frederick Maunsell. "I know your aunt is absent."

"I am at old Mac Gawly's."

"The devil you are! Of course you heard all about Biddy and young Hastings?"

"Not a syllable. Tell it to me."

"I have not time—it's a long story; but come to breakfast, and I'll give you all the particulars in the morning. Adieu!" He struck the spurs to his horse, and cantered off, singing—

"Oh! she loved a bold dragoon,
With his long sword, saddle, bridle."

I was thunderstruck. "Confound the dragoon!" thought I, "and his long sword, saddle, and bridle, into the bargain. Gad! I wish Maunsell had told me what it was. Well—what, suppose I ask Biddy herself?" I had half resolved that evening to have asked her a very different ques-

tion ; but, 'faith ! I determined now to make some inquiries touching Cornet Hastings of the 13th, before Miss Biddy Mac Gawly should be invited to become Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

My host announced that dinner was quite ready, and I found Biddy in the eating-room. She was prettily dressed, as an invalid should be ; and, notwithstanding her cold, looked remarkably handsome. I should to a certainty have been over head and ears in love, had not Maunsell's inuendo respecting the young dragoon operated as a damper.

Dinner proceeded as dinners always do, and Roger was bent on hospitality. I fancied that Biddy regarded me with some interest, while momentarily I felt an increasing tenderness that would have ended, I suppose, in a direct declaration, but for the monitory hint which I had received from my old schoolfellow. I was dying to know what Maunsell's allusion pointed at, and I casually threw out a feeler.

"And you are so dull, you say ? Yes, Biddy, you must miss the dragoons sadly. By the way, there was a friend of mine here. Did you know Tom Hastings ?"

I never saw an elderly gentleman and his daughter more confused. Biddy blushed like a

peony, and Roger seemed desperately bothered. At last the quarter-master responded.

“Fact is—as a military man, showed the cavalry some attention—constantly at the house—anxious to be civil—helped them to make out forage—but d—d wild—obliged to cut, and keep them at a distance.”

“Ay, Maunsell hinted something of that.”

I thought Biddy would have fainted, and Roger grew red as the footman’s collar.

“Pshaw! d—d gossiping chap that Maunsell. Young Hastings—infernal hemp—used to ride with Biddy. Persuaded her to get on a horse of his—ran away—threw her—confined at this inn for a week—never admitted him to my house afterwards.”

Oh! here was the whole mystery unravelled! No wonder Roger was indignant, and that Biddy would redden at the recollection. It was devilish unhandsome of Mr. Hastings; and I expressed my opinion in a way that evidently pleased my host and his heiress, and showed how much I disapproved of the conduct of that *roué* the dragoon.

My fair friend rose to leave us. Her shawl caught in the chair, and I was struck with the striking change a few years had effected in my

old playfellow. She was grown absolutely stout. I involuntarily noticed it.

“Lord ! Biddy, how fat you are grown !”

A deeper blush than even when I named that luckless dragoon flushed to her very brows at the observation, while the quarter-master rather testily exclaimed,

“Ay, she puts on her clothes as if they were tossed on with a pitchfork, since she got this cold. D— it ! Biddy, I say, tighten yourself, woman ! Tighten yourself, or I won’t be plased !”

Well, here was a load of anxiety removed, and Maunsell’s mischievous inuendo satisfactorily explained away. Biddy was right in resenting the carelessness that exposed her to ridicule and danger ; and it was a proper feeling in the old quarter-master to cut the man who would mount his heiress on a break-neck horse. Gradually we resumed the conversation of last night—there was the regiment, if I chose to have it—and when Roger departed for the club, I made up my mind, while ascending the stairs, to make a splice with Biddy, and become Colonel O’Shaughnessy.

Thus determined, I need not particularise what passed upon the sofa. My wooing was

sharp, short, and decisive; and no affected delicacy restrained Biddy from confessing that the flame was mutual. My fears had been moonshine; my suspicions groundless. Biddy had not valued the dragoon a brass button; and—poor soul!—she hid her head upon my shoulder, and, in a soft whisper, acknowledged that she never had cared a *traneene** for anybody in the wide world but myself!

It was a moment of exquisite delight. I told her of my prospects, and mentioned the quartermaster's conversation. Biddy listened with deep attention. She blushed—strove to speak—stopped—was embarrassed. I pressed her to be courageous; and at last she deposited her head upon my breast, and bashfully hinted that Roger was old—avarice was the vice of age—he was fond of money—he was hoarding it certainly for her: but still, it would be better that my promotion should be secured. Roger had now the cash in his own possession. If we were married without delay, it would be transferred at once; whereas something that might appear to him advantageous might offer, and induce her father to invest it. But she was really shocked at herself—such a proposition

* *Anglicè*, a jackstraw.

would appear so indelicate ; but still, a husband's interests were too dear to be sacrificed to maiden timidity.

I never estimated Biddy's worth till now. She united the foresight of a sage with the devotion of a woman. I would have been insensible indeed, had I not testified my regard and admiration ; and Biddy was still resting on my shoulder, when the quarter-master's latch-key announced his return from the club.


After supper, I apprised Roger of my passion for his daughter, and modestly admitted that I had found favour in her sight. He heard my communication, and frankly confessed that I was a son-in-law he most approved of. Emboldened by the favourable reception of my suit, I ventured to hint at an early day, and pleaded "a short leave between returns," for precipitancy. The quarter-master met me like a man.

"When people wished to marry, why, delay was balderdash. Matters could be quickly and quietly managed. His money was ready—no bonds or post-obits—a clean thousand in hand, and another the moment an opening to purchase a step should occur. No use in mincing matters among friends. Mrs. O'Finn was an excellent woman: she was a true friend and a good

Catholic; but d— it, she had old-world notions about family, and in pride the devil was a fool to her. If she came home before the ceremony, there would be an endless fuss;” and Roger concluded by suggesting that we should be married the next evening, and give my honoured aunt an agreeable surprise.

That was precisely what I wanted; and a happier man never pressed a pillow than I, after my interesting colloquy with the quartermaster.

The last morning of my celibacy dawned. I met Roger only at the breakfast table; for my beloved Biddy, between cold and virgin trepidation, was *hors de combat*, and signified in a tender billet her intention to keep her chamber, until the happy hour arrived that should unite us in the silken bonds of Hymen. The quartermaster undertook to conduct the nuptial preparations: a friend of his would perform the ceremony, and the quieter the thing was done the better. After breakfast he set out to complete all matrimonial arrangements, and I strolled into the garden to ruminate on my approaching happiness, and bless Heaven for the treasure I was destined to possess in Biddy Mac Gawly.



No place could have been more appropriately selected for tender meditation. *There* was the conscious hedge, that had witnessed the first kiss of love ; ay, and, for aught I knew to the contrary, the identical flower-pot on which her sylphic form had rested ;—sylphic it was no longer, for the slender girl had ripened into a stout and comely gentlewoman ; and she would be mine—mine that very evening.

“Ah ! Terence,” I said in an under-tone, “few men at twenty-one have drawn such a prize. A thousand pounds ! ready cash—a regiment in perspective—a wife in hand ; and such a wife—young, artless, tender, and attached. By everything matrimonial, you have the luck of thousands !”

My soliloquy was interrupted by a noise on the other side of the fence. I looked over. It was my aunt’s maid ; and great was our mutual astonishment. Judy blessed herself as she ejaculated—

“Holy Virgin ! Master Terence, is that you ?”

I satisfied her of my identity, and learned to my unspeakable surprise that my aunt had returned unexpectedly, and that she had not the remotest suspicion that her affectionate nephew, myself, was cantoned within pistol-shot. With-

out consideration I hopped over the hedge, and next minute was in the presence of my honoured protectress, the relict of the departed captain.

“Blessed angels!” exclaimed Mrs. O’Finn, as she took me to her arms, and favoured me with a kiss, in which there was more blackguard* than ambrosia. “Arrah! Terence, jewel! what the devil drove ye here? Lord pardon me for mentioning him!”

“My duty, dear aunt. I am but a week landed from Jersey, and could not rest till I got leave from the colonel to run down between returns, and pay you a hurried visit. Lord! how well you look!”

“Ah; then, Terence, jewel, it’s hard for me to look well, considering the way I have been fretted by the tenants, and afflicted with the lumbago. Denis Clark—may the widow’s curse follow him wherever he goes!—bundled off to America with a neighbour’s wife, and a year and a half’s rent along with her, the thief! And then, since Holland tide, I have not had a day’s health.”

“Well, from your looks I should never have supposed it. But you were visiting at Meldrum Castle?”

* Coarse Irish snuff.

“Yes, faith, and a dear visit it was. Nothing but half-crown whist, and unlimited brag. Lost seventeen points last Saturday night. It was Sunday morning, Lord pardon us for playing! But what was that to my luck yesterday evening! Bragged twice for large pools, with red nines and black knaves; and Mrs. Cooney, both times, showed natural aces! If ever woman sold herself, she has. The Lord stand between us and evil! Well, Terence, you’ll be expecting your quarter’s allowance. We’ll make it out some-how—Heigho! Between bad cards and run-away tenants, I can’t attend to my soul as I ought, and Holy Week coming!”

I expressed due sympathy for her losses, and regretted that her health, bodily and spiritual, was so indifferent.

“I have no good news for you, Terence,” continued Mrs. O’Finn. “Your brother Arthur is following your poor father’s example, and ruining himself with hounds and horses. He’s a weak and wilful man, and nothing can save him, I fear. Though he never treated me with proper respect, I strove to patch up a match between him and Miss Mac Teggart. Five thousand down upon the nail, and three hundred a year, failing her mother. I asked her here on

a visit, and, though he had ridden past without calling on me, wrote him my plan, and invited him to meet her. What do you think, Terence, was his reply? Why, that Miss Mac Teggart might go to Bath, for he would have no call to my swivel-eyed customers. There was a return for my kindness! as if a woman with five thousand *down*, and three hundred a year in expectation, was required to look straight. Ah! Terence, I wish you had been here. She went to Dublin, and was picked up in a fortnight."


Egad! here was an excellent opportunity to broach my own success. There could be no harm in making the commander's widow a *confidante*; and, after all, she had a claim upon me as my early protectress.

"My dear aunt, I cannot be surprised at your indignation. Arthur was a fool, and lost an opportunity that never may occur again. In fact, my dear madam, I intended to have given you an agreeable surprise. I—I—I am on—the very brink of matrimony!"

"Holy Bridget!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Finn, as she crossed herself devoutly.

"Yes, ma'am. I am engaged to a lady with two thousand pounds."

"Is it *ready*, Terence?" said my aunt.



"Down on the table before the priest puts on his vestment."

"Arrah—my blessing attend ye, Terence. I knew you would come to good. Is she young?"

"Just twenty."

"Is she good-looking?"

"More than that; extremely pretty, innocent, and artless."

"Arrah—give me another kiss, for I'm proud of ye;" and Captain O'Finn's representative clasped me in her arms.

"But the family, Terence; remember the old stock. Is she one of us?"

"She is highly respectable. An only daughter, with excellent expectations."

"What is her father, Terence?"

"A soldier, ma'am."

"Lord!—quite enough. He's by profession a gentleman; and we can't expect to find every day descendants from the kings of Connaught, like the O'Shaughnessys and the O'Finns. But when is it to take place, Terence?"

"Why, faith, ma'am, it was a bit of a secret; but I can keep nothing from you."

"And why should ye? Haven't I been to you more than a mother, Terence?"

"I am to be married this evening."

"This evening! Holy Saint Patrick! and you're sure of the money? It's not a rent-charge—nothing of bills or bonds?"

"Nothing but bank-notes; nothing but the *aragudh-sheese*."*

"Oh! my blessing be upon ye night and day. Arrah, Terence, what's her name?"

"You'll not mention it. We want the thing done quietly."

"Augh, Terence; and do you think I would let anything ye told me slip? By this cross,"—and Mrs. O'Finn bisected the fore-finger of her left hand with the corresponding digit of the right one,—“the face of clay shall never be the wiser of anything ye mention!”

After this desperate adjuration there was no refusing my aunt's request.

"You know her well," and I looked extremely cunning.

"Do I, Terence? Let me see—I have it. It's Ellen Robinson. No—though her money's safe, there's but five hundred ready."

"Guess again, aunt."

"Is it Bessie Lloyd? No—though the old miller is rich as a Jew, he would not part a

* *Anglicè*, cash down.

guinea to save the whole human race, or make his daughter a duchess."

"Far from the mark as ever, aunt."

"Well," returned Mrs. O'Finn with a sigh, "I'm fairly puzzled."

"Whisper!" and I playfully took her hand, and put my lips close to her cheek. "It's—"

"Who?—who, for the sake of Heaven?"

"Biddy Mac Gawly!"

"Oh, Jasus!" ejaculated the captain's relict, as she sank upon a chair. "I'm murdered! Give me my salts, there. Terence O'Shaughnessy, don't touch me. I put the cross between us," and she made a crucial flourish with her hand. "You have finished me, ye villain. Holy Virgin! what sins have I committed, that I should be disgraced in my old age? Meat never crossed my lips of a Friday; I was regular at mass, and never missed confession; and, when the company were honest, played as fair as everybody else. I wish I was at peace with poor dear Pat O'Finn. Oh! murder! murder!"

I stared in amazement. If Roger Mac Gawly had been a highwayman, his daughter could not have been an object of greater horror to Mrs. O'Finn. At last I mustered words to attempt

to reason with her, but to my desultory appeals she returned abuse fit only for a pickpocket to receive.

“Hear me, madam.”

“Oh, you common *ommadawn* !”*

“For Heaven’s sake, listen !”

“Oh ! that the O’Finns and the O’Shaughnessys should be disgraced by a mean-spirited *gommouge†* of your kind !”

“You won’t hear me.”

“Biddy Mac Gawly !” she exclaimed.

“Why, bad as my poor brother, your father, was—and though he too married a devil that helped to ruin him, she was at all events a lady in her own right, and cousin-german to Lord Lowestoffe. But—you—you unfortunate disciple.”

I began to wax warm, for my aunt complimented me with all the abuse she could muster, and there never was a cessation but when her breath failed.

“Why, what have I done ? What am I about doing ?” I demanded.

“Just going,” returned Mrs. O’Finn, “to make a Judy Fitzsimmons mother of yourself !”

“And is it,” said I, “because Miss Mac

* A fool.

† A simpleton.



Gawly can't count her pedigree from Fin Macoull that she should not discharge the duties of a wife?"

My aunt broke in upon me.

"There's one thing certain, that she'll discharge the duties of a mother. Heavens! if you had married a girl with only a *blast*,* your connexions might brazen it out. But a woman in such a bare-faced condition!—as if her staying in the house these three months could blind the neighbours, and close their mouths."

"Well in the devil's name, will you say what objection exists to Biddy Mac Gawly making me a husband to-night?"

"And a papa in three months afterwards!" rejoined my loving aunt.

If a shell had burst in the bivouac, I could not have been more electrified. Dark suspicions flashed across my mind—a host of circumstances confirmed my doubts; and I implored the widow of the defunct dragoon to tell me all she knew.

It was a simple, although, as far as I was concerned, not a flattering narrative. Biddy had commenced an equestrian novitiate under the tutelage of Lieutenant Hastings. Her progress in the art of horsemanship was, no doubt, very

* *Anglicè*, a flaw of the reputation.


satisfactory, and the pupil and the professor frequently rode out *tête-à-tête*. Biddy, poor soul! was fearful of exhibiting any *maladresse*, and, of course, roads less frequented than the king's highway were generally chosen for her riding lessons. Gradually these excursions became more extensive; twilight, and in summer too, often fell, before the quarter-master's heiress had returned; and on one unfortunate occasion she was absent for a week. This caused a desperate commotion in the town; the dowagers and old maids sat in judgment on the case, and declared Biddy no longer visitable. In vain her absence was ascribed to accident—a horse had run away—she was thrown—her ankle sprained—and she was detained unavoidably at a country inn until the injury was abated.

In this state of things the dragoons were ordered off; and it was whispered that there had been a desperate blow-up between the young lady's preceptor the lieutenant, and her papa the quarter-master. Once only had Biddy ventured out upon the mall; but she was cut dead by her quondam acquaintances. From that day she seldom appeared abroad; and when she did, it was always in the evening, and even then closely muffled up. No wonder scandal was rife touching

the causes of her seclusion. A few charitably ascribed it to bad health—others to disappointment—but the greater proportion of the fair sex attributed her confinement to the true cause, and whispered that Miss Mac Gawly was “as ladies wished to be who love their lords.”

Here was a solution to the mystery! It was now pretty easy to comprehend why Biddy was swathed like a mummy, and Roger so ready with his cash. No wonder the *demoiselle* was anxious to abridge delay, and the old crimp so obliging in procuring a priest and preparing all requisite matters for immediate hymeneals. What was to be done? What, but denounce the frail fair one, and annihilate that villain her father. Without a word of explanation I caught up my hat, and left the house in a hurry, and Mrs. O’Finn, in a state of nervousness that threatened to become hysterical.

When I reached the quarter-master’s habitation, I hastened to my own apartment, and got my traps together in double quick. I intended to have abdicated quietly, and favoured the intended Mrs. O’Shaughnessy with an epistle communicating the reasons that induced me to decline the honour of her hand; but on the landing my worthy father-in-law cut off my retreat, and a *tête-à-tête* became unavoidable. He appeared in



great spirits at the success of his interview with the parson.

“Well, Terence, I have done the business. The old chap made a parcel of objections ; but he’s poor as Lazarus—silly slipped him ten pounds, and that quieted his scruples. He’s ready at a moment’s warning.”

“He’s a useful person,” I replied, drily ; “and all you want is a son-in-law.”

“A what ?” exclaimed the father of Miss Biddy..

“A son-in-law.”

“Why, what the devil do you mean ?”

“Not a jot more or less than what I say. You have procured the priest, but I suspect the bridegroom will not be forthcoming.”

“Zounds sir ! do you mean to treat my daughter with disrespect ?”

“Upon consideration, it would be hardly fair to deprive my old friend Hastings of his pupil. Why, with another week’s private tuition Biddy might offer her services to Astley.”

“Sir,—if you mean to be impertinent,—” and Roger began to bluster, while the noise brought the footman to the hall, and Miss Biddy to the banisters “shawled to the nose.” I began to lose temper.

"Why, you infernal old crimp!"

"You audacious young scoundrel!"

"Oh, Jasus! gentlemen! Pace, for the sake of the blessed Mother!" cried the butler from below.

"Father, jewel! Terence, my only love!" screamed Miss Bidly over the staircase. "What is the matter?"

"He wants to be off!" roared the quarter-master.

"Stop, Terence, or you'll have my life to answer for."

"Lord, Bidly, how fat you are grown!"

"You shall fulfil your promise," cried Roger, "or I'll write to the Horse Guards, and memorial the commander-in-chief."

"You may memorial your best friend, the devil, you old crimp!" and I forced my way to the hall.

"Come back, you deceiver!" exclaimed Miss Mac Gawly.

"Arrah, Bidly, go tighten yourself," said I.

"Oh, I'm fainting!" screamed Roger's heiress.

"Don't let him out!" roared her sire.

The gentleman with the beefsteak collar made a demonstration to interrupt my retreat, and in return received a box on the ear that sent him half-way down the kitchen stairs.

“There,” I said, “give that to the old rogue, your master, with my best compliments,”—and bounding from the hall-door, Biddy Mac Gawly, like Lord Ullin’s daughter, “was left lamenting!”

Well, there is no describing the *rookawn** a blow-up like this occasioned in a country town. I was unmercifully quizzed; but the quartermaster and his heiress found it advisable to abdicate. Roger removed his household gods to the metropolis; Miss Biddy favoured him in due time with a grandson; and when I returned from South America, I learned that “this lost love of mine” had accompanied a Welsh lieutenant to the hymeneal altar, who, not being “over particular” about trifles, had obtained on the same morning a wife, an heir, and an estate—with Roger’s blessing into the bargain.

* *Anglicè*, confusion.

ROBERT EMMETT AND ARTHUR AYLMER ;


OR, DUBLIN IN 1803.

THROUGHOUT the morning of the 23rd of June, 1803, strange and confused rumours were prevalent in the Irish capital—vague whisperings were interchanged that treason was abroad ; all shook their heads suspiciously, but none ventured to point out the quiver from which the arrow should be discharged, or name a probable period for the expected explosion.

It would be idle to suppose that coming events, known to all besides, were concealed from the executive, and that for several preceding days their *employés* had not assured the government that an *émeute* might be momentarily expected. The information, however, did not come directly through the Vidocq of the day ; and it is more probable it did not suit Major Sirr's purpose to disclose his knowledge of the conspiracy until it had become more extended and matured.

A wilder scheme was never devised by a mad enthusiast ; and how Emmett could have carried on his preparations undiscovered as he did, and to the very evening of the insurrection, is astonishing. His arsenal—a deserted malt-house—was situated in the heart of a district densely populated ; many persons were employed in fabricating weapons, filling cartridges, and forming hand-grenades ; numbers were seen entering and departing from a building which for years had been unoccupied ; and yet this unaccountable circumstance appears neither to have excited suspicion nor provoked inquiry, nor did an accidental explosion of gunpowder create more alarm than the disappearance of a drunken tailor, who had been kidnapped and confined in the dépôt to make a general's uniform for the chief conspirator.

Robert Emmett was a gentleman by birth, well educated, and possessed talents of the highest order ; his personal appearance was very favourable, his manner polished, and his disposition kind and generous. But on one subject he was decidedly monomaniac, and that was, in his enthusiastic attachment to what he fancied was civil liberty. In 1798 he was obliged to quit the country ; no change, however, “ came



o'er the spirit of his dream," and he returned to Ireland early in 1803, not shaken, but madly confirmed in the wildest theories of ultra-republicanism. The impracticable project for overturning the government was too desperate for a reasoning man to contemplate, and it could therefore be nothing but the phantasy of "a mind diseased." He repudiated foreign aid, and at home he had none to countenance his mad attempt but a few of the lowest of the citizens. On a score or two muskets, some hundred pikes, and any of the rabble who would be persuaded to receive them, his wild expectations rested ; and never was a political superstructure raised on sandier foundation than in reliance on an Irish mob.

Emmett for some time had been under the *surveillance* of the metropolitan police, and consequently had lived in close concealment. His days were passed in the malt-house, superintending his military preparations, and in the evening he retired to the house of a deluded tradesman, which, from its immediate vicinity to his depôt, was to one circumstanced as he was particularly convenient.

That a discovery of his plot against the government might hourly be expected, Emmett

had good reason to conclude ; and the only desperate alternative left to the mad adventurer was, to draw the sword at once, and precipitate the outbreak.

I said that Emmett's associates were confined to the lowest classes of society ; but there was a solitary exception. A young gentleman, of ruined fortunes, had desperately entered into the conspiracy ; and while Emmett saw nothing but what was brilliant in the distance. Arthur Aylmer felt assured that success was altogether hopeless.

Aylmer was a man of ancient family. His father, after dissipating a goodly inheritance in horse-racing and electioneering, left his only son an orphan ; and an unmarried uncle, a gentleman of large property, adopted him, and announced him to be his heir. With Emmett, Aylmer had been a student in the Dublin university ; and, while his friend cultivated a fine taste and inculcated his dangerous doctrines, Aylmer wasted neither time nor thought on political theories, but led a gay and careless life in evening revelries and morning amusements. Fine as the college youth were then, none in the manlier exercises could compete with Arthur Aylmer. He was the best hurler of his day, threw the sledge

farther than any of his compeers, and, in a running leap, was held to be unrivalled. By a singular coincidence, Aylmer and Emmett on the same morning had obtained an unfortunate notoriety ; the former was expelled for fighting a duel, the latter upon charges of sedition.

Pardonable as the first offence was, at a period when duelling was so much the order of the day that even the judges of the land would send and accept a challenge, Aylmer's expulsion was never forgiven by his uncle, and time, instead of healing, appeared to enlarge the breach. At last the old man, by an insane marriage with a girl who might have been taken rather for a granddaughter than a wife, annihilated every hope his nephew might have still indulged of succeeding to his uncle's fortune. Debts, contracted when he considered himself about to inherit a fine estate, now pressed heavily on the unfortunate young gentleman. His creditors, as his prospects became more overclouded, became in turn more urgent ; writs were issued, which he could only avoid by personal concealment. Literally without a guinea, a mad attempt or a debtor's prison was the only alternative left him ; and, reckless of a life, which he now regarded as worse than valueless, Aylmer sheltered himself in the depôt,

and agreed to take part in a wild *émeute*, which he knew would consign its leaders to the scaffold.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and on that night an outbreak, once postponed, was to be attempted at every hazard. All the *matériel* within the arsenal of the conspirators was now being placed in readiness; and the mad enthusiast who had devised the conspiracy, and the reckless man who had joined it, were personally superintending the preparations for the intended insurrection. Against the walls of a large and desolate-looking loft, hundreds of pikes were resting—fire-arms, grenades, and cartridges were spread loosely over the floor; several beams, hollowed and filled with powder, and planks thickly studded with spike-nails to impede cavalry, were placed against an open window to launch into the street. All was bustle, and some twenty men were employed in active preparation for one of the wildest attempts which history records.

Screened by some packing-cloths, a corner of the wretched building was considered private, and appropriated to "the general," as poor Emmett called himself. A deal table, two crazy chairs, and a desk comprised the furniture, and

there, after a hurried meal, the two conspirators were seated : all was in perfect keeping with the place. Two vulgar wine-glasses and an undecanted bottle of port-wine were placed upon the table.

“You seem dispirited, Arthur ; come, rouse thee, man !—the wine is not amiss, although our table appointments are of the plainest order. Well ; ’tis the last night we shall be constrained to play at hide-and-seek ; and, before this time to-morrow evening the metropolis will be—”

“Marvelling that men could be out of Bedlam, who were half so mad as we,” exclaimed Aylmer, as he broke in upon the unfinished sentence.

Emmett coloured to the brows. “If you think the attempt so unpromising, why persevere ? You are still a free agent, and need not commit yourself—you have ample time to recede. Your secret rests in a breast that never will betray it ; and, excepting myself, none even know your name.”

“My dear Emmett, I have never concealed from you the fact, that circumstances, and not fancy, have made me your partizan,” returned Aylmer ; “there are secret springs which influence human actions, and mine obey their guidance : attend to me a moment. You know the

cruel disappointment which cherished assurances of wealth, and all that is attendant on it, inflicts on him who was taught from infancy to look to a noble inheritance as his, and at manhood finds his dream suddenly dispelled, and himself thrown on the world, worse even than a pauper. Would you believe me when I tell you, that, even after the dotard's marriage, some whisperings of hope sustained me; but this day the final blow has been delivered, and there is nothing in this world now, as far as I am concerned, to occasion either hope or fear."


He took a newspaper from his pocket, pointed out a paragraph as he handed it across the table to his companion, and then continued.

"Read, my friend, and then say whether my ruin is not fully consummated."

Emmett took the paper, and, in an under tone, rapidly repeated the paragraph :—

"Yesterday, at Aylmer Castle, the lady of Reginald Aylmer was safely delivered of a son and heir. The universal joy which this happy event occasioned was evidenced by a general demonstration of delight; when darkness came, on every height bonfires were blazing."

"Nay, stop, my dear Emmett; these agreeable details are not particularly gratifying to me.



Whatever doubts I entertained before of joining in the intended outbreak are now removed, and for a thousand pounds, by heaven, I would not now hold back !”

“ I do not exactly see how far this occurrence can have removed your previous scruples,” was the remark.

“ A very few words will explain it,” replied Aylmer. “ You are, my dear Emmett, a political enthusiast—forgive me, I mean you no offence—and so also is my uncle, although you differ in opinion widely as the poles are apart. Seek Ireland over, you will not find a more bigoted Orangeman than he ; he might feel some regret at seeing a mad dog hanged, but he would be particularly gratified in assisting to string up a rebel. He prides himself on the loyalty of his name, and, as I am well convinced, would much rather that any of his lineage were accused of highway-robbery than sedition. Were I thrown into a jail he would treat the matter with indifference, and probably dole out through the keeper enough to prevent the prodigal from starving. A ruined nephew has caused him no regret—a rebel nephew will wring his withers to the quick ! Yes, old dotard ! I’ll mar your festivities when you least expect it ; and while you


pride yourself on a youthful heir, the paper that records his birth will recall to memory your traitor kinsman. What hour is this affair to commence?"

"At twilight," was the reply.

"Then shall I be with you punctually; one visit must be paid, and then the sooner the world and I shake hands and part, the better."

Aylmer rose from the table—was cautiously led out of the building into the narrow lane, the door was jealously secured, and, proceeding by the most private and unfrequented streets, he left the wretched locality for one of the chosen resorts of fashion.

Arthur Aylmer we have described as combining what are generally found to be physically opposite, uncommon strength and great activity. When nature is liberal in some gifts, she often plays the niggard regarding others; but in Aylmer's case the fickle dame had made a generous exception. No ponderous outlines marred the symmetry of his figure while they marked its strength; no meagre and sinewy frame-work promised a remarkable agility. His appearance was, at the same time, graceful and commanding; while in a face, whose expression was exceedingly prepossessing, not a feature could have been objected to.



As a student, Arthur Aylmer was an idler ; but who could have waded through the stupid reading which a university course then imposed but some dull mortal, to whose heavy intellect Pope and Shakspeare were incomprehensible ? But Aylmer was a man of better taste ; and while De Lolme and Burlemaqui were thrown aside, the old dramatists and all the lighter literature of the day were more pleasantly and profitably substituted.

Never had a brilliant career closed more sadly and unexpectedly ; one short year before, men envied and women worshipped Reginald Aylmer's then acknowledged heir. All that could intoxicate youthful vanity had assailed him, and whether he hurled in the park, or danced in the gay assembly, on him admiring looks were centred. To personal advantages, others which influence society were superadded. Aylmer had birth, position, and prospective fortune, and for him many a beauty sighed, and on him many a mother speculated ; but he was love-proof—his heart was already preoccupied. With Irish gallantry, Aylmer returned the flattering incense abundantly offered him by the fair ; and while all praised his agreeability, none asserted that a sentence had ever passed his lips which indicated a warmer feeling than the customary homage

which woman commands and man acknowledges.

Aylmer loved—not wisely, but too well—the beautiful daughter of a high legal functionary, who had fought his way to the judge's ermine. Let the reader not start at the phrase—*ay, fought*; for in those days, strange as it may sound to English ears, the pistol was the surest passport to the bench, and by personal intrepidity, rather than forensic talent, a friendless lawyer had thus made his way to fortune. The times were out of joint, daring was better than desert; and a man, in boyhood destined for the priesthood, at fifty saw a name, originally conferred upon a peasant's son, recorded proudly in the peerage.

No matter what profession he might have selected, in it Lord —— would have risen to eminence; the head was admirably gifted, but nature had sent him into the world without a heart. He possessed determined courage, with a conscience that owned no scruples; and the whole objects of his existence seemed centred in despotic power. To ready and efficient agents—and none others would he employ—he was ever a munificent patron, and place, pension, and distinction were showered upon minions whom he secretly and

heartily despised. But it was the tool, and not the man that he rewarded.

Such was the celebrated Lord ——. There was but one being upon earth he was supposed to love, and that love was secondary to his all-engrossing ambition. The world did not hesitate to assert, that, had pride demanded the sacrifice, like another Jephtha, Lord —— would not have scrupled to find the victim in his daughter.

In every leading point of character, never was child so like a parent as Lady Caroline was like the judge. Sumptuously beautiful, could report be trusted, Ireland did not produce her peer. Under fascinating manners she concealed a masculine and imperious disposition ; and, while she exacted homage, she despised it. Cold to the feelings of all beside, she trifled with those who worshipped at the shrine of beauty until she tired of the incense profusely offered, and then her delight appeared to lie in rudely crushing the hopes her smiles had fostered. But, cold as her worthless heart was, it owned a solitary impression ; and, so far as a being like herself could know what love was, she felt that passion for Arthur Aylmer.

Never was man better fitted to become the dupe of dangerous beauty than Reginald Aylmer's

discarded heir. In him every thought and act were open and impulsive; and when Lady Caroline listened with brilliant smiles to his tale of ardent love, and told him in return that

“All which his lips impassioned swore,”

was faithfully reciprocated, had an angel whispered a doubt against the fair one's constancy, Aylmer would have repudiated the suspicion. From personal observation, as well as the private admissions of his daughter, Lord —— was perfectly aware of the existing *liaison*, and, in the fashionable circles, a speedy union between the parties was spoken of as a settled affair. The very morning which preceded the fatal duel, Aylmer was engaged in writing a letter to his uncle, announcing the engagement and soliciting his approval.

When the old man's angry feelings towards his rash nephew became generally known, an evident coldness in Lord ——'s manner was remarked, and Arthur fancied that a change had come over the bearing even of the lady of his love. But, when it was reported that the irritated uncle talked of disinheritance, increasing formality on the father's part and frequent “not-at-homes” by the daughter, confirmed what before had been

mere suspicion. Too soon the *coup de tonnerre* descended ; and the old man's marriage, by the same blow, annihilated every hope of pardon and extinguished the torch of love.

When brooding over loss of fortune one morning, a letter enveloped officially, and sealed with an earl's coronet, was delivered to the disinherited youth. It was from Lord —, and worded in the coldest language. It mentioned that, as idle reports had crept into circulation touching a non-existent engagement, and that as these must be particularly disagreeable to himself, and annoying to Lady Caroline, it was desirable that such idle gossip should be ended. Of course the means were in a nutshell. It was imperative that there should be a total cessation of visiting at his house ; while in public, Lady Caroline and Mr. Aylmer should meet as strangers. Such, he continued, were his decided opinions, and in these, his daughter entreated him to say that she altogether coincided.

Before the next moon waned, a paragraph ran the rounds of the newspapers stating that a marriage in high life was decided on, and that the union would be immediate. The Earl of — was the successful suitor, the beautiful Lady Caroline the fair *fiancée*.

At last the long-expected announcement, that the happy day was fixed for the 23rd of June, appeared in the courtly column of the morning papers. "The happy day!"—and would the false fair one feel it one,

" Whose morning rose
To promise rapture in its close?"

No ; all her love for Aylmer had returned ; and, in secret bitterness of soul, she cursed the hour when she had consented to barter youth and beauty for titled wealth. And who was he who claimed her hand and fealty? The contrast between him and the rejected one was fearful, Aylmer, gifted by nature to exuberance—the earl—

"A dwarf in person, and in mind a dolt."

A strong presentiment that the bridal day of his faithless mistress should be the last that he would pass in the metropolis, haunted Aylmer's fancy, and some freakish impulse induced him to repair to Merrion Square.

"Yes," he muttered, as he buttoned his coat collar to prevent recognition, "I'll view the spot once more, where I wooed and won the lost one."

The square was crowded when he reached it, for the bridal *déjeuner* had been delayed by

waiting for the Viceroy, who honoured it with his company, and hence, the departure of the happy pair had been made later than was customary. The flagways were crowded with lookers-on; the drive nearly choked with carriages; while conspicuous by the white favors worn by the postilions, the travelling chariot of the noble bridegroom divided popular attention with the vice-regal state-coach and its escort of light dragoons.

"Not yet departed!" muttered Aylmer; "I must not risk a passing glance at her, or by heaven! I think 'twould madden me." And pressing through the crowd, he hurried from the square.

He cleared the throng, turned from the earl's mansion into a street leading into fields long since built upon. A loud hurra announced that the bridal equipage had started; and he walked hastily on in an opposite direction to that which he imagined the false fair one and her lord would take. Fate had still an arrow in reserve; and the last, to feelings already lacerated, was not less deadly than those that had preceded it.

The route he had unfortunately taken, unknown to Aylmer, led directly from the square into the southern road, when, in a few minutes,

a rush at speed of horses was heard, and the carriage he was so anxious to avoid came rapidly on. As it overtook him—strange and evil augury! the near-side leader fell, rolling over and totally disabling the post-boy. Alarm and confusion followed; the carriage blinds were pulled up, the bride was pale as marble, and her lord, to all appearance, still more agitated than his lady. The only person who viewed the accident was the discarded lover; and by the common impulse of humanity, he sprang forward, and endeavoured to extricate the boy from the pressure of the fallen horse. He succeeded; and as he raised his tall figure from its stooping attitude, his eyes met Lady Caroline's. At the recognition, Aylmer's face flushed to the very brows, while the bride, uttering a wild scream, fell back in the carriage and fainted.

"I have seen enough, and lived too long," muttered the discarded lover; "and now to seek the shortest and surest cure for misery like mine—a grave!"

He said, and hurried to the city.

Muffled in his coat, with his hat slouched over his forehead, Aylmer again repassed the house of feasting. He paused, fond wretch! to take a parting look at what he once believed to

be the home of love and constancy. His stop was momentary, for in under-tones, a voice whispered in his ear, "Ah! Mr. Aylmer, is it you?"

The person thus suddenly addressed, started and looked round. A woman was standing at his elbow, one who was once a favourite attendant of her who had ruled his heart.

"You here, Kathleeine?"

"Yes, Mr. Aylmer," was the reply. "The last letter that you gave me, and which I delivered to Lady Caroline, was handed to the earl unopened in my presence, and in less than half an hour afterwards—"

She paused.

"Go on, Kathleeine, what then?"

"Why, I was discarded like yourself."

"And have I injured thee, too, poor girl? I fancied that fate had reserved her malice for myself."

"Think nothing of it, sir. Were aught that could serve you to be done again, trust me, that Kathleeine would not fail you. Have I forgotten the many times I brought my lady's billets, how you would wrap the answer in a bank-note, give me a kiss, and tell me to pay the postage?"

Aylmer smiled bitterly, while his hand impulsively sought his pocket. "By heaven!" he muttered, "not one solitary shilling." And pushing roughly through the crowd, he hurried from the spot.

The 23rd of June, 1803, formed a memorable epoch in the history of the Irish metropolis. Apprized that an explosion might be expected, the authorities took no measures to counteract the popular disturbance. Neither the police force was increased, nor did the military receive any addition; the usual number of constables occupied the watch-houses, and the same weak pickets patrolled the streets. Strange as it may appear, from the suddenness of the *émeute* and the supineness of the executive, the seat of government might have readily fallen into the hands of the conspirators; and little doubt exists, that, had the wild and visionary leader of the insurrection led his tumultuary followers at once to attack the Castle, the attempt would have proved successful. But evanescent as the blaze of stubble, the flame of rebellion sparkled, scintillated, and expired. No daring act of reckless gallantry flung the mantle of Quixotic chivalry over the hopeless attempt, and within half-an-hour from its commencement, the story of the

mad essay was closed. Its duration was marked only by the murder of unoffending individuals, its suppression achieved by a subaltern's picket, and a few loyalists and watchmen.

It was afterwards remembered and remarked, that, from an early hour in the afternoon, the bridges over the canal which connect the adjoining county with the capital, had been crossed by an unusual number of Wicklow peasantry, dressed in the grey frieze coats which distinguished them from other passengers. As evening approached, groups of these men were seen lounging in the lanes and alleys of the Liberty ; and when dusk came, under the direction of two or three individuals, they closed up to the immediate vicinity of the rebel dépôt. Suddenly the doors of the malt-house were flung open, muskets, blunderbusses, and pikes, were indiscriminately handed out, and every man seized whatever weapon accident presented, without any consideration as to whether he could use it effectively or not.

Dressed in the uniform he had selected, green with yellow facings, the wild enthusiast joined the rabble he had armed, and issuing from the lane, they entered the chief thoroughfare through the Liberty, called Thomas Street. Emmett must

have been actually mad, for without any defined plan of action, settled purpose, or ulterior object, he rushed with his banditti on the town. Their proceedings appeared rather to resemble the muck of a Malay, than the operations of a regulated conspiracy. The first victim they encountered was Colonel Brown of the 21st Fusiliers, and without a cause or even a question, they pulled him from the saddle, and piked him to death. Would that their atrocities had ended with a solitary murder. A travelling carriage was met, stopped, and its occupants dragged out. One passenger, a young lady, was permitted to escape without injury or insult ; but the mildest judge who ever tried a criminal was mortally wounded by these savages ; and his nephew, an estimable clergyman, murdered on the spot.

“He, the wretched cause of all, saw too late
The ruin that his rashness wrought,”

and found that to evoke a lawless mob was easy, as to repress their ferocity was impracticable. In vain he appealed to his ruffian followers, in their tumultuary roar of savage exultation, his remonstrances were drowned, his voice unheard. He witnessed the white-haired veteran, the merciful dispenser of the law, the blameless minister of

religion, all ruthlessly done to death. Half fainting at the horror of the scene, he staggered against the shutters of a shop window, when, like the pressure of a smith's vice, an arm grasped his own, and the well-known voice of Aylmer fiercely exclaimed, "Villain! have you banded me with murderers?" Conscience makes cowards of us all, and so do circumstances occasionally. The close of Emmett's wild career, his prison hours, his bearing when on trial, and the last sad scene of all, evinced a Roman fortitude. But now, horror-stricken at barbarities he could not restrain, while the fearful consequences of his mad attempt burst upon him in their terrible reality, these annihilated the self-possession of a man who, with the devotion of a Decius, united a gentleness of disposition that recoiled from the effusion of one drop of blood, and, totally unmanned, the enthusiast muttered in a broken voice, "Ah, Aylmer, that, the unkindest cut of all, was not wanted. I am wretched, desperate, degraded, but still no murderer in intention. Arthur, I am no villain."

Rapid as lightning glances across the sky, the true state of mind of his weak and misguided friend flashed upon his warm-hearted countryman, and a kindly pressure of the hand, and a

voice that had lost its recent bitterness replied, "No, no, forgive me, Emmett. You know that my temper has never known control. And—curses on the ruffians! that old man's butchery would—but see here, too,"—and as he spoke, a girl rushed wildly towards him. At a glance, dress, look, and manner, all proclaimed her to be a gentlewoman. It was the niece of the murdered judge, the sister of the butchered clergyman. As she hurried wildly past, a ruffian more brutal than his fellows, and half intoxicated, caught hold of her light dress. Her scream was answered by an imprecation, when Aylmer sprang forward, struck the fellow to the ground, and while the mob made a forward movement in one direction, the fair captive escaped in the opposite one. Heedless of an attempt made by the prostrate culprit to discharge a pistol at the lady's deliverer, Aylmer wrenched the weapon from his hand, tore away the frieze great coat which was hanging loosely across his arm, and flung it to his friend. "There," he said, in a low voice, "Conceal that gaudy dress, and let us hurry from this scene of butchery."

"How can I leave these wretched people, brutal as they have proved themselves?" returned the unhappy man, who felt that he had been the means of producing this sanguinary *émeute*.

"If you do not leave them, they will soon leave you," was the sarcastic reply. "The first flint snapped by loyalist or soldier in their front, will be the signal for a general dispersion. Rest assured that villains who slaughter unresisting victims, will never stay to look a brave man in the face. Come, let us hurry off."

"And whither? Where can we head to?"

"My purpose leads to Wicklow," returned Aylmer; "and in the mountains you may find temporary shelter, and possibly escape from the kingdom, when the vengeance of the executive shall be gorged."

Emmett, whose self-control seemed altogether fled, mechanically obeyed his bolder comrade, and flung the grey *cota-more* over his showy uniform; but, ere he had made a second step in the direction that Aylmer pointed, a voice was heard in front of the mob to holloa "Stand!" Half a dozen spattering shots instantly followed the summons, and the effect upon the rabble was precisely what had been anticipated by his adviser; for, in headlong flight, stragglers from the main body hurried rapidly to the rear.

As it appeared afterwards, this check to the insurgents was but a momentary one. A police magistrate, hearing loose reports of a popular disturbance, hurried to the scene of riot, and

with ten or twelve assistants only, and these indifferently armed. Finding himself placed unexpectedly in the presence of a formidable band, he boldly became assailant ; and, before the mob had recovered from the surprise a sudden attack produces, the stout functionary and his myrmidons effected an able and a safe retreat. The boldest ruffians, as might be supposed, were now in front ; and, encouraged by the numerical weakness of their opponents, pressed forward themselves, and called upon their panic-stricken comrades to "Come on !" Some obeyed the call, but others were already beyond the range of hearing. For a few minutes more the flame of rebellion might be said to scintillate, but another and more sanguinary collision followed, and the insurrection ended, as it commenced—in blood.

Although more than three years had elapsed since the suppression of the rebellion of '98, the Irish capital presented appearances of a military occupation. Pickets at stated hours patrolled the streets, and detached parties of regular infantry in different quarters had guard-houses, either intended to connect their barracks, or, in the remoter districts of the metropolis, keep *surveillance* over those who were still considered as being disaffected to the government. On the

evening of the 23rd of June, a picket of the Welsh Fusiliers were going their customary rounds, when, attracted by the firing in Thomas-street, the officer in command hurried to the spot, and, on debouching from Mass-lane, encountered the insurgents. A bold ruffian, who appears to have assumed the command, called in a loud voice "Musketeers, to the front !"

"But none did come, though he did call for them,"

while the officer commanding the picket, like a stout soldier, and one who "understood his trade,"* instantly commenced street-firing.†

The rapid and sustained fire of the soldiery was answered by half-a-dozen straggling shots, when the mob broke totally, and *sauve qui peut* became the order of the evening.

As the rabble rushed tumultuously past, flinging their weapons away, and each man adding terror to his companion's speed, which an unexpected volley from a dozen yeomen and loyalists

* A favourite and expressive phrase of Napoleon.

† Street-firing is practised by troops in small numbers, who can only show a narrow front. When the first files fire, they wheel round the flanks of the party, re-loading as they retire. The succeeding files also fire and fall back, and before the leading files have discharged their muskets, the rear-most have reloaded. Hence, the fusilade is never abated.

they encountered at a corner had fearfully augmented, Aylmer whispered to his friend,

“Said I not truly, Emmett?”

No answer was returned; but a bitter groan, that bespoke hopes prostrated and air-built castles levelled to the earth, told what the inly feelings of the miserable and misguided enthusiasts were.


They reached the canal-bridge unchallenged by any of the patrols, and found there six or eight of the better order of small farmers, who had ridden that evening to the scene of action; but, wise in their generation, they had left their horses outside the *cordon* of the pickets, and in charge of two or three peasants. Fortunately for the rebel leader and his companion, a couple of unclaimed nags were herded with the others, their proprietors having been so much confused with firing, fear, and whiskey as to lose themselves among the narrow streets and blind alleys of the Liberty. No time to raise any question touching right of property remained. The *beat-to-arms* was heard, repeated, and re-repeated; the trumpet “turn-out” came sharply on the ear through the calm of summer evening; and Aylmer and the leader of the mad *émeute* mounted the spare horses, and rode rapidly off in the

direction of the Wicklow mountains, the whole party not exceeding a dozen men.

Where were the masses of disaffected men who had risen, or were expected to rise, when the tocsin of freedom sounded?—where were they? Well might echo answer, “*Where?*”

Never did a party, who had determined to annihilate a settled government and “reform the state,” exhibit a more crest-fallen appearance than poor Emmett and his rabble escort, as they spurred towards the Wicklow hills by the most unfrequented roads. Their speed was that of heartless fugitives; but, as if to add burlesque to misfortune, the leader of “a broken host” was still addressed as “general;” and now and again, when the coarse frieze *cota-more* was blown aside, the flaunting uniform underneath presented its ridiculous contrast.

It was extraordinary how long after the suppression of the rebellion of '98 the embers of disaffection smouldered in the mountain-ranges of Wicklow. Within a dozen miles of the metropolis banded outlaws found a shelter, and with impunity plundered the low country, and levied, like the Highland caterans of old, a black mail from the farmers who were located in this dangerous vicinity. In vain had the Irish executive



fulminated proclamations, and offered large rewards for the persons of these brigands, dead or alive. But, with extraordinary fidelity, the mountaineers resisted monetary temptation; and in every case the outlawed chiefs who fell within the grasp of justice could refer their captivity to accident alone, or their own want of common prudence.

It was past midnight when the fugitives reached a lonely farm-house in one of the wildest of the mountain glens. Hours before the arrival of the party, the family had retired to rest; and, when awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, they felt no alarm, considering it a thing of no unusual occurrence, namely, a night-visit from royalist dragoons in search of some of the proscribed. At the first knock, the family were instantly in motion, the door was opened, the embers, smouldering on the earth, were heaped with fresh fuel, numerous rushes were lighted, and preparations promptly made to offer to the wayfarers any refreshment that the house contained. The latter, indeed, was considered a matter-of-course affair; for, Tyrian or Trojan who sought the glen, claimed hospitality alike, and the trooper's scarlet and outlaw's necessity rendered the demand equally imperious. Of the

twain, the trooper was the more unprofitable customer. Were the horseman in good temper, and the peasant-girl pretty, a kiss might be given in full acquittance of all demands in law or equity, and "he laughed, and he rode away;" while the outlaw, if he did not pay in meal would pay in malt, as the old saw goes. If this night a desperate onslaught was made upon the herdsman's flitch by half-a-dozen half-starved freebooters, on the next, a fat wedder was left in the barn, with directions to whip the skin off with the least possible delay; and many a tenant, when driven for rent, obtained the money which released his impounded cattle from the pocket of some generous outlaw. No wonder, then, that the wild peasantry of the hills, to the desperate men who sought shelter there, bore true allegiance; and, though every robber-haunt was known to hundreds, to personal punishment or rich reward the mountaineers proved equally impassive.

Had the belated visitors proved royalists, the same alacrity to meet their wants would have been exhibited. The broadsword, the shoulder-belt, and the rope,—and in those days all were freely used in cases of contumacy—stimulate men's exertions marvellously; but when, in half

the party, old acquaintances were recognised, right cheerfully the whole family applied themselves to prepare a substantial supper. Emmett, Aylmer, and a few others were conducted to an inner room, the others remaining in the kitchen ; and while the good-wife and her daughters took post beside the frying-pan, on which many an egg and rasher hissed, the fugitives detailed, in under tones, the strange and tragic events of that disastrous evening.

Presently, supper was served in the inner apartment, plainly, but comfortably. Nothing sharpens the appetite more keenly than a night-ride in the mountains ; and, indeed, it would be hard to say whether the rebel chief or the deserted lover did ampler justice to the refreshments placed in rude abundance before them. Emmett, fevered throughout the day, as hope and apprehension obtained the mastery by turns, had felt ill-inclined to eat ; and, when the coarse table in the rebel arsenal was roughly spread, would the recollection that, at that moment, the bridal *déjeûner* of the false fair one was crowded by the *élite* of fashion, and she, "the cynosure of wondering eyes," in all the brilliancy of beauty, enhanced the banquet's revelry with wreathed smiles ; would these, recalled to me-

mory, provoke poor Aylmer's appetite? Both freely drank their wine; but desperate excitement and blighted love alike set the grape's boasted influence at defiance.

When the meal ended, an earthen grey-beard, filled with illicit whiskey, was placed upon the table; and, after a portion of its contents had been poured into a smaller vessel, it was removed to the kitchen to refresh the subordinate insurgents. In a few minutes afterwards, those who had supped with their leader and his friend rose, quitted the apartment, and left them *tête-à-tête*.

"How goes the night?" said Aylmer; "it is now two months or so since I have been delivered from the encumbrance of a watch. I wonder who the devil calls himself at present master of mine? *Mine*?—no, 'twas fairly purchased; and, faith, it cost me a pang or two to part with it: for when my poor mother's initials on the case met my eye, I was half-prompted to snatch it from the counter. But—I had not dined for a couple of days;—damnation!"

He sprang from the beechen chair, and made

a stride or two across the chamber ; then, as if a moment were sufficient to restore that awful composure which despair so frequently possesses, he resumed his seat, and, in a low calm voice, continued.


“Two o’clock—ha ! morning is well advanced, and I have some fifteen miles to travel. Fare thee well, my dear Emmett—better fortune attend thee ! Should a chance present itself, hasten from the hands of the Philistines, and rest assured that none will more gladly receive the tidings of your escape than I.”

“Of that no hope remains,” returned the poor enthusiast with a sigh ; “my history will soon be closed. Well—death is a penalty entailed upon existence ; and, in the poet’s words,

‘I set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.’

But you, Aylmer, all favours your escape ; your knowledge of the mountains, your family influence, your—”


“Stop !—I will anticipate the rest ; the uncle’s loyalty would be, forsooth, a set-off against the nephew’s treason !” exclaimed the young man passionately. “You misunderstand me altogether, Emmett ; think not that, for a moment, I fancied your hair-brained *project* could succeed.



Bah ! the thought would have been close akin to madness. Why, compared with yours, Jack Cade's was a promising attempt. No!—even my private feelings politically tended in an opposite direction. I am a rebel—a rebel from revenge ; and yet the blood that courses through my veins is orange to the drop.”

“Then, under what strange and conflicting impulse did you act ?” inquired the enthusiastic leader of the wild *émeute* ; “why join a cause alien to your own principles ?”

“I'll answer you, in our national mode, by interrogatories,” said Aylmer, coolly. “By what right did that capricious old man invest me with imaginary wealth, and place me in high position, and then, when fancy changed, shatter the clay-constructed puppet into potsherds ? What was the head and front of my offending ? I received an indignity, and resented it. Could I have brooked offence, and mingled in society with gentlemen—Irish gentlemen ? 'Twas but a flimsy pretext—a mere apology to cast me off. Before my uncle had reached my years, he had been twice upon the ground himself ; ay, and in both cases he was the challenger. 'Twas dotard love that wrought my ruin ; an artful girl played her game too well, and the old man fancied that



sixteen could love sixty. I was in the way ; a scapegoat was wanting for a hymeneal sacrifice—I was rendered at the altar, and youthful beauty swore fealty to old age. Heavens ! could the driveller but know that she, the idol of his love, six months before she placed her hand in his, had hung upon the bosom of the discarded nephew, confessed the secret of her heart, and—But, hold ! what followed must never pass these lips. Enough—vengeance before now has been exacted before the injury was inflicted.”

Again he leaped from the chair, and strode through the apartment. Emmett for a minute remained still ; but Aylmer, by a sudden mastery of himself, controlled his feelings, replenished a full tumbler, drank the diluted alcohol, and then calmly continued,—

“Emmett, the parting hour is come.”

“But what is your purpose ? What will you do ?” inquired the rebel chief.

“Change the house of feasting into one of sorrow. This evening the heir of Castle Aylmer receives the rite of baptism. Half-a-dozen of the peerage will grace the ceremony ; and could I, a loving cousin, at this high festival absent myself ?”

“And do you thus coolly rush into danger,

and seek a halter?" asked his wondering companion.

"No—no," was the calm reply, "Jack Hangman will never assist at my toilet, nor hemp enclose this throat."

"Then you will ape the Roman,—and suicide—" Emmett paused.

"Pish! I scorn the thought. Oh, no; I am a fatalist; and at three periods of life—at seven, fourteen, and twenty-one—my destiny was foretold. Lead—lead—lead! I hoped the bullet would have reached its mark last evening; but we must wait the fatal time. What ho! without there! Come, honest host, my horse."

"So late, sir? Nay, rest a bit. After this uproar in the city—which I have heard of but now—idle people will be a-foot," said the landlord, with kindly courtesy.


"No fear for me," said Aylmer with a bitter smile; "a line of honest Juvenal ensures my safety,—

'Contabit vacuus coram latrone viator.'

There is sound Latin for you,—ay, and sound sense."

The host departed.

"Aylmer, are you acting wisely?"



"Did you ever hear of anybody since the days of Solomon who did so?" and he laughed; but that laugh was one of bitter import. "Farewell!"

The word struck ominously on the ear to which it was addressed.

"Farewell!" returned the young enthusiast. "Shall we not meet again?"

"Never—in this world!" and each word was deliberately pronounced.

"Your horse is ready," said the landlord.

Both hands were again interchanged by the fugitives, and in another minute hoof-tramps were heard without, until a bending in the road shut out the sounds of the receding traveller.

With Aylmer, and not with Emmett, our story lies; and a brief paragraph will tell the latter's history.

For a few days he remained under safe keeping in the Wicklow hills; but, wearied of restraint, he returned to the outskirts of the metropolis. Sirr, a man of infamous celebrity—the Vidocq of the Irish executive, discovered his retreat, and found it fit time to take him. Unlike the lion-like spirit of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmett's was a dreamy and romantic courage, which unfitted him for fierce aggression. He made a


bootless effort at escape ; was easily captured, and led, in quick succession, to Newgate, the court of justice, and the scaffold.

If ever man was monomaniac, that man was Robert Emmett.

Before Aylmer had ridden half-a-dozen miles morning began to break, and hills and valleys, with which from boyhood he had been familiar, in the grey haze of dawning day gradually became visible. Every feature in the opening landscape brought with it a painful recollection. On that moor he had shot grouse, and in yon lough had often filled his fishing-basket. Then manhood's cares had not assailed him. He was springing into life, with all the personal and accidental advantages which are supposed the stepping-stones to human happiness. He topped a rising ground, and an expansive surface of campaign country lay beneath. He started at the view. The wide domain,—the towering chimneys of a mansion, peeping over woods the growth of centuries,—younger plantations extending far as the eye could range,—rich meadows interspersing corn-lands ; all these, but one year since, he believed to be his own inheritance. What was he now ? Ruined, in the very opening of manhood, —a skulking fugitive at this moment,—and, by

noon, a proclaimed traitor ; not one solitary shilling in his purse, and the ownership of the horse he rode unknown !

“ Is this a dream, or is it sad reality ? ” he muttered, as he sprang from the saddle, and threw himself upon a rustic bench ; hours passed in reckless dreaminess. Gradually the household bustle increased ; window-blinds were withdrawn ; and servants passed and repassed the casements of the castle. With every apartment he was familiar ; that, had been his play-room when a boy,—this, his chamber when a man. The breakfast-bell sounded. How often had he answered to that well-remembered summons. Another hour wore on. The hall-door opened ; a nurse-maid and an infant came out from beneath the vestibule ; a lady followed, and, next moment, the tall, spare figure of his uncle caught his view. He saw the old man fondle the baby-heir, and tap his young wife’s cheek most playfully. Aylmer’s brow darkened ; his lips were colourless, but his eyes flashed fire. He turned from a sight that was blasting. Again he involuntarily looked. The nurse and child were pacing the sweep before the house, while the proud father was toying with his lady’s hazel locks, and evincing all that ardour of affection, which, scarce ex-



cusable in youthful love, in chilly age becomes disgusting.

"By heaven ! I shall go mad," exclaimed the disinherited one. "Oh ! could I not dash thy raptures, old drivelling dotard !—But, hold ! who comes spurring at fiery speed ? A dragoon. He presents a letter. The old man starts back a pace, and my gentle aunt assumes the attitude of astonishment. 'Tis intelligence of last night's *émeute*, and probably announces, head of the Aylmers ! that he whom you once regarded with so much pride is now a fugitive, an outcast, and a traitor !

As Aylmer spoke, his uncle signed to the horseman to repair to the stables, and, in evident confusion, hurried into the house, followed by his youthful dame.

Never was a more inauspicious day chosen for an important ceremony than the 24th of June, 1803. As evening drew on, the arrivals at the castle presented to the ambushed conspirator a singular and anomalous appearance, for, at the interval of a few minutes, courtly equipages and small parties of horse in turn arrived. If the Irish government had been apathetic before, their present activity now offered a curious contrast. While the plot smoul-

dered, none could guess its extent ; but the executive powers lay dormant. When explosion proved impotency to an extent beyond contempt, then every organ they could command appeared to be called into action. The *vis inertiae* of the royalists required now and then a little terrorism to rouse it. Blood-money was still liberally dispensed. Sirr and his myrmidons drove a roaring trade. With Emmett's mad plot for weeks they had been perfectly acquainted, and they, as in interest bound, looked on, fostered, and matured it. That the leading members of the last night's outbreak had headed to the Wicklow hills, was readily discovered ; and, in scattered bands, yeomanry and regulars were hunted on in close pursuit. A hot day and hard riding had brought the most active troopers to a stand ; and party after party, ranging from half a dozen to a troop, sought a place where they knew that they would be warmly welcomed, and picketed their horses in front of Aylmer Castle.

Every arrival—every occurrence, was noticed from his concealment by the fugitive. He saw the horse he rode last night led in by a serjeant's party of dragoons. A singularly-coloured roan—the animal was remarkable,—and from the

attention with which she was examined by the precursors of the party, Aylmer fancied that with the horse himself was perfectly identified. His conjecture was correct ; he had been already denounced by an informer as the last night rider, and, consequently, his hiding-place, as was conjectured, could not be very distant from the spot where the horse he rode, saddled and bridled, had been found.

Strange—the name had not escaped ; and the description of the rider's dress and person was both contradictory and confused. He was a gentleman ; on that point all agreed ; and he exercised an authority over the young leaders that was never disputed, while from all the rest of the conspirators he kept aloof, and haughtily rejected every attempt that might lead to association. A mystery was connected with him, and among the wretched rabble already taken or denounced, all broken tradesmen or drunken artificers, the rider of the roan horse to all the royalist rebel-hunters seemed a star of the first head, and one whom it would be equally honourable and profitable to run into. Who was he ? and where was he ? The first inquiry none could answer ; but to the second circumstances went far to prove that he must

be in the immediate neighbourhood of those who were so deeply interested in his apprehension.

Irish hospitality was not what it has become, the name of a thing non-existent, and that fact half a dozen horsemen were evidencing right pleasantly, as, seated on the sward, a liveried attendant supplied them with abundance of cold provisions, a huge black jack of ale, and a flask of whiskey to pack all. Their horses were picketed behind their riders, and the roan steed, with whom an important secret was associated, grazed socially with his loyalist companions, albeit he had so recently borne the weight of some rebel Antony, as yet unknown. The party, thus regaling *al fresco*, were a fair sample of the times, and would prove that if misfortune introduces strange bed-fellows to each other, the highway will now and then lead us to as singular acquaintanceships.

The Dublin road ran straight in front of the grand entrance of Castle Aylmer, and at that point a *loneing** leading to the mountains joined it. An hour before, two horsemen spurred hastily from the metropolis; they were

* *Anglicè*—a by-road.

dragoons, with an express from town for Mr Aylmer. Three armed riders, in uniform, advanced at the same time, and to the same point but from the opposite direction; these were yeomen-cavalry, while a sixth mounted man leading the roan horse, issued at the same moment from the loneing, and the half dozen riders entered the grand gate together.

The solitary horseman was nondescript. He was dressed in coloured clothes of good materials, but vulgar make. His horse was a stout weight-carrier, in fair condition, and at his side a cavalry sword hung, and at the pommel there were holsters. His appointments and appearance were more akin to a highwayman than a trooper, and from his muscular proportion and most sinister facial expression, the traveller would indeed have been a sturdy one, who hesitated to *deliver* when he cried *stand* !

Tim Doolan was the sole surviving representative of "the major's janissaries," and the regular *ultimus Romanorum*. Of that respectable body a majority had died of the Irish endemic called "whiskey fever;" a couple were shot in their vocation; poor Jemmy O'Brien—*nomen venerabile* !—was hanged; and Tim Doolan might have sung with Scott's minstrel,

"Alas! a-day, old times are fled,
His faithful brethren all were dead."

Matters generally had altered for the worse, and a man now would not be scragged on the unsupported evidence of a common informer. Tim Doolan felt the change. In a plain, unvarnished tale, in which he had deposed to a felonious conspiracy the year before, to fire the castle and the court,—blow up the magazine,—and, horror of horrors! assassinate Major Sirr! through a slight informality the delinquent was acquitted; he, the conspirator, proving himself to have been domiciled in Kent, when Tim swore positively that he was resident in Kildare. The counsel for the defence availed himself of an established rule, "that no man can be in two places at the same time—barring he's a bird," and on this, the authority of Sir Boyle Roach—the traitor was acquitted, while, worse still, the blood-money was lost.

"What will the world come to?" said Mr. Doolan, as he jogged quietly along with a led horse. "Ah! God be with the old times! There was some comfort in a drum-head court-martial. Over in ten minutes, sentence pronounced, and the man hanged, while his friends were consulting about getting him a *habeas*

corpus. That was what I call asserting the majesty of the law. How dull trade is ! I have been these three days on a dodge of the major's, but it's no go after all. It's so gallows hard to get matters into shape now. If you what they call *prewaricate*, the case breaks down *teetotally*. In that blessed year of ninety-eight, ye hanged your man, and afterwards made inquiries. Now, here I am, three days and nights upon the batter, and all I'm the better for it is catching a stray horse, and if I parted with him to a customer, saddle and bridle as he stands, twelve wagabones would very likely call it robbery. Fakes ! I might have come to want, but that Ned Galvin* slipt his wind in good time, and the major got me the situation. It's mighty dishartning, however, to step into Ned's shoes without a little practice. Lord ! how he *did* hang his men. No bungling, but off they went, clane as a whistle. I would have liked to open with country bisness afore I made my first appearance at Kilmainham. One wouldn't like, ye know, to make any mistake before a large and fashionable audience. But what ! two dragoons from the Dublin side,—and see ! three yeomen from the country ! By jogstay ! maybe there's some-

* A celebrated Dublin executioner.

thing to give trade a turn, and so I'll jog on and meet them."

Thus soliloquized the last of the major's satellites, as he quickend his pace and joined the strange horsemen. Tim was a public character of too great notoriety for a moment to maintain an incognito, and one of the yeomen, at a glance, recognized the most celebrated *employé* of the Irish Vidocq.

"Why, Mr. Doolan, ye're early out of town, I see. You have had a beautiful *rookawm* last night in Dublin, I hear."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed the thief-taker, eagerly; "I am from the country, and slept last night at the nineteen-mile-house."

"Then you have not heard of Emmett's insurrection?" said the yeoman.

"Blessed Anthony!" exclaimed Mr. Doolan, with undissembled astonishment; "and *has* the thing come off? Why, the major did not expect it for another fortnight."

"It has come off with a vengeance," returned the yeoman; and he gave the newly appointed finisher of the law a hurried account of the last evening's *émeute*.

Othello's military revelations to his gentle listener, were never half so interesting to Made-

moiselle Desdemona, as the details of the recent outbreak were to the ex-thief-catcher and present hangman, and as the yeoman proceeded, Mr. Doolan made a running commentary on the circumstances attending this strange affair, accompanied by a rough calculation touching the results which might be realized in the way of business.

"They murdered the Chief Justice," said the yeoman.


"Oh, by the Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Doolan, and he rubbed his hands, "twenty at laste will strap up for that!" then, dropping into a *sotto voce*, "five pound a-head. They can't offer less. Five times twenty,—that's a hundred, and no mistake."

"They piked Colonel Brown of the 21st, one of the best officers in the service."

"That 'ill be ten more,—same price,—fifty," said the successor of Mr. Galvin.

"Mr. Woolf, a clergyman of most respected character, was slaughtered at the same time by the savages," continued the royalist.

"Troth!" returned Mr. Doolan, "they can't do less than throttle five for a clergyman of respected character. Five times five are twenty-five."




“An eminent solicitor also lost his life,” quoth the yeoman.

“We won’t book against him any but the chap that did it. They won’t choke more than one for him,” observed the finisher of the law, “and if the divil could only change the *venu* to Galway, they would acquit him at once, and find it ‘justifiable homicide,’ because the dead man was an attorney.”

This conversation brought the horsemen to the lawn in front of Castle Aylmer, and following the example of the loyalists who had preceded them, they, too, picketed their horses and required and received supplies.

Evening came—the sun gilded a pinnacle of the mountain-range behind which in another hour he would retire—carriage after carriage arrived—and while within the mansion the noblest in the land had formed a joyful re-union, the lawn was crowded with dismounted horsemen waiting until, in the cool of twilight, they should resume the routes which noonday heat had obliged them to postpone. Hidden by the foliage, and stretched listlessly on the rustic bench which from morning he had rested on, Aylmer, in indolent repose, seemed dreaming the evening away; but this quiescent apathy



was delusory, and the attitude of the person was painfully contrasted with the frenzied action of the mind. A brain on fire—a throbbing heart—a smothered sigh—all bespoke the desperate circumstances of one beyond a hope. Now and again, when the roll of carriage wheels were heard, he looked abroad. With the colours and liveries of every equipage that arrived the discarded youth was perfectly familiar ; and but a year or two before, that same assemblage, in the ordinary course of things, might have witnessed the nuptial festivities of himself, the heir, who were now collected to celebrate a baptismal rite that consummated his disinheritance.

Twilight grey came on—dragoon and yeoman were saddling for their night march—every window in the old mansion was lighted up—and the state drawing room, which, amid the manifold alterations considered necessary to adapt an ancient manor house to modern purposes, had been regarded as sacred, and permitted to retain its Elizabethan character, shewed more brilliantly than the numerous reception rooms around. The wanderer guessed the cause. In that venerated chamber the high solemnities of his family for nearly three centuries had been celebrated. There his mother had been married—

there the first ritual of Christianity had been bestowed upon himself—and there the infant heir of a line coeval with the Conquest was about to receive the name of a parent who, in fancy, regarded that evening as the happiest of a life. How blind are mortal calculations! Ere midnight struck, it was decreed that the scene of revelry should change to the house of mourning.

Even an Irish banquet in “auld lang syne” would find a termination, and the fairer portion of the company had left the dinner table for the gay saloon, where the ceremony which had caused the festive meeting to assemble was shortly to be solemnized. The last of the dragoons was in the saddle, and, save the half-dozen riders whose accidental junction at the park gate we have already noticed, the evening bivouac upon the lawn had broken up and the horsemen were departed. This pleasant group, however, fancied that a summer evening was too short for a carouse *al fresco*, and determined to await “the sweet hour of the night,” regardless of the smiling invitation of a moon nearly at the full, who, as poor Burns wrote, would have “wiled them hame,” had they not previously resolved that she should “wait a wee.”

"Pass the bottle round," said Tim Doolan to a country yeoman. "Hark! That cheer within is either for his honour's health or the 'glorious memory.' Well, either toast is worthy of a bumper. But—in the devil's name—who have we here?" and, springing on his feet from the grass, the newly-appointed finisher of the law confronted a stranger, who, under cover of an immense beech tree, had stolen unnoticed on their symposium.

"Stand! who are you?" roared Mr. Doolan.

"The wreck of what was once a man," returned a hoarse and broken voice.

"What brings you here?" inquired a yeoman. "Your business, friend?"

"I am no friend of yours," returned the stranger, coolly; "and my errand hither is to try and preserve the spark of life that otherwise would be extinct before morning."

"Come—quick—your name—your name and business?" cried another of the royalists.

"Let me eat—give me drink—I am starving, wounded, half-dead. Let me refresh myself for five minutes, and I'll warrant that my news will repay my entertainment,"—and without waiting further invitation, he threw himself upon the

sward and ravenously attacked the remnant of the yeomen's supper.

"Upon my sowl!" said Mr. Doolan, "I never saw a gintleman rowl in upon a private party with less ceremony than yerself; and, feaks! from a short sketch of your performance as a trencher-man, I would rather grub ye for the week than by the fortnight. Give him a drop of *Costigan*,—no doubt the divil has a cobweb in his thrapple."

Greedily the self-invited guest drank the whiskey off. "Ay!" he exclaimed; "there's life in that."

"Well, what's the news ye promised?" returned Mr. Doolan.

"Five minutes more, and ye shall hear it," said the stranger. "Six-and-thirty hours have passed since I breakfasted yesterday. I travelled twenty miles to be in Dublin for the row, and was hunted here—sixteen long ones—in addition to the twenty. I have a bayonet wound in my ribs—and a bullet through my arm—lay fifteen hours in yonder glen—and—"

"Came here to confess and be hanged," exclaimed a royalist.

"No," said the outlaw. "To sup with an

old acquaintance first, and then renew our intimacy. Do you recollect me, Doolan?"

"Sometimes," returned the hangman, "think I can remember yer voice; but yer face and figure I cannot exactly bring to mind."

"You have been anxious for a personal introduction to me these four years past, for that."

"'Pon my conscience, then, I can't tell for what," returned the ex-thieftaker; "ye're not say the exact sort of man one would borrow money to spend upon. Divil a worse-fitted gentleman I have lately met with, for a decent scarecrow wouldn't exchange clothes with ye."

"Never mind that, Tim; in a day or two your friend, the major himself, would be proud to walk with me. Have you forgot De Hacket?"

Mr. Doolan seemed electrified,

"By the holy, it's the man!" he exclaimed in a voice triumphant; "fifty pounds upon his head, dead or alive, and—"

"Interest four years, if they'll only reckon fair with you. But, Tim, jewel, the divil penny of the same ye'll get; there has been fifty on my head since '98—what's upon Emmett's?"

"Five hundred!" exclaimed the party with one voice.

"And what shall I have?—life and pardon is safe, I know," returned the stranger, "if I get him for you in a week?"

"A fair share," was the response.

"In a day?" inquired the outlaw.

"A double share."

"In an hour?"

"A full half."

"Gentlemen, a bargain; but a deed requires to be witnessed."

"Honour bright!" ejaculated the hangman.

"A soldier's word!" exclaimed a yeoman, who was also parish-clerk.

"All binding, doubtless; but to make things surer, Captain Hacket will wait upon Mr. Aylmer. Come along; another cheer heralds a new toast, and we shall be in good time to find the gentlemen in the dining-room."

A stranger scene, a more singular contrast than the grand saloon and dining room at Castle Aylmer presented, could scarcely be imagined. The one, in brilliant light, shewed beauty

such as even a land renowned for loveliness might have been searched in vain to rival, while a proud churchman, a baby richly dressed, a young mother, smiling in all the womanly pride which attends a first maternity, silently announced that the baptismal ceremony was now at hand. In the other room, lofty lineage, wealth, and wordly position were grouped with wretchedness and crime ; for there, surrounded by his high born guests, Reginald Aylmer gave audience to the pleasant party who had spent the evening on the lawn, and one of the yeomen acted as spokesman to the party.

“Be brief, sir,” said the lord of the mansion ; “you must be well aware that my presence is elsewhere wanted ;” and he pointed to a servant, who had just announced that the attendance of the gentlemen was required in the saloon.

“I came,” said the royalist in reply, “to notify the caption of a traitor.”

“Which of these two scoundrels is the man ?”

For, by a natural instinct, the finisher of the law had stuck himself close beside the felon, and Mr. Aylmer had been puzzled to choose between the pair, the outer man of one indicating a highwayman in good circumstances, while

the wretchedness of the other betrayed "in faded eye and hollow cheek," all the misery and privations attendant on an outlaw's life.

Great was the surprise on the part of Mr. Doolan that his personal appearance had not sufficiently guaranteed his respectability ; but, to be mistaken for a rebel, seemed to him the unkindest cut of all ; and he was proceeding to detail his attachment to church and state, and his utility as a citizen, when Hacket interrupted him.

"Nay," said the outlaw, with a bitter smile, "you wrong this worthy gentleman by the question. He has ever been a loyal subject ; and I have no doubt, with a little practice, will make an excellent hangman. I am the traitor !"

"Thou !" exclaimed the lord of Castle Aylmer ; "poor wretch ! And was it for one like you that I have lost five minutes of a joyous evening ? Off with him to the next guard-house ; but, hold ! hunger is written on his face, and let the starved villain have his supper first."

"Arrah, then, upon my conscience !" exclaimed the finisher of the law, "on that head ye'r honour may make yourself quite asy. If ye had only seen his performance on the lawn, ye would have supposed that, in the provision way, he would

not have wanted anything for another fortnight."

"Reginald Aylmer,"—and the outlaw's eye kindled like the flickering of an expiring lamp,—
"was I always, think ye, the fangless lion that I am? How often was Dan Hacket hunted, over bog and mountain, like a beast of prey?—who burned his cabin?—whose myrmidons savagely abused his wife?—who, when the grave closed upon her shame, turned her homeless orphans on the world? I look him in the face—thou art the man!"

"Remove the ruffian!" exclaimed the owner of the mansion, as the flush of rage coloured his pale face.

"Not for a minute; listen calmly, I won't delay you long. Guess ye what is the happiest hour in human life?—it is to recall past injuries to mind, when the long-delayed means of vengeance at last are within the wronged one's reach. Did my burning passion for revenge ever cool?—never, Reginald Aylmer! Mind ye St. Stephen's day?"

"Ay, faith!" returned the old gentleman; "and with good reason too. As I waited beside the fox-cover, to see the red rascal break it, a musket-bullet grazed my hunting-cap."

"This eye," said the outlaw, "glanced along the barrel whence it came, and this finger pressed the trigger when the mark was covered. But I came not to bandy past grievances; will you promise me present protection and a future provision?"


"Well," observed the hangman, as he elevated his eyes to the ceiling, expressive of profound astonishment, "the villanous impudence of some people bates Banagher. Why, ye thief of the world! is it for taking a curl off his honour's wig that ye expect provision and protection? Arrah! the curse of Cromwell attend ye night and day! I suppose, if ye drove an ounce of lead through the squire's skull, you would have expected to have been made a person of trust like me, or, at laste, a captain in the milishay."

"Mr. Aylmer," continued the outcast, "time presses; you are anxious to see your baby heir obtain his father's name, and, though it may seem weakness, I feel rather queer with the hangman at my elbow. Who was the last night's leader?"

"Emmett!" responded a dozen voices.

"There was another; ay, and one more formidable than the wild young man you mention."

"Yes," returned one of the company, "we



know that well ; and, strange enough, who that arch-traitor is, remains to this moment a mystery."

"What would you give to know him—see him,—have him in your power,—ay, in this very room?" said the outlaw, carelessly.

"Are you the man?" exclaimed several voices.

"Oh, no ; Heaven help me, I was born a peasant, educated for a peasant, and had not grace enough to take to the profession. He is a gentleman ; and while I was a wanderer among the mountains, he flaunted it with the proudest in the land."

"It is marvellous !" returned the old host. "Well, should I agree to your terms, how long will you require to produce this most mysterious rebel?"

"Ten minutes—or merely a trifle longer."

"Agreed. We'll wait your return here."

"I won't delay you long. Come, Tim, I'll introduce ye to your first customer, and with the assistance of our friends here,"—he pointed to the yeomen, "five of ye will feel little trouble in securing a tired man."

He said. His companions gladly assented to undertake a profitable job. Mr. Doolan was delighted to find that his opening essay would be

tried upon a gentleman. Reginald Aylmer gloried in the thought, that, through his agency, one dreaded by the executive, and wrapped in impenetrable mystery, should be brought to justice.

Five minutes passed: every eye was turned on the clock upon the mantel-piece; and five more were added to the number. Five minutes more elapsed; a shuffling of feet was heard; the doors of the dinner hall flew open; six men had left it, and seven re-entered. The seventh was the expected prisoner.

Mr. Aylmer measured the captive with his eye from head to foot. "Were you present at the last night's outbreak?"

"I was."


"Are you an accomplice—a fellow-conspirator, —a friend of Emmett?"

"I am."

"Traitor! your name—speak?"

"Probably you will save me that trouble, and announce it to this good company?"

He tore his closed collar open, threw his hat carelessly on the floor, and heedless of the recent addition to Tim Doolan's dignity, he



the finisher of the law aside with scanty ceremony.

“ Am I known, or must I introduce myself ? ”

Upon the guests the recognition of the disinherited youth appeared astounding ; and a loud and painful exclamation broke from every lip ; but upon the old gentleman the effect was fatal. He muttered his nephew’s name, staggered two paces backwards, and sank upon the floor. The guests sprang forward to raise their fainting host, but life had fled. Reginald Aylmer was a dead man !

RICHARD RAFFERTY;


OR,

THE IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTER.

TO RICHARD RAFFERTY, ESQ.

A short, but very satisfactory, Introduction.

THE Irish have been generally compared with the French, and there are some points of character that strongly indicate a national resemblance. But there is a marked distinction that can be readily detected. The lighter traits of the one are consequences arising from an artificial state of society, whilst those of the other are impulsive outbreaks, which are neither premeditated, nor even attempted to be repressed. No one, perhaps, takes an important step with more circumspection than the Gaul, and none, when it is required, keeps his private concerns more secretly to himself—while no mortal jumps more reck-



lessly to conclusions than the reputed godson of Saint Patrick.

I shall have lightened my conscience when and without any mental reservation I declare myself a wanderer—nor will I halt here in my confessions. I am not histrionic, and, therefore, no vagabond by act of parliament. I am not in the commission of the peace, and consequently cannot write myself one of the Queen's poor esquires. I claim not gentility as an attorney, for my hatred to that profession has been hereditary. I am simply, as the man says in the play, "a fellow of no estimation."

I confessed myself a wanderer. Let me make a clean breast at once, and add that I am an Irishman.

Why should I conceal my birth-place? I harbour no designs against heiresses in general, nor meditate a trespass upon "a widow's jointured land." When I should have married, I was too poor; and when I could, I was too wise. At the wrong side of fifty that pleasant article at half the age—to wit, the *placens uxor* had, in my humble judgment, better be dispensed with. Although I have made no application to record them in Heaven's chancery, I have promised and vowed three things—*Im-*

primis—I won't play—once having lost a quarter's income H. P. to three elderly ladies at *lansquenet*. *Secundo*, I'll not fight—not pleading my knighthood in bar—but two duels in my youth, and sixteen stone of “too, too solid flesh” at present. *Thirdly*, I won't marry, “and that's flat.”

An old gentleman in some play, calls lustily for “a sword,” while his lady wife, as an amendment, proposes that “a crutch” shall be substituted. Now when celibacy has been observed for over half a century, I am inclined to think that a good hand at soup and jellies, will, in most cases, answer all useful purposes; and a retired commander had better leave harpists and Poonah-painters to the tender attentions of another generation.

But let it not be supposed that, while “I own the soft impeachment,” I plume myself particularly on being born in

“the land of the beautiful and brave,”

where a gentleman, invisible for six days,—glory to the Third William!—on the seventh, enjoys a fine prospect of the Atlantic, and

“Breasts the free air, and carols as he goes.”

I feel, but it is in private, the honour of my

parental locality ; but, when beyond the four seas of Britain, adopt a fancy indulged in occasionally by greater personages—namely, that of travelling incognito. Yet I indulge occasionally in national propensities—sport a shamrock on the day of my patron saint—and drown it religiously before sunset.

And yet, and with all this pardonable fancy for fatherland, I prefer every *table d'hôte*, to those which are especially patronised by gentlemen from Ireland. I admit that all from that country are honourable men ; but it is an afflicted and ill-used nation, and sorely harassed by Saxon oppression and short crops. Such are its visitations at home ; while abroad, between neglectful agents and postal irregularities, no Irish gentleman can sleep soundly in his bed lest his exhausted metallics should not be reinforced by the next mail. Should the expected subsidy not arrive, what is the disappointed tourist to do ? He has no taste for working—to beg he is ashamed—and, consequently, he must borrow. And from whom ? Whom but an acquaintance ? Any person with whom he has laid a leg under the same mahogany, is the man ; but if he be also a countryman, then the tie becomes a family one. Could then a refusal

to the modest request of a slight fifty pound affair for a week or two, come within the range of possibilities? Oh, no! Pistols are procurable, and thank Heaven! there are plenty of sands, and at every time of tide, open for gentlemen to amuse themselves upon.

How, why, and wherefore is it, then, that Irish gentlemen are born to trouble as the sparks fly uppermost? I never knew a countryman of mine who could effect a journey without losing a portion of his own baggage, or more likely, appropriating the goods and chattels of his fellow-traveller. And whence takes he consolation? If he sustain, does he not occasion a set-off loss? Are there two carriages? an Irish gentleman will book himself, and no mistake, in the wrong one! Sleeps he in No. 19, *First floor*! he'll drop into 19 *Second*; and inflict the liveliest horror on some antiquated virgin, who,

“Strong in the pride of her purity,”

leaves her door unlocked, trusting her virtue to the charge of Heaven; and her escape, in case of fire, to a ready egress.

Wonderful, after all, is Irish luck! and to

prove the fact, I could indite a folio—assertion goes far—but let us point our moral, by instancing the fortunes of MR. RICHARD RAFFERTY.

CHAPTER I.

The Family History of the Raffertys—A Short Necrology—General notices of Domestic Affairs at Castle Rafferty, with Personal Sketches of the present Possessor, the Heir-at-Law, and Father Antony O'Tool—The Family are in trouble, but they are greatly relieved by an advertisement in the “Sunday Times”—Opening of Matrimonial operations.

The Raffertys are Irish in everything. Indeed, they are superlatively so ; and might almost lay claim to sharing in the high compliment paid the Geraldines, when a family, actually an English export, were declared “*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*”

The Raffertys, as may be well imagined, are an ancient race. By the mother's side, they trace a direct descent from Fin-Mac-Coul—while the first Rafferty upon record, was Master of the Buckhounds to Brian Boru, who rewarded his strict attention to kennel duties and deeds of arms at the battle of Clontarf, by favouring him with the hand of his eldest daughter Bridget, then, by all accounts, a little *passee*, with the

addition of the county Tipperary as a bridal *appanage*; or, as his majesty universally described, as a hard hitter, and a pleasant old gentleman facetiously remarked, "to put a bone in the young couple at starting, and help them, the cratures, to make the pot boil brown."

It is far from our intention to write chronicles, and did we dream of perpetrating a summary of births and deaths, marriages and general fortunes and misfortunes of these illustrious families, we should contract with a paper-mill at once, and commence a course of Parr's pills, to enable us to turn a hundred; thus to prolong our life until an Herculean but pleasing task were faithfully completed. A brief sketch, however, of four generations must serve the *nonce*—and even in accomplishing this, as Jack Falstaff says, "we must emulate the noble Roman in brevity," and follow the example of a deceased historian, who like the author of Lacon, conveyed "many things in few words," and crowded the great events of a reign into the narrow limits of a single sentence.*

Roger Rafferty, of Castle Rafferty, flourished

* *Lingo*. "Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, ravished the Sabine girls, and found Rome in Italy."—*The Agreeable Surprise*.

when "the first George was King." He drank claret (mensal allowance rather large) but corrected vinous acidity with a suitable proportion of *aqua vitæ*. *Mem.* Neither the bane nor antidote contributing a *schultogue** to the royal treasury. He kept fox-hounds, a score of horses at rack and manger; and as many servants, of high and low degree, as the hall would hold—parting, as might be expected in return, with the town lands of Cloonsallagh, Drumbree, and Ballymuck: and mortgaging half-a-dozen more. He broke his neck, crossing the country against time, for five pounds, P. P.: falling at the last leap, and greatly regretted, as he was winning in a canter. His years and virtues are recorded on a large flat tomb-stone in the grave-yard of Kill-na-saggart; but you can't read the inscription, as the letters were rubbed out by the weather, thirty years ago.

He was succeeded by his son Reginald, who the next year was returned, after a smart contest, for the county—election expenses being defrayed by the produce of Bawnbuy, Moneein, and Cul-timore, which were sold by auction to the highest and best bidder. He sate in Parliament only for a portion of a session, having been expelled

* *Anglicæ*, a farthing.

the House for threatening to horsewhip the Speaker. His demise was unexpected, he being found defunct upon the high road, in returning, a little hearty, from a christening. As his neck was short as his temper, the coroner declared he had popped off in apoplexy, and the jury, by their verdict, very properly confirmed this learned opinion.

Ralph, the antecedent proprietor to the present owner, was hospitable and inoffensive, declined alienating any more of the family estates, but prudently contented himself with mortgaging when he wanted the metallic supplies. His decease was very sudden and much lamented. Having set out to join the Royalists in Tyrawley and being rather the worse of liquor (poor man, he drank whiskey in self-defence, to guard against gout in the stomach, which was hereditary), he fell in with the French in the morning, by mistake—was honoured instanter with a commission from the Republic—dropped into the hands of the King's troops the same afternoon—and at sunset was hanged on the arm of an ash-tree, before he could explain the transactions of the busy day to the black drummer who officiated on the occasion. He did not mortgage much—but as he had an antipathy to pay

interest monies, they said in the neighbourhood that he had *bothered* the estate far worse than any who had already dipped it. By a sale of another wing of the property, however, these arrears were cleared away—and the present proprietor, as all agreed, started in his saddle pretty easy.

Although he found the once broad land sorely diminished, the new successor to the virtues and estates of the Raffertys fancied that there was still a sufficiency of surface left were it but turned to productive advantage. “Improvement,” as he said, “was everything;” and, to do him justice, he lost no time in setting his shoulder stoutly to the wheel. He planted Carrig-na-Spidioughe,* but as the prevailing wind was a west one, and the narrow valley which he chose for his operations, like the nozzle of a smith’s bellows, gave vent to every breeze that collected in the mountains, no human ingenuity could tempt trees to grow against their inclination, and his plantations perished in infancy, even before the hardiest of the whole would supply a perching place for a blackbird. If men cannot grow timber, does it follow that they cannot drain morasses? Mr. Rafferty was

* The Robin’s rock.

of that opinion, and a finer field for an experimentalist, were Connaught searched from east to west, could not have been found than the shaking bog of Slush-na-Sallagh. But the attempt proved a failure after all, for the reclainer began, unfortunately, at the wrong side of the swamp, and the water obstinately rejected up-hill work altogether. His grandest effort, however, to perpetuate his name, was in the erection of a modern mansion; but before he had surmounted the lower story and laid the joists of the new building, the sheriff, like that puzzle called a reel-in-a-bottle, shut him up securely in the old one. There he has been a close Sunday-man for six years, and during that period has received, at stated periods, called in law parlance, "term time," what Connaught gentlemen designate "the grace of God,"—the same commencing with a royal greeting, and indicating that King William, whom may God long preserve! had taken a fancy to be personally introduced, and would not listen to any apology.

Law is a devouring element that feeds ravenously on all it comes in contact with—and slowly, but steadily, all in and about Castle Rafferty has gone from bad to worse. To blockade the proprietor in his domicile, God knows, was bad

enough, but still, and even in the darkest hour of his trials, was there not balm in Gilead to console him? The best *poteeine* that ever set care at defiance was home-made by the tenants, and Mr Rafferty played the pipes like a professor. Would not, then, the music of the glasses and the melody of the bag, when united, soothe a perturbed spirit and enable any private gentleman to sleep soundly in his virtuous bed, although three latitats had been nefariously slipped under the hall-door the night before? But the worst was still to come. This, as everybody knows, is an iron-age abounding in horrible inventions. Have not servant-maids, with a three years' character, been burked by the agency of a pitch-plaster, in the open street, when innocently engaged in bringing in the supper-beer? Has not an ingenious gentleman, named Warner, proposed to send the monument to the sky, with a shell not larger than a China orange? Has there not been found a desperate man who will undertake to turn down a score of Morrison's pills, swallow the box afterwards, and yet outlive the trial. All these must, no doubt, have emanated in demoniac agency and assistance; but he who originated a receiver under the Court of Chancery, as a diabolical contriver, in our opinion, double-

distanced the whole lot? and so thought poor Mr. Rafferty as he supplied anew the tumbler and bag with alcohol and wind.*

A pause ensued after Mr. Rafferty had finished "Planxty Maguire," and the mixture from which he never applied in vain for consolation.

"We are ruinated tee-totally," said the poor gentleman, "and there's nobody to comfort me, Father Antony, but yourself. Dick—the devil's luck to him, if it wouldn't be wrong in me, his father, to wish him that—does nothing from big Lady-day to the little one, but dance at every cake† he hears of, and founder the only mare in our possession that would produce a pound over the value of the skin, and all to be foremost at a dragging home."‡

"And yet," returned the churchman, doubtfully, "with the blessing of the Virgin, Dick

* *A hiatus*, here occurs in the MSS.

† *A cake*, is a subscription ball. The article from which it takes its name being a composition of sodden flour, bad butter, and decayed fruit.

‡ *The dragging-home* is the inducting a bride to her new abode, a ceremony always attended with a hack race.

might come to good. Wasn't Patt Plunket all but transported for shooting at the sub-sheriff, and not a month ago didn't he get two thousand with his wife? To do her justice, the creature, she's no beauty at the best, and she steps a little short, some say from a splint, but Patt swears it's only a bad corn. Well, Dick's well enough upon his pins, and stands within a shaving of six feet. He's a good height."

"For a recruiting party." And the old gentleman sighed as if he would break his heart. "Haven't I paid smart for him 'till I'm tired. The next time he 'lists, by this book!—" and Mr. Rafferty first piously did salutation to the rim of his tumbler, and then turned down the residue of its contents—"By this book! and I'm now on oath, Father Antony, he shall have plenty of time to become perfect at the goose-step; for if a carlicue would buy him off, he'll remain, for me, where he is, 'till he has full time to become master of the manual and platoon. Och! the do-no-good divil that he is; had he but the grace of God, and the luck of Patt Plunket—"

"Arrah, what are ye drivin' at?" said the priest, with a knowing look. "Isn't it rather

quare that the same thing was in my head when I hurried over a sick call, and rode here helter-skelter, like a man on the look out for a midwife. Just throw your eye over that paper, which a traveller gave me; a mighty dacent sort o' man as I fell in with for a long time, too. I put him right at the cross-roads when he was non-plushed which of them to take—and see, if that which ye'll read at the top wouldn't fit Dick to a T."

And he handed the old gentleman a *Sunday Times*, and pointed out for his perusal, a paragraph, headed

MATRIMONY,

and thus it ran :—

"A lady, aged 32, for reasons that will prove highly satisfactory, would wish to place herself and fortune under the protection of a man of honour—"

Mr. Rafferty gave a long, low whistle.

"Dick's the lad for her, and no mistake. It's only three weeks, come Saturday, since he fought by candle-light, in the stable-yard, at Knockcroghery—and for the elegance of his behaviour on the occasion, even his enemies gave him the height of applause."

"Badahurst! Mr. Rafferty," said the priest.
"Whist, if you please, 'till I spell out the re-

mainder for ye. Where did I lave off? here——”

“Who could estimate an amiable disposition and appreciate a loving wife. The advert flatters herself that, to lady-like manners, unites an agreeable person.”

“Uncommonly candid,” exclaimed the old gentleman. “Does she mention height and colour? I take it she’s all right.”

“Arrah! asy, Mr. Rafferty. Would ye describe her state as many particklers as there’s stuck to a handbill that describes a stolen mare? Should she offer an engagement like a job for parting a horse with a feather on his eye?”

“Go on,” said the old gentleman.

“Her property is entirely at her own disposal and in proof that she is actuated by no mercenary motives, all pecuniary inquiries are to be decided on both sides.”

“Beautiful!” exclaimed Mr. Rafferty. “If we were rummaging the world over, from Culteragh to Botany Bay you couldn’t find anything to match this.”

The priest read on.

“Letters, with real name and address, will be attended to; and to disappoint idle curiosity none will be received unless post-paid. Directions

'Amelia,' at the Greengrocer's, No. 4½, Fye-Foot Lane ; to be left until inquired for.'

"Isn't there a sitting-down for Dick?" said the priest, triumphantly, as he rumbled up the paper.

The old gentleman looked thoughtful.

"It's all that ye say, Father Antony. But how the divil—Christ pardon us! is the boy to make his way there? Would there be any harm in writing civilly to the lady, and ask her merely to send across as much as will bring him over? I'll join him in a note of hand, payable on demand, if Dick on trial won't suit in size and action."

"Oh! blur an' nouns!" says the priest, going as near swearing as he well could; "that wouldn't do at all. Be Gogstay! she would think we couldn't scrape together turnpike money for a walking stick. Never mind. We must muster odds and ends; and, if the worst comes to the worst, we'll speak to that ould Jew, Peter Rafferty, and get money upon *gompeeine*.* I wish I dare venture to try a charity sermon; but they're tired out in chapel as well as church. In one, they're bothered about a rotten roof,—and in the other told a cock and bull story about convertin' hathens,

* *Gompeeine*, is the Connaught name for usurious interest.

and Sunday after Sunday called upon to stump up. But Dick must answer the lady's letter without delay,—and, if we stopped the postboy, we'll scrape the money up."

"There again Dick is bate dead—" replied Mr. Rafferty. "You know yerself, Antony, dear, that he never would take to learnin', and the most he can do when he's in trouble—and that's pretty often—is to sign the bail-bond, and his R is almost always taken for a K."

"Oh, that's the laste of our trouble—" said the priest; "I'll try it myself, tho', as it's in the love line, it will sorely bother me. Give me the pen and put a drop of water in the tumbler with a sketch of spirits in the bottom, merely to take off the colour of death. Now don't spake 'till I'm done."

And his reverence commenced his literary task muttering to himself as he proceeded.

"'The humble petition.'


"No—that won't do—it's the way a sheep-stealer begins when he's committed for six months, and wants his apprenticeship on the treadmill reduced to three.

"'May it please your Royal Highness.'

"That won't do either. I mind that was the way Doctor M'Tigue began his letter to the

Welsh Major, when he wanted lave to attend sick calls after night, without being stopped for the countersign by the patrol. Poor man! being in the lady's line of business he was liable to be tattered out late and early—wet and dry. Feaks! I'll just make a plain beginnin', and call her 'Honored Madam.' ”

It is much to be lamented that Father Antony never kept copies of his correspondence, and that the letter which conveyed an offer of Dick's hand and fortune to No. 4½, Fye-Foot Lane, were it sought for, would be *non inventus* as one of the Sybilline MSS. That it was a masterly performance there can exist no doubt whatever. Success is the best test that can attend upon amatory effusions, and in ten days an answer was duly received of which a faithful transcript shall be given. Great care had been evidently taken, on the lady's part, to maintain a strict incognita. The letter from Fye-Foot Lane was prudently secured by the moiety of a red wafer, lest a heraldic discovery might be made—while Dick's had a seal whose dimensions exceeded a Spanish dollar. Another thing excited some surprise. Though so particular herself on that point, Amelia, in her hurry, had forgot to pay the postage.



CHAPTER II.

A Lady's Letter—Matrimonial movements, in effecting which the Priest turns up a Trump—Mr. Rafferty, the Younger, prepares to start for the Modern Babylon—He receives excellent advice, and departs under a shower of brogues and blessings.

Without delay, we will give the fair one's epistle as indited, with the running commentary that accompanied each paragraph, as Father Antony read the same—

“ Sir—

“ *Dear I might have prefixed, had not maiden delicacy forbade it.*”

“ That's a beautiful beginning any how,” said Mr. Rafferty.

“ *A brief explanation of the motives which have influenced my conduct will best extenuate it, should that be necessary.*”

“ That's coming to business, Father Antony, without any rigmarole.”

“ *The absence of my beloved father—*”

“ So—she has a father.”

“ And, Mr. Rafferty, did ye ever know any Christian woman that wanted one?” said the priest. “ Can't ye keep listening, like a dacent

Catholic, till I have finished. Where the devil—God pardon us!—did I lave off?”

“At ‘a beloved father,’” said the Lord of Castle Rafferty, like a corrected school-boy, who has been flagellated for a recent *bruillerie*.

“The absence of my beloved father, who has been obliged to visit his West India estates, to nominate a new agent, the last having broken trust and—”

“Go on, Antony; but first let me make a tumbler for you and another for myself, and if there’s murder in the next page I’ll not trouble ye with a pig’s whisper.”

In “Hamlet” the player queen promises too much, and so did the proprietor of Castle Rafferty.

“Confided to the custody of a treacherous guardian by my idolized and absent parent, the trust has been grossly violated—”

“Och! murder!” exclaimed the old gentleman; “the creature has got a blast.”

“Upon my conscience!” and the churchman laid down the letter in alarm, “I’m sorely apprehensive that she’s a little damaged in her reputation. But stop till we know the worst,” and he read on accordingly.

“This fiend in human form, to whom a too-

confiding father thus unhappily entrusted me—in his eyes the most precious charge on earth, is class-leader in a Conventicle, and wants to marry me to a preacher, blind of the left eye, and ugly as original sin—and also make over my paltry pocket money—five poor thousands in the Four per Cents.—to endow a chapel, and export to New Zealand a cargo of Watts' Hymns."

The priest laid down the letter and elevated his eyes to the ceiling, while my father swore roundly (and Father Antony did not rebuke the outburst), that the guardian aforesaid should be hanged—and also, that the one-eyed abuser of his satanic majesty, namely, the preacher,—should be committed, as a rogue and vagabond, to the house of correction.

The remainder of the lady's letter can be easily compressed. To Dick's proposal she answered "Done!" She had two protectors, now,—her father, engaged at present in rum-maging for gold-dust; and her lover, awaiting her decision with the painful anxiety of a culprit who pleads guilty, as he eyes any suspicious movement of the judge's finger towards the cushion before him, underneath which, as he knows from Old Bailey experience, the black

cap is generally deposited. Amelia waived idle ceremony, and came like a brick to the scratch. Bred an orthodox episcopalian, she was ready to renounce methodism, and all that aided and abetted it. Connemara was nearer than California. The sooner she was in security the better—and the trifle in the Four per Cents.—her hand and person included—like a note payable on demand, were ready for Mr. Rafferty for claiming of them.

“The sooner Dick starts the better,” said the priest. “I’ll take the bull by the horn, and see if I can’t knock the fear of God into the heart of that miserable old malefactor, that, to your disgrace, is but four akin. Think of him, the antiquated sinner, offering a light shilling only last week, to take his own cousin german, by the mother’s side, out of purgatory—and he, as the ould villin knew well the loosest lad that ever the parish produced. But I’ll not part him chape, and if the ould lady will get Dick’s linen put together, and you will drink asy, and comfort yourself with an air upon the pipes, I’ll do my best, and see if the Virgin—glory to her for a real gentlewoman!—won’t stick to us, as she has done, at many a stiff pinch before.”

It was late the next day before his reverence returned, for he had lost the best end of the preceding evening, before he could bring the miser to the point. But he did succeed. The skinflint forked out thirty pounds—but the *gompeeine* he exacted was known only to himself and to the loan contractor. The old gentleman was to pass his note; the priest agreed to be security; and as many of the tenants were to join the twain, as could find room for a name or their X upon the back of the bill.

In three days, Dick was ready for the road, and set out by times, to catch the coach at Cloghnageerah. Prayers were offered for him in the chapel after second mass; and as he trotted towards the coach road, there wasn't an old shoe within the parish that was not pelted after him for luck. The priest undertook to see him off, for, the old gentleman being a quarter behind-hand with the hush money, was mortally afraid to meet the sheriff, and kept snug and warm in the house.

"Dick *avour neeine* !" said Father Antony, "fortune's before ye like a wheel-barrow—and the ball is at ye'r toe, if you can but manage to give it the right kick. When ye arrive in foreign parts take things fair and 'asy—and

don't, at the first word, off with the coat to every divel that wants to fight ye. Don't be late out in the streets upon the batter—nor ware ye'r boots out dancing at every cake, or in skrimagin over the wide world after every woman ye run against, because she wears a fliskmahoy ribbon in her bonnet and has jimkin bobs in her ears, that are, may be, only gilt after all. Don't, when ye'r in for a heavy drink, sit with your back to the fire ; and keep two things close shut—your pocket and your mouth. Write down all that happens ye, and ye can now and then get a frank, or send it by some friendly boy who has been in London for a spree, or out of the way of trouble for being over civil to a neighbour's daughter, and is waitin' till he hears from home that the match-money is made up. And now, up with ye on the roof—for I see the divil, Phil Maguire, has boulded his cropper at the counter, and is drawin' his cuff across his mouth. Be sure ye mind ye'r duty like a raal Catholic, and niver miss mass when ye can help it. The coach is going, and now, Dick, *astore*,* remember ye'r clergy's words, and God bless ye, if it be possible."

Mr. Maguire touched the off-leader with the

* *Anglicè*, darling.

silk—the helpers pulled away the horse-cloths—a shower of blessings and old brogues were discharged as the coach started—one of the latter unsettling, from over-zeal and mal-direction, the back tooth of an English traveller.

“Won’t I be proud of ye in a month or two,” and his reverence gave a wink, which, like the shake of Lord Burleigh’s head in the play, conveyed an infinity of meaning.

Poor Father Antony! Before half the allotted space, the story of his pupil had concluded for, like the history of a fox-hunter, Dick’s career had been short, sharp, and decisive. To honour its wind-up, however, no public demonstration at Castle Rafferty was made, and at chapel, neither

The bells were rung,
Nor the mass was sung.

But why and wherefore this occurred, the reader will discover after he shall have read the next chapter, which we venture to assure him shall be found rather short, very pleasant, and uncommonly instructive.

CHAPTER III.

Penmanship and Orthoepey.—Departures from both, professional and polite.—Opening occurrences of the Journey, as detailed by Mr. Ignatius O'Boyl.—Dick Rafferty finds favour with a Coroner's Jury.—Crosses the Channel, and opens the Hy-meneal campaign.—Letters from London.—What happened at the Sign of the Lady without a Head.—A change of Quarters for the worse.—Julia goes to Newgate and Dick enlists.—Both ordered on Foreign Service, and also in the same vessel.—The Lady proceeds on a Cruise, and Mr. Rafferty returns to Connemara.—Luck's everything, and Virtue is rewarded in the long run.—A bad start does not always lose a race, and Dick comes in a winner.

It has been commonly remarked, that attention to caligraphy is not considered an essential either by the great or learned. Indeed, it would appear that they rather prided themselves in running into the opposite extremes. With professional men, distinctive singularity is pardonable—a bad hand is indispensable to a medical practitioner, as a Brougham and a book—while the enormity of occupation which a personage learned in the law struggles to insinuate that he labours under, would be dissipated at once, could it be remotely suspected that he could find leisure to loop an “l,” or cross a “t.” As in physic, half the virtue of a prescription lies

in its hieroglyphics, so also, in law, what client would fee counsel who conveyed his private sentiments on the merits and demerits of the case at issue, in language that could be understood, or characters decipherable by any person but a solicitor? Would any elderly lady swallow rhubarb, were the drug not mystified on its bottle into "rad: rhei:"—and yet that ornament to the profession, Doctor Ollapod, would tell you that "rhubarb's rhubarb," after all. No, could the old gentlewoman but suspect that she swallowed at bed-time in a bolus, what she discussed very comfortably at dinner in a tart, she would cut the family chemist incontinently, and seek some more cunning leech, who, though he might in submission to the revolutionary spirit that unhappily marks the age, have discarded the stuffed alligator he took with the fixtures of the shop some fifty years before, still, true to his vocation, will involve even to the last, his "beggarly account of empty boxes," in mystic characters and bad Latin?"

Lawyers and doctors are permitted, by custom immemorial, to inflict "cursed crabbed pieces of penmanship" upon the community—but it is expected, *per contra*, that they shall

neither lengthen or abridge any word in common use, in aught of its fair proportions, as allotted to the same by Lindley Murray. Persons, not professional, are entitled to claim exception. Lord Loggerhead, in right of his peerage, held himself authorized to spell physician with an 'f,' and Antony Lumpkin, Esquire, a gentleman of ancient family and good estate, candidly confessed that he never could tell "an i from an izzard." With such precedents ready to quote at command, Dick Rafferty felt that no apology was required for his being, in orthographical matters, a little erratic. As Hamlet excused a cold supper on the score of thrift, the priest's *élève* might plead for the omission of double m's and n's, that, while the meaning of the word could be comprehended by a judicious curtailment, the writer's time—*ad valorem* amount, not correctly understood—and a saving of ink, would be equally effected.

It was the first time that Dick had been required to call in the aid of letters, and convenient as they may be sometimes, to

"Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole"—

still, in love and business, the prevailing fancy

in Connaught is to manage matters by word of mouth. Dick Rafferty—save under three tumblers, and that the language spoken was the vernacular—was, in truth, an orator of but feeble pretension—while on paper he was still less effective. All, therefore, that was said and done during the crowded six weeks of his English expedition, and which, by turns, converted Castle Rafferty into a house of feasting and fasting, we shall endeavour to condense and render into English—as we best can—adding, here and there, such incidental correspondence as may be necessary to fill two or three *hiatuses*.

The first intimation of Dick's progress was thus addressed—

“ Mistress Honoria O'Boyl,
Grocer, tobacinist, and Oilman,
Cloonfin,

N.B.—Turn at Kneekscattery. Connemara.”

County Infirmary—Monday,
Ward No. 2. Mornin'—12 of June.

“ DEAR WIFE,

“ I know that you'l be soar distrest to here of my kallamerty—but the lord's will be dun—Hear I am in the county Infermary, led up with a kolar bone brok, and all thro' Dick


Rafferty—the devil’s luck to him, day and night—Until we cam to Kiltycormick our jurny was uncommon plesint, as the gentelman who sat upon the bocks, plaid on the jews harp most beautiful—We had a litel Refreshment at the stages as we druv along, but there wasn’t a man on the roof ye could well say was the worse of Liker—Well nothing would serve Dick—my curse and the widda’s lite upon the same—but he must drive and partly thro’ spirits, and partly thro’ perswashin, he gets the coachman—God be good to him, and pity his poor wife who’s at the down-lyin,’ and his childer, one of them a kripel, and the other that can’t walk, to give him the whip and the reighns. Away he went—and feaks—I had grate misgivins that Dick’s drivin—may the devil drive the same lad—would bring us into trubbel—an sorra much I was astray.

“ Well, for about a matter of six mile, wee got on purty fair, an’ all the damage done was by Dick’s driving thro’ a Flok of gees and lamin’ a goslin’. We stopt at Roger Murphy’s, and had som Beer, and a snap of spirits, nate at the red Cow—and also another pint that the gent on the bocks that plaid the trump, won from the man behind him, who beat that Lord

Wellintown was a hielanman by berth, and always wore kilts upon a Sunday. The cumpanee give it against him—an' feaks! he paid it like a man—and we stopt an' had it at Matty Philbin's. We had also a taste at Tom Langin's, that keeps the pound, and a drop of beer, out of respect, at his motherinlaw's—a very dacent ould woman, whos son was hanged on suspishin of murderin' a tithe proctor (bad luck attend the name!) about a twelvemonth back. Well, thro' these stopps we lost time, an' says Peter Cormick, 'We're behind hand,'—and the divil a maney words he spok after it—'Are we,' says Dick, 'then here goes to make it up.' In went the whip, an' away we goes scatterin' down the hill. 'Holy Barbara!' says poor Peter, 'why didn't ye stop till we put the drag on.—In wid the laders, and mind y'er noggin hand,* or we'll be teetotally demolished—for there's not a krooketter corner in Connaught, than the one that's before ye.' Well, instead of followin' good advice, Dick lost hart altogether—let slip one part of the reighns, and pult hard upon the wrong ones—so the coach run away with the

* In Hibernian parlance, the left, from holding that useful vessel is termed the "noggin-hand," and the right "the spoon" one.

horses, as might be expected, an', instead of turnin' fair an' asey over the Bridge, we goes head over heels into a pratty field. Peter Cormick—Lord look down upon the famaly!—was kilt upon the spot—I was takin up for ded—one horse brok his neck, and the other three will nivir turn a wheel while they live in this world. The gentelman that plaid the trump, sed to me afore the axident, when we were takin' a cropper at the widda's, that he was mighty fond of dancin'—but the divil a step he'll take for a month o' Sunday's, as his ankel's fairly twisted round—and, as I here, but can scarce believe, the heel is now where the big-to ust to be formerley. Grate consternation was afflicted on the insides;—the bishop of Kinturk, whose a stout man, an' who nivir, as the vally-de-cham sed, took nothin' but carriage exercise, is blac from his hip upward as the ace of spades. Lord forgive us for camparin' a sinful card to a holy bishop!—But the worst of this misfortin must be tould yet,—there was a dacent young cuppel just married in the coach, and she has lost five teeth, and is so disfiggert otherways, that her husbin's dog wouldn't own her. As to him, the poor divil! he's stricht beside me in the next bed—a beautifull place



for a man to spend the honeymoon—and all this thro' Dick Rafferty.

“ An' now, Honor darlin', as I've tould ye the extent of our Misfortin, you'l ask, an' natral enough, what became of that villin that occassioned all—and, as a christein woman, I know ye'l hope he brok his back,—but I've dowbts on my mind that he even brok his braces—for he went flyen off the bocks, lit upon his feet, like a merry andra, and was the first to ask us, as we lay topsy-turvy, what the mater was. He's safe to be hanged,—an' that, all in an' out, when they recovred there senses an' ther tongue, offert to make affidavid on, if they were askt upon oath.”

There were some family details superadded to this official account of the accident. Young Peter was to be flagellated if he smashed another pane; and even if she went down upon her knees, the tailor's wife should not be entrusted to the value of a *schultogue*—she had no principle, and never went to mass;—good and sufficient grounds, in Peter's mind, for her not obtaining permission to instruct him in the art and mystery of book-keeping.

The opening epistle will generally convey the particulars of the accident; and touching the

general results, a despatch from the *origo mali*, meaning Dick, will be sufficiently explicit, although we will farther elucidate the text, by now and then introducing a running commentary of the churchman's—

“‘DEAR FATHER ANTONY,

“‘You didn't expect to hear from me so soon.’”

“Upon my conscience! he may say that.”

“‘We'er born to troubil as a turf flies uppermost, as you said yerself in the effective sermon, that ye preached upon the death of the miller's wife.’”

“It's wonderful how my words stick to the memory of the flock, like a burr to a woollen stocking—for even that reprobate remembers them; but, the thief, to put a turf into the mouth of the Lord's minister—and that's myself—when I said a spark. Who the divil—Christ pardon us for even naming him—heard before of a turf flying up a chimney? But let us go on.”

“‘As I intend to come back four-in-hand, I thought I had better practice with the mail; and, the harness being rotten, the horses run away; and, owing to the fault of the proprietors, the whole concern was made *smithereens* of—poor

Peter Cormick was kilt upon the spot ; and the divil a one, big or little, escaped damage but myself. It's wonderful to imagine how anybody could have been hurt—the drop wasn't above eight or ten feet—and what can be softer than a potato field ?' ”

“ Postscript.

“ ‘ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

“ ‘ Would ye believe it ? as the stockin' man died last night, they had a coroner's inquest on him this morning. The verdict was not accidental death, as it ought to be ; but I know well the hair of your head will stand on end, when I tell ye what an escape I had. There was a villin, an outsider, with brown clothes, a broad hat, and buckles in his shoes, that would girth a *surcingle*. Well in he comes, and offered to make oath, only he wouldn't kiss the book, that I was the death of the stockin' man ! I bless God, and so will you, that the jury were all good Catholics ; and I got the height of applause for the way I cross-examined him.—‘ Ask him if he goes to mass,’ says I, ‘ and bid him cross himself, the hathen, if he can.’—Feaks he owned the truth at once ; he never had darkened a chapel door, and he called crossing an act of idolatry !—‘ Ask him, the divil,

says I, 'if he'd mind eating meat upon Good Friday?'—And what do you think was the answer—why, that 'it was a good one when he got it.'—'Arrah be off, and repent,' says the foreman; 'I wouldn't hang a cat upon ye'r evidence—you would sware this young gentleman's life away, ye broad brimmed malefactor.' And they brings in at once that the stockin' man died by the visitation of God—and feaks! I got over in a common canter, what I feared might have brought me into tribulation. Dear and reverend Antony, don't forget me in your prayers, and remember me to my mother, Biddy Callaghan, Judy Grimes, Shawn-a-Neilan,* and Critch O'Hara—and also, to all inquiring friends. Whitewash the stable that the grey colt died in—and be asy on Mary Mossop when she comes to be churched as ye can. You know I'm going to lead a new life, and neither of us will trouble you again. So no more at present."

The next epistle was dated from Holyhead; and joyful was the priest's heart, as he read the agreeable missive over for the third time.

"Here I am fairly across the herring brook,

* "John of the Islands," and "Hunchbacked O'Hara."

and things look like housekeeping as you'll presently admit, and now for the particulars—

“A young and interesting lady on landing on the K——” (Oh! Holy Bridget! there's a way of spelling “Quay,” and the very next line, there's footman with a *u*)—“found that her maid and futman had taken the wrong vessel, leaving her nothing but what she stood upright in, except a small basket and her Bible, with six or eight shillings, in small silver, to throw to beggars from the coach window, or any cripple that came across her. Faith! I took instant advantage of her distress, and insisted on franking her to London. She held out for a little, but what could the crature do? so I took charge of her on the spot; and who do you think she is, Father Antony? 'The divil a less, than the youngest daughter to a third cousin of the Lord Mare.”—(Oh! murder! there's one way to spell mayor).

“Well ye see, Antony *astore*,* when I was satisfied of her high connexions, I began to draw tenderly on other matters touching how she stood respecting *tin*.”—(Tin! what the devil does he mean by tin? Oh! I guess it from what follows.)—“And by degrees I coaxed all out of her at last. She has one side of a street in a place

* *Anglicè*—darling.

they call Pimlico—God knows what money in the funds—and great expectations from an old gentleman, aged seventy-six, who is maid of honour I think she said to the lord chancellor. Well, hadn't I the luck of thousands that these devils, the servants, went astray?—She tells me she gives the maid close upon a hundred a year, and the futman.”—(Bad luck to ye, Dick, another u!) —“Never walks the street in the dirtiest weather, without silk stockings and a cocked hat.

“Here we are in London, and staying at a fashionable hotel with a funny sign, a woman without a head upon her. By the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, and a pain in her stomach, which lasted the whole of the journey, and that nothing during the whole time, but brandy *nate*, could relieve, I overcome her maiden scruples. Indeed, between cognac and persecution I never let her rest. She was bothered at a place they called Wolverhampton, and dead beat when we came to Coventry. She'll not mind her third cousin the lord mayor a *traneine*,* and we'll put the bans up next Sunday.”

* *Anglice*—a straw.

“Sign of the Lady without a Head,
“Wednesday Evening.

“ Devil’s luck to lady’s maids, and fellows with cocked hats, who would faint to case their calves in dacent Connemaras. Neither of them have appeared yet, and we are beginning to fancy, they got by mistake into the Scotch packet, which has occasioned the delay. Julia is here without a second shift (mind, Father Antony, I only guess as much), and what’s become of her baggage and jewel-cases, God only knows. I’m down to £4 6s. 4d. If these devils, the servants, don’t turn up in a day or two, I must, I’m much afraid, condescend to borrow a pony or two, from the lord mayor. Of course, he’ll be too happy to write a cheque for the £20, but one doesn’t like being under any obligation to a stranger. I’ll name it to Julia after dinner.

“ She won’t hear of it ; but she’ll step over to the Mansion-house to-morrow.

“ Isn’t it a wonder how particular the people

in the house are? Divil a chop touches your ivory, till it's paid for on the nail—and ye must stump up the lodging money every night before you stretch yourself upon the flea-bag. I wish Julia's traps were come to hand; she tells me there's a £50 note in the jewel-case, if she could only find out where it was. Well, the lord mayor, of course, will make all right to-morrow.

“She's back; and was there ever such a hard-hearted old Turk. He give her the height of abuse for not being in time last week to be presented to her Majesty; and she felt so much affronted, that she came away without even asking for the cheque. I wish she would let me step over and explain. What do I value him and his gilt coach? But she won't listen to it. I wish the servants and the kit were come. Down now to eight-and-sixpence.

* * * *

“No news of the servants. Not a ghost to keep the devil out of my pocket, but a battered shilling and fourpence halfpenny in brass. Julia must overcome her pride a little, and get twenty or thirty pounds from that old cousin of hers.—Bad luck to him.

“Oh! murder, murder, Father Antony!

We're teetotally ruined, and that's the short and long of it. Warned out by the landlady—and the lord mayor—Cromwell's curse upon him!—is gone to sea in his barge, and isn't expected home for a fortnight. Where are we to move into, and obtain a lodging! Oh! murder! Antony *avournecine*! I wish you were beside us!"

"God forbid I had my wish! For, feaks! you would be in a stronger house than ever Castle Rafferty was. But I'll do my best to inform you of what has happened.

"While we were sitting over a little gin and water, and I was endeavouring to persuade her to step down with me to Pimlico, and, as we do in Connemara, get the tenants to fork out a little in advance, the door opens, and in comes a couple of as ill-looking villains as ever a dog barked at. One of them chucked Julia under the chin, and asked her, 'Where the devil she had stuck herself, as they had been rummaging for her the last three months?' Feaks! I was so astonished I couldn't speak, and may be I was surprised a little more, and that in the course of the next minute.

"'Is this cove yer fancy man, since Tom was

lagged? I suppose, as I don't know him, he's a country workman ye have picked up, but we may happen to find out a little more about him presently.' And before I knew that anything was wrong, they had me handcuffed like a deserter. As to our pockets, they turned all inside out. Devil a scurrick but a sixpence was in mine, and all that Julia's produced, was three pawn tickets and a pack of cards.

* * * *

"Locked up for the night. Oh! Father Antony, haven't I made a Judy Fitzsummons mother of myself? Julia's no more related to the Lord Mayor than you are—and has not a rag of reputation, for all she depends upon is telling fortunes on the cards.

"Turned out in the morning—Julia sent to Newgate. She made faces at me from the dock, and told me before she stepped into the van, to inquire after her maid and footman.

"Not a rap to bless myself upon—not a roof to shelter me. When I went back to the Woman without the Head, they told me my wife had sent her brother for my luggage—and all but shut

the door in my face.—Nothing but one choice left—Listed in the 5th Foot—Regiment, in New South Wales,—depôt, at Chatham.”

(A *hiatus* for three months occurs in Mr. Rafferty’s correspondence.)

“Drafted to join the service companies—and go out guard of a female convict ship.—Went on board at Woolwich.—Transports partly in the vessel, and the rest expected this tide by a steamer.

“Cross yourself, Father Antony, before you read another line.—Who do ye think is among the last batch? The devil a one but Julia Montagu! I was sentry on the gangway,—she knew me at first sight.—Did she faint? I think I hear your her reverence inquire. Arrah! the devil an idea of the kind was in her head. Of all the brazen thieves ye ever cursed from the altar in your time, she’s the biggest. As they had cropped her close, I was a little bothered to remember her for a minute. She burst into a horse laugh—‘Are ye there, Dick?’ says she; ‘Does your mother know you’re out?—and have ye written lately to Father Antony? My cousin, the Lord Mayor, sent you his kind compliments, and, would you believe it, neither my maid nor

footman have ever returned since.—So, you have got brown bess upon your shoulder; the fittest plaything for about the biggest fool I ever met to amuse himself with.’—And she kept laughing at me ’till they bundled her down below.

“God and your reverence be praised, my discharge arrived this evening. I’ll hurry home as fast as I can roof it down to Liverpool, and if ever I take four-in-hand again, or lay hold of an heiress at first sight, leave me at pack-drill for the remainder of my natural life.”

It is only necessary for us, as the biographer of Dick Rafferty, to say, that he returned to Castle Rafferty not richer, but much wiser than when he commenced his travels. He neither requested, *en route* to Connemara, permission to tool the coach, nor would he have attempted to put his *comether** on an heiress, had such been in the carriage. In a year afterwards he married a priest’s niece. Father Antony made the match, and Dick inherited all that the old churchman had hoarded for half

* Make love to.

a century. It is true that the sum total would not have bought a corner of Pimlico—but all was *aragudsheish*,* and by its judicious application, the hall-door of Castle Rafferty remains now upon the latch, and the old gentleman ventures boldly to fair and market, and is not the least afraid to shake hands with the sub-sheriff. Dick, after all, was no fool in his generation. He enacted a four-in-hand—wooed and won an heiress—became candidate for the bubble reputation, and finding these were all vanity and vexation of spirit, he confines himself to a much more pleasant and profitable pursuit—namely, the production of sheep, and fattening of bullocks.

Should the enemy speak with him in the gate, his quiver is amply provided. Five pledges of connubial love have been granted him with marvellous rapidity; and, tell it not to Harriet Martineau, it is whispered, and not denied, that Mrs. Richard Rafferty is again “as ladies wish to be.”

The old gentleman drinks poteeine punch, and plays the pipes as usual. The Priest blesses or bans, according as the flock deserve it. Julia Montagu has never favoured her former lover

* Ready money.

with a single line,—and such is the truant disposition of men, that while he recalls a half-forgotten fox-chase with delight, Dick modestly declines any pretensions to drive three blind ones and a bolter,—and, from his silence on the subject, a stranger would never suspect that he had cut a distinguished figure in the British Metropolis.

ADVENTURES OF A FRESHMAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

ONE moiety of a century has passed—the dark brown hair of seventeen is represented by a “frosty pow”—and “accidents, by flood and field,” have largely marked the interval. The history of a life differs marvellously. From boyhood it is a voyage. One man’s skiff glides over the unruffled surface of a mill-pond ; another’s, sorely tempest-tost, may happily survive the gale, but between squalls flounder in broken water, until he, the preserved one, shall look upon his deliverance as a misery, and not a mercy.

A few passages in my parti-coloured career will point the moral of my conclusions.

For a very different profession than that which I selected, family arrangements had designed me.

Three brothers, as they attained an eligible age, had obtained commissions—while I, like another “Young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,” was parentally doomed to eschew the “ear-piercing fife,” and operate not on simple sheepskin, but “Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,” and while my brothers, in the Low Countries, assailed gentlemen in blue—to wit, the French—safe at home, I was to abuse the lady in scarlet, and that to the very best of my abilities.

Pope says or sings that a poetical apprentice “foredoom’d his father’s soul to cross,” is a curse frequently inflicted on respectable men of business. And if my worthy mother expected to weep bitterly at my first charity sermon, the poor dear lady might have bottled her tears for ever.

I was a stale gib,* when for a college *escapade*, I was sentenced to six months’ rustication. The discipline of Alma Mater was, at that time, national out and out. The *alumni*, for “a consideration,” might sleep *extra muros* six nights out of the seven; and whether their dormitory was Saint Andrew’s watchhouse, “The Canister,” or “The Hole-in-the-Wall,”† was a

* A senior Freshman.

† These pleasant hostelries are no more, but they will still

matter of perfect indifference to the authorities—or the delinquents—all penal consequences being booked in the quarterly accounts against parents and guardians. How absurdly are men's fortunes decided ! I, regularly intended for a Boanerges, and that too by the disposition of a maiden relative, whose piety was decided, and her child's portion—seven thousand—invested in the Five per Cents.—*et nullus error*, as “the Duke” classically expresses it ; I, under whose sweeping eloquence, the lady in red who sitteth on the Seven Hills, should be severely castigated, and if she had it in her, brought to the blush ; I, from family interest, putting my virtue and my learning out of the account altogether, with a mitre *in prospectu*—all and every hope to be overthrown in one fell swoop—and all this prostration of lofty expectations, merely for the abstraction of a pine apple !

It was a sweet summer evening—and after Commons, we youths, as Fat Jack says, had a symposium, our “custom i’ the afternoon,” Costigan’s double-distilled being considered a *sine quâ non* to counteract the evil consequences

survive in the recollection of “old Corinthians,” who in “lang syne,” over black cockles and Costigan’s “raal malt,” delighted there to hear “the chimes at midnight.”

which might otherwise arise from the eternity of boiled legs of mutton which it pleased the board to cause us hebdomadally to swallow. Alma Mater was then a pleasant place enough for young gentlemen who had health and could command means. The weather was warm—the alcohol meritorious—and divers glasses were cunningly fabricated, and faithfully discussed. From the gothic hour we dined at—three P.M.—it was not unusual to meet candidates for the woolsack or a mitre, heavily screwed, and that also, before ordinary mortals had stretched a leg beneath mahogany at all. On this unhappy evening, as far as drinking went, the pace was strong. At five, we began to meditate mischief; at six, were well up to the mark—and, bent upon taking pleasure, like the sailor who went to see the man hanged, we sallied on the town to avail ourselves of any agreeable adventures which Dame Fortune might be pleased to favour us with.

A fruiterer, named Anderson, had for some alleged offending, incurred the displeasure of our body politic. As Mrs. Malaprop would term it, he resided in a “contagious” neighbourhood—his domicile being directly opposite the equestrian statue of the Third William of glorious memory.

On this—and to me an eventful evening it proved—great were the attractions his windows presented to the passer-by. There were apples which would have seduced Mother Eve—plums originally from Mogul—and pears of undeniable pretension—but there lay a jewel above price before which all else yielded—for, by comparison, a ribston had no chance, nor could a jargonel hold a candle to it ; in a word, this exotic beauty was a pine.

“Lord ! how tempting !” I muttered. “I’m half inclined to run away with it.”

“Bet you cockles and accompaniments for six that you don’t,” replied one of my valued confederates.

Suadente Diabolo, I exclaimed, “Done !”

Curse upon Costigan ! Three tumblers, and stiff ones too ! Away went the consequences that were attendant upon felony—away went the pine—away went the abtractor—and away went the astonished shopman after him—strong running succeeded, and a stronger cry of “Stop thief !”

Everybody knows that an alarmed hare never heads to her own form directly—and on the same principle, I doubled again and again—took sundry by-streets,—thought to blink the pursuit

by heading through a crooked alley ; but “ louder still the clamour grew,” and at last, I turned my flying footsteps towards that seat of virtue and polite learning, from which, in an evil hour, I had unfortunately issued on the town.

From the start I had made strong running, and although the pursuit was actively maintained, the chances were that I should reach my den in safety—pine-apple and all. Vagabonds, without venturing to stop me, raised a terrific alarm, one scoundrel asserting that I had stolen a watch, while another bellowed “ Murder ! ” Although fellows with fresh wind succeeded the “ gorbellied knaves ” whom the first burst had left without a puff, still I should have won cleverly, had not a Quaker inserted an umbrella between my legs, and before I could regain my feet—my curse and Cromwell’s upon the broad-brimmed scoundrel ! I was regularly run into.

How I was incarcerated in the watch-house—a thing of no novelty to me—bailed out by my tailor—arraigned before the board, and sentenced to be rusticated for a year, I need not particularly dwell upon. To communicate this pleasant intelligence to head-quarters was unavoidable, but the difficulty lay in determining the most palatable medium that could be chosen for

making a disclosure, which would for ever demolish the cherished hopes of my lady mother, and place a pious aunt in sackcloth and ashes as she mourned for my delinquency. Were not the air-built castles founded on law and divinity suddenly overturned—dispelled like a vision of the night? My lady mother had looked confidently forward to the possession of the great seal—while my aunt, good easy woman, would have been modestly contented with a mitre. All hope had ended. Would the honourable portion of a man's person who had committed larceny in open daylight, be allowed to repose upon the woolsack? or would my pine-apple propensities recommend me to a pair of lawn sleeves? No wonder that sorrowful were my secret communings as I strolled listlessly through Grafton Street, when at the door of a saddler's shop, I encountered Lord M——, who represented our county in parliament, and also commanded its militia.

As an electioneering supporter, my father had been always a steady one; and often had his lordship tendered his best services in return. I would have avoided an interview, but his lordship saw me unluckily before I saw him—beckoned me over the street—put his arm through

mine, and brought me to a livery stable in the neighbourhood to look at a horse he felt a wish to purchase.

"I saw your people at church Sunday—all looking well—your father, indicating a placid conscience, by the serenity of his slumbers through a display of pulpit eloquence that extended beyond an hour, and your aunt, as Shakspeare says, 'sighing like a furnace' to think the world was so wicked as the new curate forcibly described it."

I thought to myself how she would groan over the pine-apple affair—that being a matter much nearer home than the transgressions of the world at large.

"You'll dine with me—any time before daylight will do to get into college, by tapping at the wicket 'with half-a-crown.'"

"You may extend it to a twelvemonth, as far as I am personally concerned, my Lord," and I told him the story of my rustication.

"The devil take pine-apples," he said, with a laugh. "But it's lucky that I ran against you; that twenty-stone sinner, Captain Corbet, fancies that strong exercise, in the dog-days, is not adapted for a man 'fat as butter,' and, in consequence, this morning tendered his resignation.

The commission is at your service. I will write to your father, and smooth matters as I best can. My tailor will fit you out. Your yeomanry drill was fortunate, as you can take duty at once; and as I remain in town until the middle of the week, we'll join the regiment together."

Here was a change—a chancellor in expectancy transmuted into a captain of militia, the consideration, a pine-apple. Need I add that I joyfully embraced the offer. My father's wrath might be appeased in time, but would any apology be received by an irritated aunt for pleading a *nolo episcopari*, and clinching the objection by an act of petty larceny? His Lordship wrote an explanatory letter, and I a couple of penitential ones, and having started for New Ross before answers could be returned, the mail was fortunately robbed, the replies never came to hand, and thus the jeremiads of the ladies, and fulminations of the old commander, were mercifully spared me.

The South of Ireland was in one wide blaze—the insurgents up in arms—and the locality where my regiment was quartered, distinguished for greater ferocity, from the first moment of the outburst, than all the province besides. In

cruelty, Wexford achieved an unhappy pre-eminence. The insurgents were savage, and the royalists, as might be expected, unrelenting in return. Many, whose milder natures could not imagine that civil war will brutalize a man so soon, refused credence to these narratives of blood. But alas! as the Scotch phrase goes, "the tale was ower true."

On the 2nd of June, Lord—— and I reached our destination, after a couple of very narrow escapes from strolling bands, who, professedly rebels, but actually banditti, had rendered the roads so insecure, that strong escorts only could protect the traveller. The insurrection was now general; at Newtown, Barry and Gorey the rebels had been defeated; but at Tubberneering, a castle dangler, Colonel Walpole, had lost both his division and his life.*

* "It will be only necessary to remark, that Walpole was detached from Dublin to reinforce General Loftus; that on his junction he arrogated for himself a separate command—that it was culpably acceded to—that he was ambitious to fight an action without delay—and that, to oblige a minion of the Lord Lieutenant, an attack on the rebel position, the hill of Ballymore, was planned, it being considered the safest method of gratifying 'a carpet knight,' whose services as yet had been confined to the duties of the drawing-room."—*Maxwell's History, &c.*

On joining the garrison at Ross, from the dangerous vicinity of the rebel camp at Carrickbyrn, only six miles distant, the town had been reinforced, and we found there about 1500 troops of all arms, chiefly Irish militia and yeomanry, under the command of General Johnson.

The coming storm was speedily evidenced, for on the evening of the 4th the rebels decamped from their former position, and bivouacked on Corbet Hill, within a mile and a half's distance of the town.

All night the royalists remained under arms, to guard against surprise, but none was attempted, and soon after day-light Bagenal Harvey, the insurgent commander, sent in a summons by a man called Furlong. The out-lying sentry, a young soldier, disregarding the waving of a white handkerchief, shot the envoy, and infuriated at this breach of military courtesy, his companions in dense masses, and with terrific yells, rushed forward to avenge their leader's death.

The advance of this armed multitude, by some estimated at 25,000, but even by themselves admitted to exceed 15,000 men, exhibited an appearance at once strange but striking to a military eye, while their formation, partly in

close column, and partly in extended order, showed their immense numbers to imposing advantage. The enormous disproportion between their strength, and the physical inferiority of that opposed, was further enhanced by the wild fanaticism which a host of priests instilled into their deluded followers. The credulity of the lower Irish in everything is proverbial, but in religious matters it reaches to an extent almost beyond belief. Of all irregular enemies, the bigot to a faith which he fancies that he is upholding with the sword, has ever been regarded as most dangerous; and the houris' beckon to paradise is not more encouraging to the Mussulman, than the priest's assurance to an Irish peasant, that though prayer and penance may possibly succeed in time, still the pike is as certain, and decidedly a much shorter cut to heaven.

New Ross, once a place of strength, had, from improvements in the art of war, and want of military value, been open for a century to aggression. One of the positions taken by the defenders was in front of the Three-bullet Gate. The skirmishers retired as the rebel masses came on—the supporting troops were driven in—a gun captured—but the troops rallied and advanced again—and while the rebels, in their

turn, became unsteady, and gave ground, the 5th Dragoons charged injudiciously. Leaping over the fences, the insurgents easily avoided contact with the broad-sword, while through openings in the hedges—from the superior length of the weapon—the pike commanded the road; and with a heavy loss, the 5th, after a very gallant but ineffectual effort, were of necessity retired. The town was gained—the houses fired by the assailants—a dense mass of drunken fanatics choked the streets—the over-pressed soldiery retired—and New Ross virtually was won.

Virtually it was. But let New Ross point a valuable moral to modern patriots, whether they are in the rifle or soda-water-bottle line. Even in the imaginary pride of assured victory, in Ireland, the eventual certainty of mob success has always been, and ever will be, more than questionable, and in England—*en passant*—be it observed, that the result, had the Chartist vagabonds “screwed their courage to the sticking-point,” would have been the same. At Ross, to shout, drink, and plunder, the rebels generally abated sharp pursuit—the royalists rallied beyond the bridge—and with his head uncovered, his white hair rolling down his shoulders—old John-

son led them again to a new effort. The sailor and the soldier have heart-pulses which rarely are tried in vain. On this day, and in its gloomiest hour, the appeal was touchingly made, and as nobly was it answered. "Will you desert your general?" exclaimed the veteran to the disheartened militia, but the appeal was coldly heard. "And your countryman, too?" he added. The chord of national honour was touched—a cheer answered it—the old man wheeled his horse round, and, riding in front, brought back his rallied troops to the fight; and boldly announcing that he was followed by large reinforcements from Waterford, he rejoined the brave but wearied few, who still maintained their ground at the Three-bullet Gate. The fortune of a doubtful day, when in the scale, is often turned by a feather; and this, a military truism, New Ross sufficiently established. The troops cheered—plied their musketry with excellent effect—and, turning the rebel rear, put their massive columns into a confusion which proved irretrievable, until at last, and with desperate slaughter, they drove them fairly from the town. The exhausted garrison made but a feeble pursuit, and the rebels were too heavily *derouted* to evince any wish to rally; retiring

in mob-like confusion, some heading to Carrickbyrne, and more to a height called Slieve-Keiltor, some four miles distant from New Ross.

The leading events of this important day will best be marked by desultory anecdotes. From this, also, a gone-by crisis in Irish affairs, some useful hints, and tolerably correct deductions, may be given, and safely come to. Before we give the one, or draw the other, we shall recur to some passing events which influenced the fortunes of that doubtful day. What we shall state shall not be hearsay, but facts authenticated.

The gross proportion of the assailed to the assailants were, at a moderate average—taking rebel and royalist reports equally as data—fifteen to one, at least. The former were, for irregulars, the best probably the world could produce—possessing, as they did, the two best ingredients, animal pugnacity and unbounded bigotry. With the localities, for miles around, they were intimately acquainted, and that, in military success, is a leading card in hand. In the town itself, their fellow traitors occupied three houses out of four—a very formidable advantage. The royalists were raw troops, a force heterogeneous in composition,

and hastily collected. Men who have been regimented and drilled together, acquire a mutual dependency, and consider themselves the portion of a finely constructed machine, whose regulated movements are perfectionated, we hate the phrase, but it is here expressive. Hence, to operate and not consider, is the feeling produced, and that self-assurance is the first principle that distinguishes the soldier from the mob-man. Stop, we are running into a military commentary, but a few anecdotes connected with New Ross will prove that our deductions, at all events, are not erroneous.

To mob-success, two things have generally been essential accessories—fanaticism and drunkenness. “On their march,” says Musgrave, “they stopped at a chapel, where mass was said at the head of each column, and the priests sprinkled an abundance of holy water on them. That they fought sufficiently drunk may be inferred from a fact, and that also authenticated from a dozen witnesses. A wretched man, far advanced in years, rushed on before his companions, and remarking that the execution of a six-pounder had grievously alarmed his friends, the wretched fool stuffed an old hat and wig into the gun, and hallooed stoutly for his com-

rades to come on—all danger from explosion being, as he fancied, effectually obviated. Before the call could be obeyed the port-fire was laid upon the touchhole. We trust that the old gentleman's account was correctly balanced in Heaven's chancery. Like John Gilpin's, away went hat and wig, and the proprietor. John's was, if we recollect the thing correctly, recovered and brought back, but it would be difficult to restore either the person or effects, belonging to the gentleman at New Ross after being protruded from the muzzle of a six-pounder.

New Ross, commencing at five in the morning, terminated at three in the afternoon—a longer space of trial than that undergone at Waterloo—and, though the assertion may be held heretical, a much severer, too, considering its varied fortunes; we look upon that of Ross to be the best-fought action of the time. Throughout, the conduct of old Johnson was chivalrous; and while the wretched *employés* of the Castle had been tried and found wanting the day before at Tubberneering, the stout old soldier at New Ross retrieved half the offences of “a popinjay.”

In war, the picture has lights and shadows which peaceful life cannot be expected to exhibit.

In the soldier's character there are two damnable failings, and it would be difficult to decide whether caution carried to excess, or culpable rashness is the more dangerous. The grand secret in the military art is to learn when to strike, and when to forbear. At New Ross, safety lay in daring, and victory rewarded the stout old soldier. All required the preceding day at Tubberneering was ordinary prudence, and a strict attention to the common rules of war. To both, the wretched fool who had been unwisely entrusted with command showed gross indifference. Johnson won, and left a leader's fame behind him; Walpole, a melancholy reputation—one only that serves to point a moral, and by sad example prove, that as *cucullus non facit monachum*, the *aiguillette* does not constitute the general.

New Ross presents a vivid sketch of what that worst of wars is—a civil contest. It also illustrates a lesson that every demagogue should lay to his heart—the inefficiency of mob-superiority in numbers when it is opposed to disciplined determination. I believe that were the expansive surface of this “fair round globe” searched over, man to man, with “a clear stage and no favour,” as the fancy say, a British

battalion would be found unequalled. The island soldier, whether he emblazon in his cap the rose, the thistle, or the shamrock, is unmatched—to coin a word—unmatchable—while the mob-man is the most contemptible opponent upon earth. We may be wrong, and undervalue the military properties of modern reformers by drawing conclusions from the past performances in the tented field of unwashed patriots and gentlemen who offer them their countenance and counsel, very properly, for “a consideration ;” but if we be in error, the page of British history goes only to confirm it. In the elements of a mob, cowardice and cruelty have ever preponderated, and we look on the man, no matter whether he be lay or clerical, whether he prefix a “Reverend” to his name, or write after it an *armigerus*, to be the gravest offender against a state, who plays upon the passions of the giddy multitude, and evokes a storm that nothing but the rope and deportation can allay.

THE FOREST RIDE OF A WEST INDIA PLANTER.

I WAS scarcely fourteen, and an *employé* in a mercantile house in Trinidad, when, in order to complete the cargo of a vessel which was about to sail for Europe, it was necessary that a quantity of sugar should be forwarded from the interior of the island to the port, and that, too, with the least possible delay. When this intelligence was communicated to Mr. —, evening was setting in, the sky was dark and threatening, and a sudden change of temperature, added to other well-known intimations of a coming hurricane, discouraged the two senior clerks from undertaking what, they very properly considered, would prove a disagreeable mission. Aware of my equestrian propensities, and as a last resource, Mr. — proposed the duty, and the use of a black cob, to me. The

overture jumped with my humour, as Dr. Ollapod says—if I did not embrace *him*, I did his offer—and reckless both of sounds and signs, which too surely foreboded a coming tempest, in a few minutes I was settled on the pig-skin, and also upon the back of as intractable a quadruped as ever had been dispatched on a sugar-hunting expedition in Trinidad on the eve of a hurricane.

Jumbo, as my black charger was named, seemed anything but well inclined for the evening's excursion. With him, "coming events threw their shadows before,"—and, like gentlemen who in old times, *en route* to Tyburn, and when regularly settled

"in cart,

Very often took leave, but seem'd slow to depart,"

it was only by the smart application of a rattan, and heels unprovided with iron, that I did overcome his objection to the road. We started—he, evidently, in any mood but a contented one, and I, in full anticipation of a pleasurable excursion.

Mr. Murphy, whose memory will exist so long as almanacs remain, never detected a gathering tornado with half the precision that Jumbo

evinced on this momentous evening. Wisdom crieth in the streets in vain, and in the woods of Trinidad her warnings are even less attended to. Affrighted birds cleft the air on hurried wing; cattle bellowed and hastened from field to shed and stable; from sugar-cane and coffee-plantations, the negroes retreated in double quick; window and shutter were closed jealously; and every hut and house we passed, showed note of preparation to encounter the elemental war; but still, on we went.

As Jumbo and I neared an extensive wood, down came the night with startling rapidity,—for twilight, apparently but a span's length, only divided the day from "murky midnight." The stars seemed discarded from the sky; deep, deep darkness set in; the moaning wind changed to furious and frequent gusts; for heaven's flood-gates seemed actually to have expanded, and the rain came down not in showery successions, but barrels-full. The thunder that had for some time muttered in the distance, rapidly drew closer, until at last it seemed to have collected its whole fury for a concentrated volley, and that directly over head.

If the rider's skin had been Mackintoshed, its waterproof qualities on this occasion would have

been, as I verily believe, found wanting. A night, dark as Erebus, was thus superadded to the intricacies of a forest scarcely passable even at noon-tide. Vision, when strained, could not reach beyond a horse's length, and the forlorn hope of proceeding or retreating became a toss up. Had we abided by that chance, the vivid lightning would have told correctly the decision of the dollar. Jumbo, as I believe, took the wiser of the alternatives, and like young Rapid in the play, made his mind up to push on and keep moving, and on he went, voice, hand, and heel of mine affording him neither assistance nor encouragement.

As we progressed at Mazeppa speed, the character of the evening became more alarming, or—(and we shall best describe it by the term)—awful. The tallest and toughest trees bent like canes beneath the storm, and the lighter ones were uprooted altogether. On came the thunder closer and closer still, until it burst directly overhead in one tremendous and continued roar, which might have been supposed to herald the dissolution of a world. On the animal creation the effect was terrific. Birds, apparently bewildered, flew here and there, uttering discordant screams ; beasts, small and

large, wild and domesticated, ran madly through the forest ; innumerable monkeys mowed and chattered from the crashing branches upon which they had perched themselves ; the owls hooted, the vampire-bats shrieked hideously, the serpents' hissing could be heard distinctly, and howlings and bellowings, and noises indescribably demoniac, left it doubtful whether the denizens of the lower world had not been indulged on this dreadful night with an infernal saturnalia, and had selected this forest for the nonce.

In the interval between the livid flashes that lighted up the dense woods, the darkness became deeper and more impenetrable. Poor Jumbo appeared to have heard of the demoniac attempt made upon the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare, and in fear and terror that an onslaught would be made upon himself, and his own rear might thus undergo a fiendish visitation, he took to strong running as a last security, and, heedless of the murky darkness, which by contrast seemed deeper and deeper after every lightning flash, plunged forward as if he felt the foul fiend already pulling at his tail. With difficulty I kept my seat—and indeed a Roscommon steeple-chase-rider could do no more. Jumbo

was hard-mouthed in his unexcited moments, but to get a pull at him as matters stood at present, would have been about as practicable as to uproot a milestone with a pocket handkerchief. At last we cleared the wood, and falsified the proverb, for we were not yet authorized to halloo. Trees, on a runaway horse, are a tarnation nuisance in the dark, but a couple of swollen rivers are also ugly experiments—and in my mind it is a toss-up between wood and water after all.

Like the final crash of the overture to a fashionable melodrama, the elements had husbanded their strength for a last grand effort. The wind blew, not caring for bursting cheeks ; the thunder retained its concentrated force for a fine wind-up in a parting volley, while half-a-dozen clouds, which had prudently retained their aqueous treasures, showered them simultaneously on the earth beneath. I never emulated or enacted a young gentleman called Lochinvar, who

“Swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;”

I never attempted the passage of the Dardanelles, like Lord Byron ; but if crossing a couple of South American rivers in high flood, with the

grand accompaniment of an elemental uproar,—if these should entitle me to the first honours in horsemanship and natation, I hold myself equal to either Leander or Lochinvar, and but for personal diffidence (a fault of mine), as good touching performances as the twain united.

I reached my destination (the plantation), and the kindness of the overseer was only equalled by his astonishment. He first inquired touching my sanity; presumed that my life was insured; ordered a rum-bath, dry clothing, hot supper, and punch that would have scattered Father Mathew's self-denial to smithereens; and then I had such a sleep afterwards! that was, indeed, a wind-up to a night, which even

“A child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand.”

A West-Indian planter is always a man of feeling—and next morning (the storm having totally abated) Mr. —, my employer, sent two or three negroes to recover my corpse, were that possible, and have my remains decently interred. Dear good man! he generously presented me with a couple of dollars on my return, and hinted, that in half a dozen years perhaps he would add some ten pounds to

my salary, if the demand for sugar became brisker. That promise was not realised—for in six weeks he was food for land-crabs. He died intestate—and being Scotch, the claimants to represent him were legion in number, and extended even to the third and fourth generation. Law proceedings in property cases are conducted with great caution—and Mr. Sergeant Roundabout has given a decided and satisfactory opinion, that the Thelluston estates, and the assets of Mr. Mungo Mactavish, will receive their final adjudication (the year not specified) very probably upon the same day.

END OF VOL. I.

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